AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1980 $2.00*

Raquel

A STUNNING PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO THE DECADE'S MOST DESIRED SEX SYMBOL

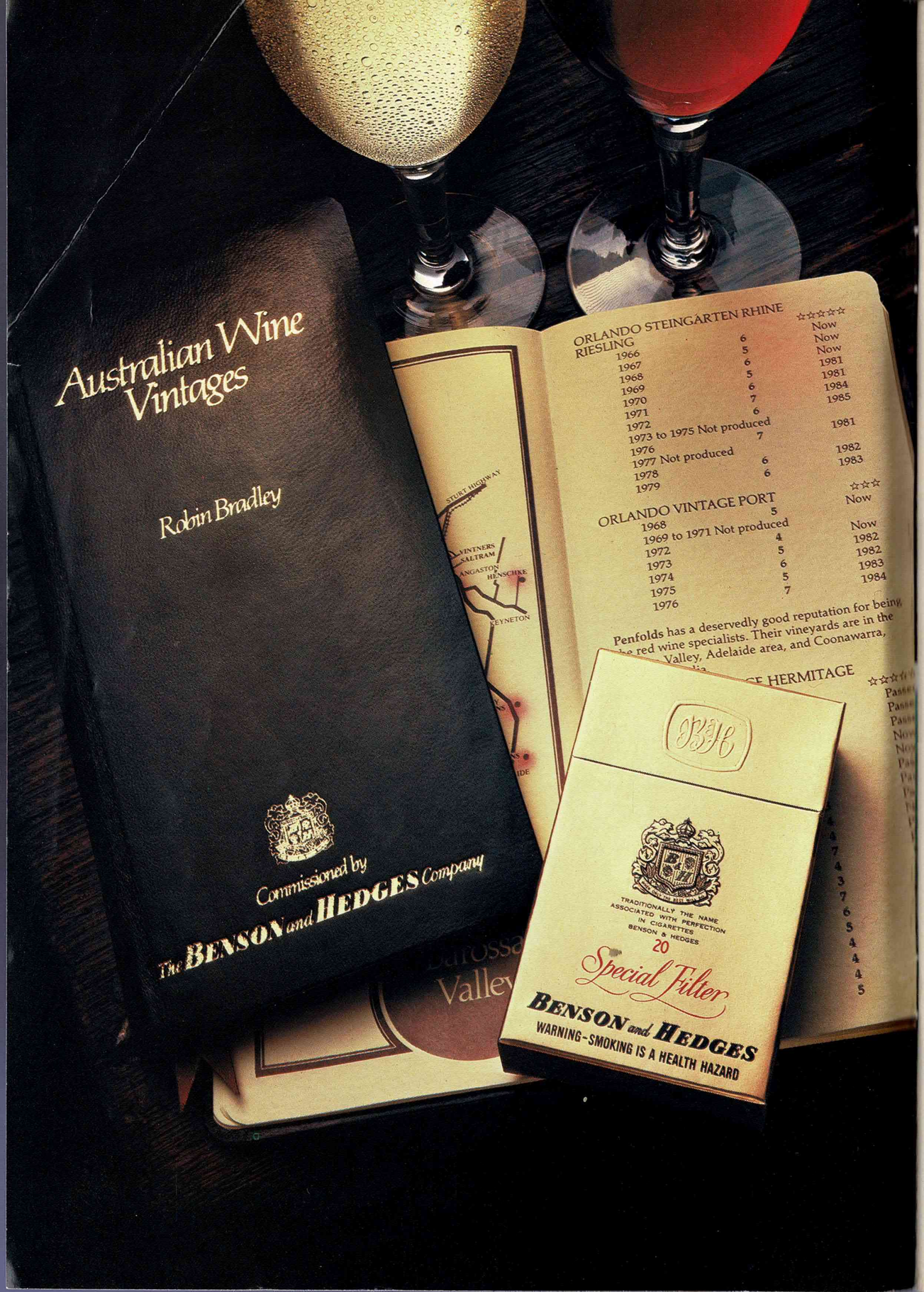
SMILE OR SCOWL?
Our boom/bust guide to your money in the 80s

SYDNEY-HOBART:
Behind the battle for Australia's blue water blockbuster

80 ways the 80s will change your life

7 DEADLY SINS
gift pictorial

FREDERICK FORSYTH
THRILLER



A UNIQUE AND EXCLUSIVE OFFER TO WINE LOVERS.

The Benson and Hedges Company proudly announces the release of "Australian Wine Vintages", the authoritative and unique reference book for those who appreciate and enjoy the pleasures of wine.

For the first time, almost 200 leading wines have been expertly rated for each vintage year, and their ideal drinking year assessed.

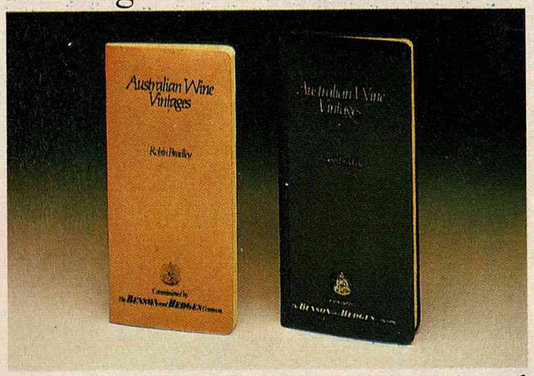
The author, Robin Bradley, has conferred with many of the wine industry's most respected authorities, he has culled the characteristics and best years of all major wine-growing areas and has included maps that indicate the location of most wineries.

Other features include a guide to home cellaring, a special section on imported wines, and a complimentary wallet-size vintage area card for your ready reference.

Whether one is browsing through a wine shop, entertaining at home, stocking a cellar or perusing a restaurant wine list, "Australian Wine Vintages" is an invaluable guide to selecting the best.

"Australian Wine Vintages" is available in two versions: the deluxe leather-bound numbered edition with 24ct gold titling at $18 per copy, and the option of personalising it at $2.00 extra; or a gold soft-cover edition at $6.50 per copy.

Prices include mailing and all handling costs.



This first edition is limited and orders will be accepted in order of receipt. Orders will only be accepted on the official Benson and Hedges order form.

ORDER FORM

To: The Benson and Hedges Company,
P.O. Box 500, Artarmon, N.S.W. 2064.

Please send me copies of "Australian Wine Vintages" as follows:

..... Deluxe leather bound numbered edition personally signed by the author @ $18.00 $ .....

..... Soft cover copies @$6.50 $ .....

For personalised copies (deluxe edition only), please indicate (below) name/s required for gold stamping on front cover and add $2.00 per name. Please allow an extra 14 days. $ .....

TOTAL $ .....

....

....
(maximum 20 letters each)

Name .....

Address .....

..... Postcode ..... Tel .....

I enclose my cheque for $ ..... OR Please charge: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard No: .....

Signed: .....

ABO38/79 (Please allow 14 days for processing and delivery.) 016.P.116B-PB

BENSON and HEDGES

When only the best will do.

UN-BOXING DAY.
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Old Scotch Whisky
BORN 1820 STILL GOING STRONG.
40° ALCOHOL/VOLUME

PLAYBILL

Well, folks, here we are. The end of one decade, the start of a new. And, as the world staggers from one crisis to another, the prophets of doom are never short of ammunition.

Here at PLAYBOY we take a sunnier view. And, in our January issue, we set the scene for the '80s in keeping with our role as Australia's finest entertainment magazine.

So let's start with our Optimist/Pessimist Investment Guide to the 1980s. Leading financial journalist **David Haselhurst** outlines – amid some hilarious anecdotes – the best ways to tailor your finances to your outlook. His advice on making your money work for you in shares, precious metals, property and other lucrative areas is the best you'll get. The imaginative illustration is by **Roger Roberts.**

That's your money taken care of. Now for matters of the mind. How did we handle the '70s? What hope is there for the '80s? In an intensely personal philosophical document, writer and critic **Evan Williams** dissects the closing decade and shrewdly assesses the new. His article is illustrated by well-known artist **Martin Sharp.**

It is appropriate that we should choose one of Australia's most forward-looking thinkers for our *Playboy Interview*. **Phillip Adams,** man of letters, noted raconteur, filmmaker and an undisputed leader of the advertising world, sails with characteristic gusto into the stormy waters of politics, religion, the film industry . . . and death. The interviewer is PLAYBOY staff writer **Russell Deiley.**

Any view of modern life would be decidedly gloomier without the incomparable adornment of the female form. So join us in a dazzling photographic tribute to the decade's most desired woman, **Raquel Welch.** Closer to home, it's **Rico Mettbach's** pleasure to introduce you pictorially to delightful **Deborah** at her home in Queensland. Not forgetting, of course, our sensational Playmate of the Month, **Bronwyn Parker,** photographed by **Denis Scott.**

Holiday time is reading time. And we have a fiction treat from **Frederick Forsyth,** author of *The Day of the Jackal* and master of modern suspense. Used in Evidence is a chilling tale of murder . . . and the price you sometimes have to pay. For a lighter look at mayhem, may we recommend Hope Sprang Eternal, a delightful fairytale by **Herbert Halibone** which puts chivalry into a sensible perspective.

Also in the realm of fantasy, cartoonist **Victoria Roberts** captures the unrequited lust of an imaginary advertising executive for the lovelies of the TV screen. And humorist **Ron Saw** turns his inimitable imagination loose on a bizarre theme of sexual *déjà vu* in The Butterfly.

One of the great growth industries of the '70s has been pop piracy. Whether it's taping a mate's LP for home consumption or ripping off commercial albums and concerts for profit, piracy is illegal and deprives record companies and performers of millions of dollars in lost royalties. **Neil Jameson** investigates.

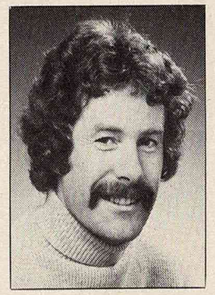
In sport this month we take to the water, checking the outlook for Australia's premier yacht race, the Sydney-Hobart, and getting behind the lens of **George Greenough,** the man who takes the world's most exciting surf film.

It's not far from the beach to the fun spots of Bubbling Brisbane – a light-hearted look at sexual attitudes and practices up North. **Heather Brown** – a Queenslander to her riding boot-straps – takes you behind the scenes.

We choose January to introduce a new face to PLAYBOY: **Andrew Saw.** Son of Ron, artist, writer and confidant of Australia's entertainment industry moguls, Saw reports on the world of showbusiness. And, while we're into introductions, **Jenny Hunter-Brown** brings a new slant to our Music pages with news of the pop/rock scene.

At PLAYBOY, we've got it all!

HASELHURST


ROGER ROBERTS

WILLIAMS

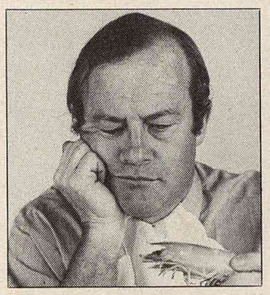
DEILEY

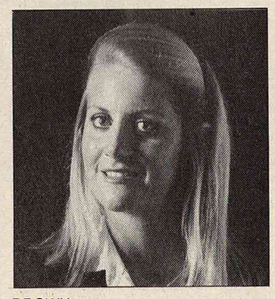
METTBACH

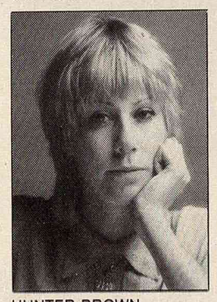
VICTORIA ROBERTS

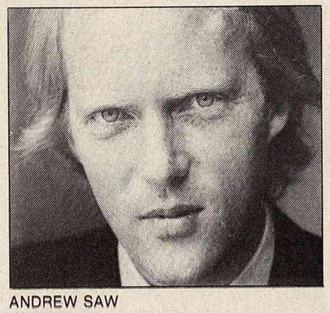
HALIBONE

FORSYTH


RON SAW


BROWN


HUNTER-BROWN


ANDREW SAW

aramis

eau de cologne

aramis

It communicates success...and there are more than forty ways to enjoy it.

AUSTRALIAN

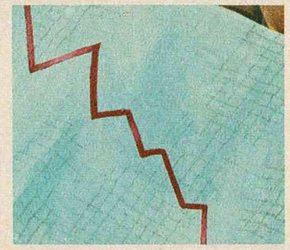
PLAYBOY

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1980

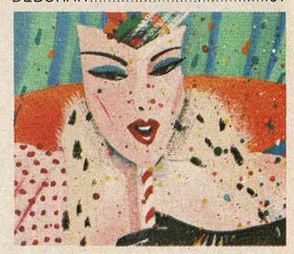
Cover: Linda Leftwich
Photography: Denis Scott

PLAYBILL.....3
AFTER HOURS.....7
DEAR PLAYBOY.....11
FORUM.....15
EXPERIENCE.....21
ADVISER.....23
PARTY JOKES.....102
POTPOURRI.....166
PIPELINE.....169
ON THE SCENE.....173
SHOWBIZ.....176
FILMS.....181
BOOKS.....187
MUSIC.....193



INVESTMENT GUIDE.....54

DEBORAH.....61



BUTTERFLY.....82

RAQUEL.....114

USED IN EVIDENCE.....148

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PHILLIP ADAMS 31
The life and times of a top Australian humorist, filmmaker and raconteur

OPTIMIST/PESSIMIST INVESTMENT GUIDE — article ....DAVID HASELHURST 54
Gloom or boom, there's money to be made in the '80s

DEBORAH — pictorial .....RICO METTBACH 61
Join us in a visit to the rain-forest home of a delightful country girl

HOPE SPRANG ETERNAL — fiction.....HERBERT HALIBONE 68
Proving once and for all that faint heart never won fair lady

AUSTRALIA IN THE '80s — article .....EVAN WILLIAMS 70
The past decade provides a clue — a personal view of the nation's future

TUBULAR VISION — sport..... 78
We turn the lens on George Greenough, surfing's greatest photographer

THE BUTTERFLY — fiction.....RON SAW 82
A strange Christmas party led to a disturbing Christmas present

MY FANTASY — cartoon.....VICTORIA ROBERTS 88

QUEEN OF HEARTS — Playboy's Playmate of the Month.....DENIS SCOTT 90

80 WAYS THE '80s WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE — article 104
A Pill for men, booze that's healthy and other technological marvels

CLOVE ENCOUNTERS — article .....RICHARD BECKETT 111
All you will ever want to know about garlic — the "stinking rose"

RAQUEL — pictorial..... 114
Playboy pays tribute to the decade's most celebrated sex symbol

THE PIRATES OF POP — article.....NEIL JAMESON 126
We investigate the rip-of world of tape and record bootleggers

BUBBLING BRISBANE — article.....HEATHER BROWN 130
Actions speak louder than words in the Sunshine State

THEY MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEAS AGAIN — sport.....NEIL JAMESON 135
What the Sydney-Hobart crews have learned from the Fastnet Disaster

SEVEN DEADLY SINS — pictorial 139
You'll find something for anyone in our sensual gift guide

USED IN EVIDENCE — fiction.....FREDERICK FORSYTH 148
There was a murder, a body and a suspect; how simple could it be?

MINI INTERVIEW: MARCIA HINES 162

© 1980 Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. © 1979 and 1980 PLAYBOY as to material published in November and December, 1979, and January, 1980, issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (USA). Price in Aust and New Zealand $2* *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B.

If you arrive in a Citroën will they wait for you to leave?

Of the luxury cars available today, few excite as much curiosity as the Citroën.
Because it looks so beautiful, people wonder if it's practical.
Because it is so advanced they wonder if it's reliable.
Because it is so unusual they ask whether they would like to drive it.

Admittedly the shape is low and fast. But it is sensationally quiet and comfortable inside, with sumptuous seats, four big doors and every facility you would expect in a continental car of its style.

As for reliability, the Citroën CX won the Manufacturers' Cup in the London-Sydney Rally.

To drive the Citroën CX2400 is a reward: the brakes are stunning, the steering is unerringly exact, the brilliant transmission is without a clutch.

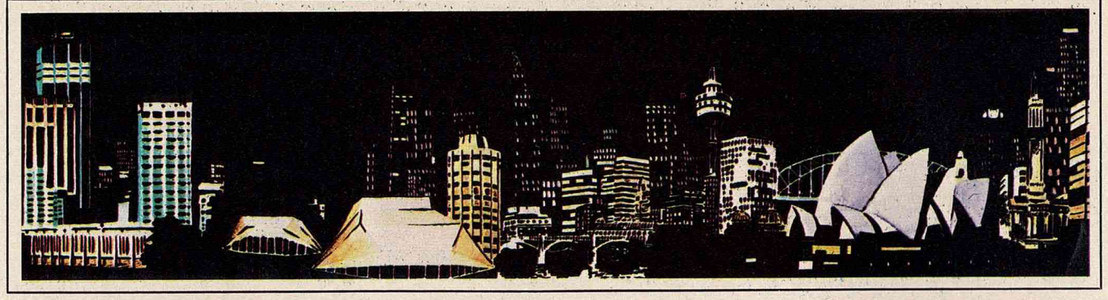
If you have admired the Citroën, perhaps it's time you drove it.

Bryson Industries Limited, distributors of Citroën. Sydney 358 4266. Melbourne 428 1551. Adelaide 212 4131. Queensland distributors, Maxim Motors, Newstead 52 7177.
West Australian distributors, Motts of Welshpool 458 3855.

BRYSON CITROËN

FA95/LMCT128

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



UNLAWFUL KISSES

It must have been one of the most unusual protests of the year . . . a "kiss-in" by 25 couples under the watchful eye of 19 policemen. What made it out of the ordinary was that the kissing couples were all men, protesting about the conviction of two men for kissing in public.

The day before, Constable Anthony Burke had told the Melbourne City Court that Saturday night strollers down Melbourne's Collins Street had been "completely affronted" by the sight of Terrence Douglas Stokes, 27, a university lecturer and Darren Turner, 18, unemployed, kissing on the stairs of the Woolshed Bar. He went into some detail in describing their 15-second embrace. "They were caressing each other on the back and buttocks," he said. "It was a very passionate kiss – a form of tongue kissing." Magistrate Derek Lynch took a dim view of the hot embrace and he fined Turner (apparently the instigator) $150 and Stokes $70. He later changed Turner's fine to $100, which is the maximum for this type of offence. Both men said they would appeal.

The next day's homosexual kiss-in on Collins Street brought no response from the watchful police, mindful that they were being deliberately provoked.

"It seemed more a dare than anything else," a senior policeman said. "Obviously none of the policemen on duty considered any of the behavior to be offensive."

PEKING DANCE FEVER

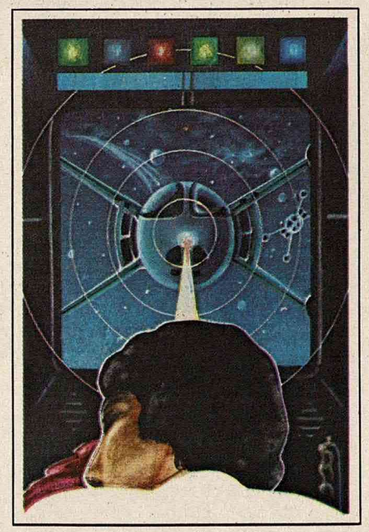
In Chairman Mao's day it would have been unheard of, but now, with the wave of liberalism in China, prostitution is thriving in Peking with dozens of "roadside chickens" – as they have been described by their detractors – being arrested for hustling at the capital's weekly dances. Business has been good, with a ready market created by foreign businessmen and exchange students looking for action. The price is right, too. Peking chicken costs a trifling $7 and the customer is able to savor his bird at leisure in his own room.

All this, however, has met with strident official disapproval. The People's Republic considers prostitution to be a throwback to the feudal society which fell 30 years ago and, with it, all the brothels. To counter the new trend, perturbed officials first banned dancing between Chinese women and foreign men. Then Chinese men rose to the challenge and forces of law and order banned all Chinese from the dances.

Finally, in a barrage of official disapproval, anti-prostitution posters showed up on Peking's Democracy Wall. They bore the dire warning: BEWARE OF DANCE FEVER.

HEART TO HEART

Pinball ballyhoo is making almost as much noise these days as the sophisticated electronic machines themselves. It has become a big money industry with an estimated annual turnover in Australia of $80 million. And the craze to play the dazzling new range of machines produced by the microprocessor ("computer on a chip") technology is growing at such a pace that there are even fears there won't be enough 20 cent coins left in the country to feed the habit (a problem they're also facing in Japan).



With the craze are inevitable charges that students are becoming "hypnotised and addicted". Queensland State Parliamentarian Guelfi Scassols maintains some children are stealing from parents and other children to keep up what is for some a "$6-a-day habit". Mini-mobsters were using standover tactics to get money to play, he said. In NSW, Consumer Affairs Minister Sid Einfeld said the Government would consider a licensing system to stop the spread of pinball mania. He maintains the operators of some parlors are making as much as $3000-$5000 a week.

One of the most beguiling games is called Space Invaders, where you get the chance to wipe off the screen, if you're nifty, an alien invading force. In Japan this game has taken over whole pinball parlors, and suited businessmen can be seen alongside schoolchildren, plugging away at the invaders. The trick is, the more of them you knock out, the faster the game goes. An electronic heart thumps faster and faster and your own heart beats along with it in some kind of mysterious union: man and machine locked in combat with hearts beating as one.

No one has admitted to any kind of emotional attachment to these new machines – although two Japanese workers were caught stealing from their friends to get money to keep that electronic heart thumping – but it certainly sounds like some kind of 20th century love story.

RAPE'S PROGRESS

Pies, beer, football and . . .

If you're trying to think of another great Australian institution to add to the above three, Ms Pam Rutlege has come up with one she says fits the bill: rape. As a social work adviser to the NSW Health Commission she came to this conclusion after studying the first year's operation of six centres for

victims of sexual assault in New South Wales. The 272 victims recorded in 12 months represented only the tip of the iceberg, she said, because research had shown that between 70 percent and 90 percent of rape victims never reported being attacked.

"Our figures show that, in almost a quarter of the cases, the assailant and the victim were acquaintances," she said, exploding a myth that rapes are committed by strangers.

"... and in about another one fifth, they were on closer terms. This group included both friends and relatives." There has to be a reason for this, you'd think, and, according to Detective Superintendent Phil Bennett from the Victoria Police, you need to look no further than your nearest television set, which is certainly a place where you're most likely to find friends, neighbors and relatives. "Young people are being fed a diet of viciousness," he said after one particularly bad spate when 13 rapes were reported in under two weeks.

Not that women are taking all this lying down. From Queensland comes the news that women are now molesting, robbing and sexually assaulting men, although outright rape has itself not yet been mentioned.

Announcing the latest trend, Superintendent Les Duffy, an assistant commissioner with special responsibility for crime in Queensland, said it was no longer safe to walk alone on city streets at night. "Women are liable to be raped and men face attacks from gangs of women," he said.

Which makes us think that the ultimate putdown in this violent age would be to be beaten up and robbed by a gang of women – and left bleeding but sexually intact.

EYE CATCHING

There is nothing unusual about surveillance cameras these days. All-seeing electronic eyes beam down in banks and shops and even railway concourses. But at rubbish dumps?

Yes, even here Big Brother is now watching – at least at St Marys tip in NSW, where a camera was installed by Penrith Council to spot, the council said, illegal dumpers and scavengers.

The paranoia, however, was too much for one council employee who claimed the wide-angle surveillance lens was installed to check on the movements of tip staff. Although the claim was denied by Town Clerk Barry Long, the council worker could be forgiven for feeling the council's eyes were everywhere. Last year it used aerial photography over 300 square kilometres to spot unsafe backyard swimming pools.

JAGGER'S SMACKER

If an auction at Sothebys in London recently is any indication, rocker Mick Jagger is the most kissable celebrity around. He was one of 75 beautiful people who donated their kisses in aid of the Diamond Jubilee of the

Save the Children Fund. The collection of kisses, or lipographs, sold for $16,000, with eager buyers snapping up lip prints of stars such as Rudolph Nureyev, Jack Nicholson, Mae West, Sophia Loren, Bette Davis, Carol Baker and many more.

Jagger's sensual smacker-print went for $1445, while the rather prim and proper peck of Australia's Olivia Newton-John fetched a mere $214.

"Judging by the lips alone I would much rather kiss Mick Jagger than Olivia," admitted a somewhat embarrassed male PLAYBOY staffer.

UNLIKELY CURE

We are now being told that consumption of the demon alcohol can lead to the clap. The NSW Temperance Alliance is propounding this interesting theory in its current leaflet being distributed in Sydney.

The philosophy behind it is the widely held belief that alcohol acts as a reasonable lubricant in a number of social situations.

Taking things a step further, the Temperance Alliance reckons that, "by releasing inhibitions, alcohol exposes many people to the increasing problem of venereal disease".

The alliance points out that the only sure immunity from alcoholism is to give up the bottle. How many would be prepared to use the same therapy to prevent VD?

NEVER ON MONDAYS

Taxi drivers are supposed to be experts on practically everything, so when one told us the quality of your new car depends on the day it is manufactured, we just had to check it out. According to this cabbie, it's an absolute fact that you have more chance of buying a "lemon" if the car is built on a Friday (because the assembly line workers are in a rush to get home) or a Monday (because their concentration is low after a rough weekend). The best cars, he informed us, are made late on Tuesdays.

So we telephoned the General Motors-Holden vehicle distribution centre in NSW and were told anybody insisting on a car made on a specific day would probably be laughed at by his dealer. But if you're willing to face the ridicule, you can get him to contact the factory, where records of the date each car is made are kept. If there is one available in plant stock, it can be sent to you. "It's a fairly unusual inquiry, but it can be catered for, no problem there," we were told. However, before you rush to your dealer for a car made mid-week, bear in mind there is such a thing as quality control which maintains a uniform standard. "If the workers got slack, quality control would pick them up," we were assured.

But if you want to play extra safe, the opportunity is there.

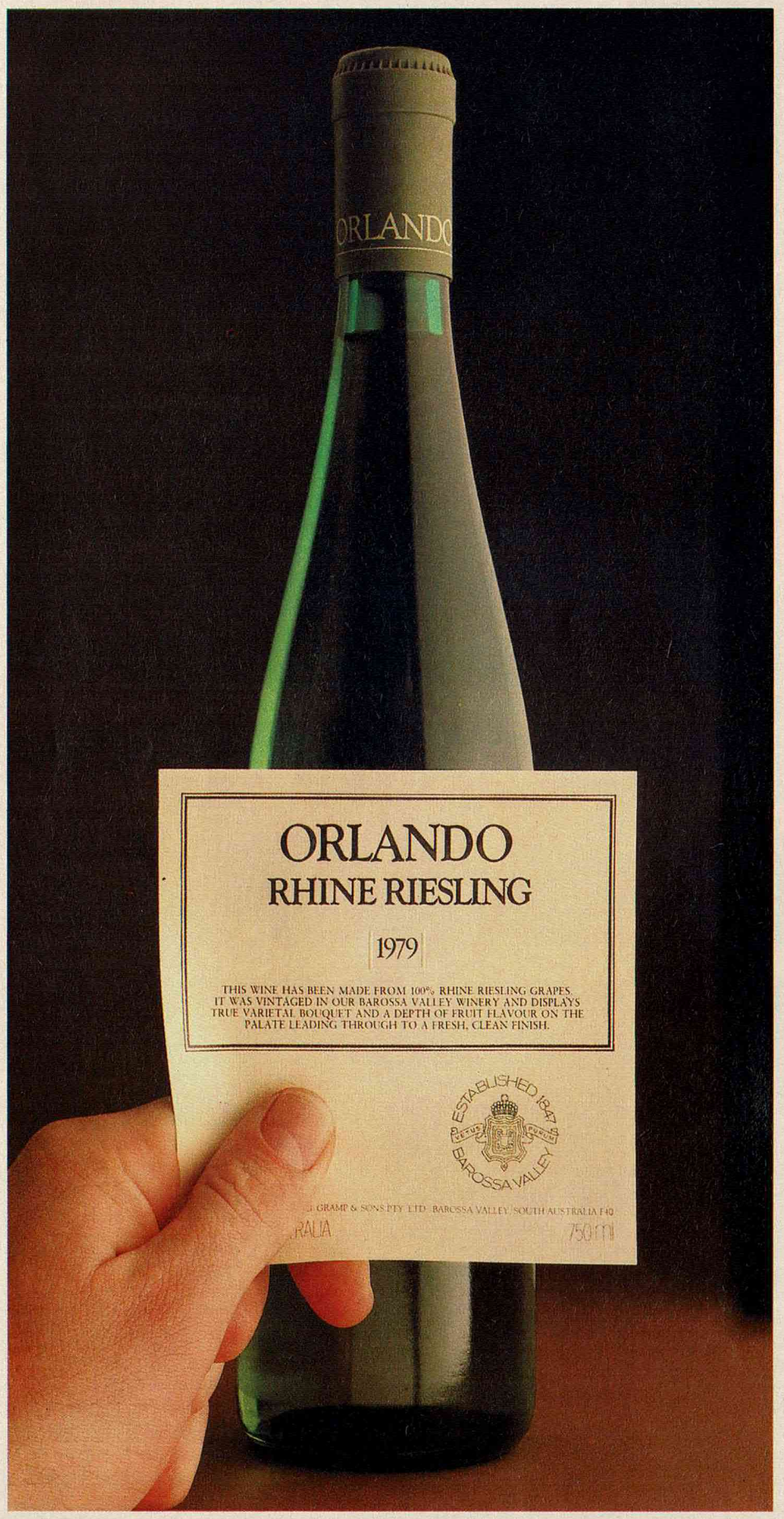
POPE GOES POP

It's not the sort of record they want to play in the Vatican, but Italy is shaking to a catchy little tune called Wojtyla Disco Dance – Wojtyla being the Pope's Polish surname.

Penned by disc jockey Freddie van Stegeran, the ditty sold 30,000 in the first two weeks of its release. The lyrics are anything but solemn: *"He's a groove, he's the man/The new Pope in the Vatican."*

SONY®
KV-2000AS
TV picture simulated.
A Betamax never gets sleepy.
It's happened to everyone. Right in the middle of the late show you fall asleep and miss the ending. With a Sony Betamax videorecorder you could fall asleep and not miss a thing.
A Betamax connects to your TV and records programmes on compact videocassettes for replay whenever you like. Like after a nap.
Before you drift off to dreamland just push the record button and get up to three hours of video-recorded television.
You can also pre-set Betamax for future recording. Whether you're at home or not, when that future time rolls around, Betamax diligently switches on and records your programme automatically.
Another piece of Betamax ingenuity actually lets you record from one channel while you're watching another.
When two good shows are on at the same time you can see them both.
So if you still think that one videorecorder is pretty much the same as another, think about this: Sony has more experience invested in home video technology than anyone.
That's something for you to sleep on.
SL-8000AS
Sony Betamax
See what you've been missing.
Unauthorised recording of recorded works may be contrary to the provisions of the copyright laws.
AP3272

Orlando Rhine Riesling-or how to make a great reputation in 26 years.



Grapes: Select prime Rhine Riesling grapes.

Picking: Pick only by hand to avoid even minor damage to the fruit, which could mar the delicacy and flavour of the finished wine.

Fermentation: Continue to use the Cold Controlled Fermentation Method introduced from Germany by Orlando in 1953. This gives our wine-maker control over fermentation, enabling him to make a consistently superior wine.

Orlando Rhine Riesling has an elegance, intensity of flavour, and aromatic bouquet that have made it a benchmark in the Australian wine industry.

Last year Orlando celebrated the 25th Anniversary of Rhine Riesling with a memorable 'taste back' of all the previous vintages. Australia's leading wine writers were present and they were unanimous in their praise of the wines especially the consistency of the style.

Orlando Rhine Riesling, was first produced in 1953. It has won over 50 significant Gold Medals at major Australian Wine Shows in all of these years.

1954	1960	1969
1955	1961	1970
1956	1962	1974
1957	1963	1975
1958	1965	1976
1959	1966	1978

Orlando Rhine Riesling, deserving of its great reputation.

ORL03751

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

FOREIGN FANCY

First of all, allow me to congratulate you on your fine magazine. I enjoy the articles and interviews, but not as much as the real bonza sheilas you supply us readers.

We are fortunate to live in a country where the girls are among the world's best and we have only to go to the beach to feast our eyes on these beauties. This is a favorite sport of Aussie guys. Your girls in the magazine from overseas are as much on par as our own girls – with one exception, US PLAYBOY *Playmate of the Year* Monique St Pierre (June). I have travelled extensively and read many magazines, but there has never been a spread in any of the mags that raised my blood pressure like the one on her. This is not only my opinion, but that of a bunch of blokes at the local and at work (about 35 in all).

We all agree that another six-page spread of her would really be great, including a centrefold we can put in a position of honor on our pin-up board. How about it? Help keep a bunch of fair dinkum Aussies happy!

Chris Peters
Strathpine, Queensland

We appreciate your eye for beauty, Mr Peters, and we'd like to give you a whole issue of Monique, but there is so much beauty wanting to express itself that we have to make room for newcomers. So stay tuned – we're sure to hit your wavelength.

ON PAR

I came here from Canada last November to do some work for a local company. I've been reading PLAYBOY back home for many years and they say there isn't anything to match a "California Girl". Well, it's obvious they haven't been to Australia. You've got 'em, mate!

PS: Your September centrefold, Kylie Foster, is a real doll. Thanks.

R. Lyons
Devonport, Tasmania

UP "Us"

I would like to congratulate you on the publication of an excellent magazine. I do, however, have one complaint. You publish an Australian magazine, yet your spelling is often American. I quote one typical example: "Black, or at least mildly ill, humor colors many customs recollections" (Page 75, PLAYBOY, October).

In just one sentence, two words are spelt in the American style. Surely, as a leading Australian magazine, you could use Australian spelling. Other than that complaint, you have a first class magazine with top writers and superb photography.

Name withheld by request
Townsville, Queensland

The so-called American spelling is so commonly used by publications in Australia that it has become the norm. Anyway, what's a "u" taken out or added got to do with identity? We're Australian thru and through.

LOVELY, LOVELY

Rosemary Paul (PLAYBOY, October) is the most attractive woman to appear in your magazine to date. A beautiful piece of femininity, lovely blonde hair, blue eyes to match, beautiful boobs,

lovely bottom and lovely legs. To top this off was the blonde Ursula Buchfellner, also a beautiful piece of femininity. Keep up the good work.

J. Willis
Glen Innes, NSW

With a rave review like that, how could Rosemary refuse another appearance? Just for you, Mr Willis.

3D "UNIQUE"

I would like to congratulate you on a fabulous October issue. I believe PLAYBOY has really come of age, both editorially and pictorially. The 3D was certainly a unique and interesting innovation which upholds the already high standard of your publication. And I think the October centrefold, Rosemary Paul, is your best so far – she's one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen.

Keep up the excellent standard, as we Australian males have long been starved of a suitable magazine built around Aussie material.

G. Price
Baulkham Hills, NSW

STEAMED UP

I must congratulate Denis Scott on Rear View (PLAYBOY, September). Let's see more in future issues. One gripe: Scott must have been breathing steam on his camera lens when photographing Kylie Foster in the shot on Page 96. I can't see if she has a bush. Please, clearer pictures!

Alan Powell
Palmwoods, Queensland

BUNNY PRODUCTS

I write this letter to compliment you on making all the PLAYBOY issues informative and entertaining. I would also like to congratulate you on your 3D photographs (October).

I would like to know if a PLAYBOY club has been established in Australia, and, if so, could you give me any information on how to join it? Another thing: can I buy T-shirts with the PLAYBOY insignia, or any hats, shirts, shorts? I would also like to know if I can buy any back issues of Australian PLAYBOY.

Alex Toleas
East Brighton, Victoria

Firstly, there is no PLAYBOY *club here yet, though there has been plenty of talk about opening one. Who knows? It could happen at any time. Secondly, we do not, as yet, sell any* PLAYBOY *merchandise, though we have plans to market certain articles. We'll keep you informed on that one. In the meantime you can buy some products with the* PLAYBOY *insignia, such as "sloppy joe" shirts, at some department stores. We do, however, send out* PLAYBOY *stickers, free of charge, to anyone who wants to send in a return stamped, addressed envelope. As far as back numbers go, you can get every edition except the sell-out first issue from Australian Consolidated Press Backdates, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

NOT HAPPY

I have always subscribed to American PLAYBOY but, by mistake, I picked up the September issue of Australian PLAYBOY. I found it a very well compiled magazine and I was thinking of changing from the American edition. But I'm afraid disaster struck. I saw a good magazine completely destroyed by the efforts of Colin Stead in the Lover, Come Back! photo feature and

again by Colin Stead and Maurice Gleitzman in How to Win Friends and Influence People Who Aren't Men.

In both, the photographer is to blame, I would say, as the female in each looks as if she is bored sick with modelling. So send Colin Stead along to learn something from Denis Scott and Maurice Gleitzman to see Oscar Hammerstein for help. Till then I will stay with American PLAYBOY.

D. Perkins
Townsville, Queensland

Are you still out there, Mr Perkins? Photographer Stead prefers to express himself through the camera lens, so there seems no point in putting down the two succinct words he gave us in reply to your criticism.

LOVELY CARRIAGE

As a weary commuter bereft of stimulating scenery on my long journeys to and from work (the same faces in the same places), I was sorely in need of something to make those train journeys less tedious. I have to admit your Tickets Please! pictorial (November) did the trick.

Although the lovely lady in white photographed so beautifully by Rico Mettbach hasn't actually come aboard my train (I find myself looking around with fresh interest now), all I have to do is close my eyes, listen to the clickety-clack of the wheels and let her float into view.

Some others on my train also seem to make the journey with eyes closed. Could it be Sonia's done something to them, too?

David Smolling
Katoomba, NSW

BREAKTHROUGH

After having bought each copy of PLAYBOY since February and having read each issue from front to back – thank you for a truly fantastic magazine. It's something we've needed for a long time.

Your articles and interviews with Australian personalities have been most interesting and your girls are simply gorgeous.

B.M. Brandt
Gladstone, Queensland

SWEET ILLUSION

I would like to congratulate your photographer, Colin Stead, for his natural flair that corresponded beautifully with the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein in the pictorial Lover, Come Back! (PLAYBOY, September).

The lady in waiting reminded me of someone nice who stood on a balcony in Cottonwood Crescent, North Ryde (NSW). The ring on her little finger reminded me of some parting gift. The Veuve Cliquot champagne, necklace and the familiar face all reminded me of Dutch and Kerry, two girls who shared the best times of my life. Someone should ask whether "John, come home" means anything to her. My bottle of Veuve is still unopened.

John Reece
Bingara, NSW

HAIR TODAY

I notice a few letters from readers complaining about a lack of pubes in some of your issues. I have never felt a need to complain, and anyone who thought to, would surely have been silenced by your November Playmate, Sharon Mulligan. What beauty!

T.G. O'Farrell,
Wollongong, NSW

Sharon's glad to make a return, with or without pubes.

ALL FOR LOVING

Just a short note to thank you on behalf of all of us up here in Queensland for your great magazine. It has been a long time coming, but the wait was well worth it. We now have a magazine at a reasonable price with good articles, interviews, and Playmates. It's great that readers are given a chance to make their own comments at last.

My vote for *Playmate of the Year* goes to Miss March – Candy Loving – but so far all Playmates would have a legion of fans around Australia.

Keep up the excellent work.

Ray Herrick
Brisbane

WORTHY WORDS

I have bought each and every copy of Aussie PLAYBOY and, though I don't enjoy reading that much, I find your Experience columns add a touch of perfection to your magazine.

Keep it up – you've got my money!

G. Payrits
Perth

"DIAMOND JACK"

Congratulations to James Henderson for his well-researched article Diamonds are (Missing) Forever (PLAYBOY, November). "Diamond Jack" is certainly a fascinating character, and the sort of good-hearted rogue Australians love to love. Who among us would not wish him luck if he did get away with all those jewels?

Stephen McWilliams
Adelaide

BINDING

Now that I am an interested reader of PLAYBOY, I would like to express my concern about one aspect. I am a collector of magazines and a certain number are a cut above the rest in that they offer for sale binders for the protection and preservation of their magazines. I feel, like many other readers must, that PLAYBOY is in this special group and I would like to see binders for sale.

Rick Wills
Liverpool, NSW

We're working on it, Rick, and will keep you posted.

BROCK-A-BABY

I have been buying Australian PLAYBOY since the first issue and I am a devoted fan. I enjoy the reading, and everything else you publish is all that I expected. But when are you going to do an interview with Peter Brock, the man who has made winning the Hardie-Ferodo look so easy?

L.P. Daroczy
Canberra

Keep reading. Peter Brock is on the PLAYBOY *grid.*

THANK HEAVENS

Heartfelt thanks to psychologist-sexologist Paul Wilson for his conclusion from his survey of Australian sexuality (PLAYBOY, November) that modern Aussie men like their women in smaller packages. I am in perfect harmony with the 23-year-old solicitor who reported to Dr Wilson that he liked "small breasts with a slim little figure. Firm but not large legs with trim buttocks".

Our bars, beaches and busses would be prettier places if women would trim a few inches off their bums and thighs.

Maybe if we men can snow the international couturiers into bringing back the mini-skirt, we will be back on the path to female perfection. If the fashion designers decree that women's hemlines will rise once again to the buttocks, the ladies will be forced to shed a few kilos from the re-exposed areas. And once again we adoring males will stand to the anthem: "Thank heavens for little girls."

S. Fisk
Hornsby, NSW

GIVE YOUR CAMERA THE LENS IT DESERVES.

To take full advantage of your SLR camera you need a high performance lens.

A lens which can zoom from 80mm through to 200mm to capture all the action (from portraits through to telephoto shots) as well as having a Macro feature– that easily allows close-ups to within 70cm.

Until recently up to seven lenses were needed to get the sort of shots you can now get with this one lens.

Look at the shots in this ad. They were all taken with one compact lens.

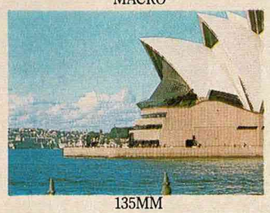
The Hanimex f4.5/80-200mm Macro Zoom lens. Designed to be versatile yet compact (just 14cm long) and it's so easy to carry around in its soft pouch case.

It's a delight to use and all at a price you can afford.

This high quality, high performance Hanimex Multi-coated Macro Zoom lens is available for use with Praktica, Fujica, Canon, Minolta, Olympus, Pentax and Pentax K cameras and is backed by the Hanimex 3 year guarantee.

MACRO

80MM


135MM

200MM

Just send this coupon to Hanimex Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 57, Brookvale, N.S.W. 2100 for a free brochure on this and other Hanimex lenses.

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

HANIMEX
Multi-coated lenses.

HAN 60/79

Toyo Tyres.

Developed out of original technology in Japan. To the point where we claim there is no better or safer tyre you can buy. At any price.

In the intense technology of tyres, Toyo now claims the lead. World-wide.

The lead, for example, in a range of steel-belted radials for both cars and trucks.

Toyo steel-belted radials. Tyres of polyester and steel. With steel only where it counts – under the tread, giving you positive protection from punctures and the safety of better traction on any road in any weather.

Tough and flexible, polyester sidewalls do more to absorb the shocks of the road. Supple, they stay on the road without lifting through the sideways thrust of a corner – unlike all-steel alternatives!

For driving comfort, fuel economy from lower rolling resistance, longer tread life, and above all the safety of better control and more sure-footed cornering: Toyo.

At any price, a tyre at least equal to the best you can buy.

TOYO

TOYO Out of original Japanese technology: A better, safer tyre.

AP3304

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

RUDE SHOCK

The article in your September issue by Ms Heather Brown (Ride 'em Cowgirl!) coincided perfectly with the Isa Rodeo, one of the great traditions of the Australian rodeo circuit. This year 613 cowboys and cowgirls competed for more than $35,000 in prize-money, trophies and sashes and during the three days more than 25,000 people passed through the gates, a successful event in any terms.

I thoroughly enjoyed watching all of the events, including bulldogging, steer riding, team roping, camp draft and also bronc riding until, late one afternoon, my enjoyment was blunted when I decided to view the action from near the chutes. After what I saw I would question Ms Brown's assertion that rodeo involves no ill-treatment of the stock.

First of all, she states that spurs have been specially "modified so as not to cause injury". If this is true, why is it necessary to jab the animal with spurs to induce it to buck? If the spurs are so blunt, then they couldn't have any effect – so why use them?

Second, while I was watching the action from near the chutes, one horse was reluctant to leave the chute and enter the arena. Subsequently, a "technician" carrying a battery in one hand to which was connected a long stick came along and jabbed this between the animal's hind legs. Remarkably, this animal lost all reluctance and leapt from the chutes.

This happened three successive times while I was watching. If my genital area was subjected to an electric shock, as was that poor animal's, I am sure I would leap around, too.

Finally, around the animal's rump is a strap which seems to serve no purpose. I am reliably informed that this strap is an added irritant to induce the animal to buck.

Name withheld by request
Mount Isa, Queensland

PHARLAP ROAD TEST

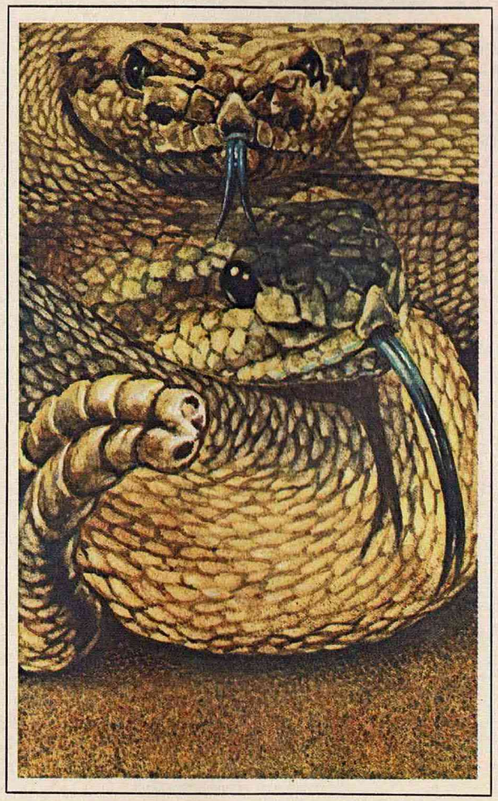
I have just bought new joggers and, after a trial run, dreamt up this "road test" to amuse your jogging readers.

The brand-new pair of Pharlap XT2.6s gleamed up at me, with their streamlining broken only by the fat rubber on the floor.

Wedge-shaped from the low frontal area to the stubby, wide-flared tail, they were patriotically colored red, white and blue.

Before taking them out, I looked under the tongue, and found the features I'd hoped – padded instep, heel and ankle, and well-sprung rear.

Unable to wait any longer, I slipped into them, sniffing the aroma of new non-leather, and burbled to the front gate. As I swung into Rode Road, I really began to get into it. Silence. No flapping sandshoe noises, just the hissing of rubber across the dewy grass and fag ends.



The corner came up too soon. I braked and stopped dead – no mean feat for an overweight six-footer.

Easing into Phingst Street, I detected a little tendency to overrun but, having some control now, I took the turn under full power. *Now! Go!* I headed down the straight, leaving a cross-kelpie snapping at thin air.

Coming home, I fell on to the back verandah. Pain! I had blisters! This can be avoided by opting for the Trac-Pac of thick socks and bandaids, which results in 50 seconds off normal time, silent running and sure grip.

Comparing these shoes with my old ones is like comparing chalk and cheese. There's more rubber on the road and less effort on the turns. Better get a pair!

J. J. Winsbury
Wavell Heights, Queensland

THE RATING GAME

Living in a block with 20 other guys definitely can cause minor problems, and when the conversation turns to sex it is no exception. A little while back we had a problem describing conquests, as the old one-to-10 system just didn't fill the bill. Sure, it's fine describing the performance in bed or discussing technical skills, but it didn't tell you anything of the personality. So we came up with our own system. I thought some of your readers might be interested. It goes as follows:

(1) Unclassified. How would one put it? "Dogs", perhaps.
(2) Moaners. Not bad. In the old one-to-10 system these girls would score about three, depending on the position.
(3) Scratchers. They leave you with horrible scratch marks for your wife to see, but turn on well and can carry a conversation over dinner. Score about six in bed as well.
(4) Wild lays. The best; the ultimate compliment to be told you are one. Anything and everything goes. These give you heart attacks trying to keep up. Score nine anywhere.

We also need a classified section for those women who have the body and perhaps the skill but not the personality to make it into a class.

The system has helped us – and we're keeping it.

J. Sparks
Watsons Bay, NSW

MIGHTY MARSUPIALS

Russell Deiley's article The First Australians (PLAYBOY, September) presented some interesting and up-to-date information on early man in Australia; unfortunately it also contained some very old fashioned and

unsubstantiated claims about early Australia's marsupial fauna.

A major error is his assumption that India, Europe, Africa and Asia all once had marsupials and monotremes, but that these groups subsequently died out in the face of later competition with placental mammals.

There is simply no evidence at all of marsupials ever having been in Asia, India and Africa (let alone their losing their fight for supremacy against the placental) and only a few managed to make it to Europe. Furthermore, marsupials and placentals arose contemporaneously – the marsupials are not a primitive intermediate stage in the evolution of mammals.

As for monotremes, there is no evidence of them ever having existed outside Australia.

Another of Deiley's contentions is suspect: "Only in sea-locked Australia did evolution stand still."

What rubbish! The marsupials exhibit a profound adaptive radiation in their evolution resulting in, for example, large and small carnivores, a range of insectivores, the marsupial mole and numbat, tree dwellers (kangaroo and possums) and, the most diverse group of all, the ground dwelling herbivores. Marsupials also rapidly evolved to fill many niches in South America. Today, 78 species of marsupial survive there (not just the one, as Mr Deiley claims!).

To imply that marsupials are less well adapted to their environment than placentals is also contentious. Many recent studies have highlighted the marsupials' well-developed psychological adaptations to their environment. In many respects, the native marsupial is better adapted than his introduced placental counterpart.

And who is to say that our famous marsupial mouse (Antechinus) is an inefficient and poorly adapted mammal? After ferociously asserting his rank over other males in his area, he shows what some scientists have termed "a prodigious appetite for copulation" – up to 13 times a day and up to eight hours per bout with his double-headed penis.

Little wonder, then, that after a month every single male has dropped dead! And why do I claim this is a useful adaptation? ... That's another story in itself!

Robert L. Wallis
Senior Lecturer in Biology
Department of Environmental Studies,
State College of Victoria

SUPPER STREAKER

Your intriguing article on The Black Hole of Bangkok brought back to me memories of an experience I had

in Thailand. In my case, however, a conviction would have been quite justified, but instead I got a chance, albeit an embarrassing one, to redress my "crime". Let me explain.

Late one night on Sukhumvit Road, one of Bangkok's main thoroughfares, I was entertaining two Thai friends at a roadside restaurant. We'd been drinking Mekong, the fiery local whisky, and had dined lavishly, chalking up quite a big bill.

When the time came to pay, I reached into my pocket ... and found it empty. I tried to persuade the owner to let me go back to my room and get some more money – my friends were broke – but the ancient hag would not hear of it. Barely suppressing a smile on her wrinkled face, she insisted the only way I could leave was to give all my clothes as a "deposit". I had no option but to strip off (she agreed to let me keep my undies on) and I sprinted up the road, to the amusement and applause of roadside diners.

Fortunately, I made it back and was able to settle the bill. Just another roadside attraction on Bangkok's teeming streets ...

Albert Thomas
Darwin

CROWN OF CREATION?

Sometimes I wonder why man thinks he is so much better than all the other creatures in the world. In almost every way, it seems to me, animals put up a better performance.

A leopard can run faster, dolphins have bigger brains and more sophisticated ways of communicating, dogs have better hearing, cats are more nimble ... the list goes on and on. Even in the reproductive field, which our permissive society claims is so liberating, animals seem to be superior. In the animal kingdom, monogamy is the exception. Wolves and foxes usually select life-long mates but zoologists say few other creatures are monogamous. Most creatures simply get to it with whatever happens to be at hand.

And how they do it! I was reading the other day about an obscure North African rodent, called a Shaw's jird, which has a performance guaranteed to turn many men green with envy. Who among us could copulate 112 times in one hour as this little creature has been observed to do?

Anthony Strong
Launceston, Tasmania

CHILD BEATING

I feel nothing but sympathy for the young girl referred to by T.S. of Gympie (*The Playboy Forum,* October) for having been conceived by such ignorant and obnoxious parents. I fail to acknowledge what they hope to accomplish by caning the child. The fact that the use of the cane has diminished considerably in schools over the past years should be evidence enough that an alternative method must be sought. Whipping and belting, or any show of antagonistic behavior, tend to produce in a child an aggressive and even resentful nature.

Of course, I do not believe the child should go unpunished, but an open discussion between parents and child to discuss the reason for her actions should prove beneficial. Punishments then could be given out in the form of grounding or extra work. This increase in communication will help the child to understand that her parents love her and are only trying to help her. Parents will also be able to refrain from taking their own anxieties out on the child.

Suzette Jefferies
Surfers Paradise

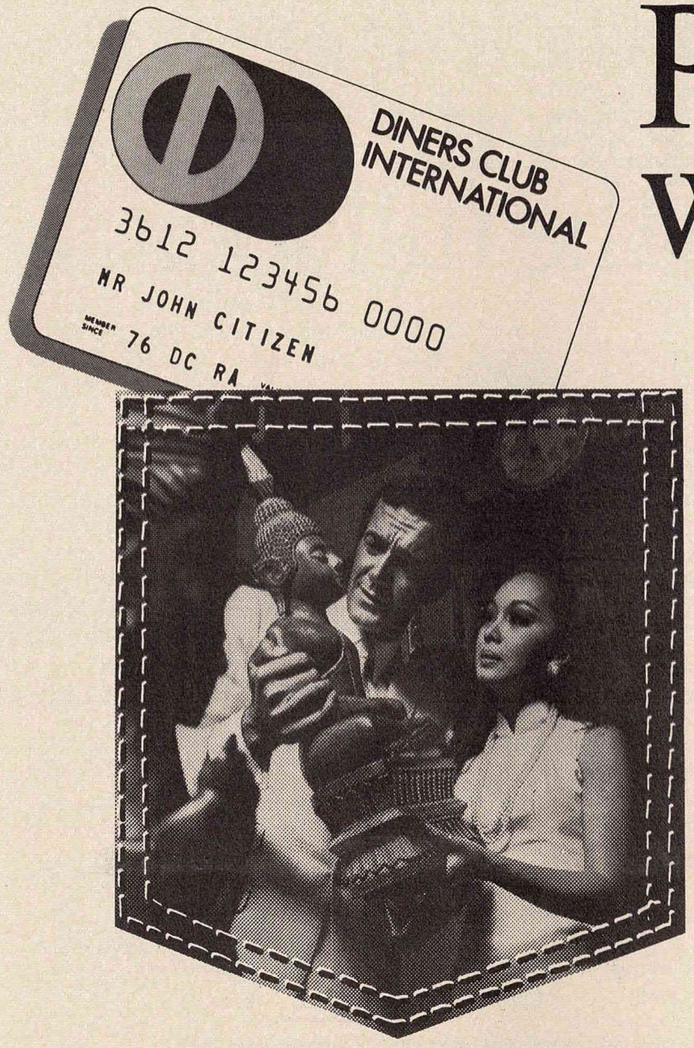
I was really pissed off to read what T.S. of Queensland had to say. I don't believe anyone has the right to beat a person of any age, parent or not.

Child bashing is something I'd expect to read in a novel out of the last century, but not in a modern magazine in the 20th century.

Perhaps these idiots didn't know that their action is, in some cases, punishable by law. I think that these are the type of people who use more muscle than brain.

As for the comment: "However, I realised it was for her own good and have had little trouble since", that's a load of crap! It wouldn't surprise me at all if the girl referred to turned up in the police records as just another runaway, if she hasn't already.

Phil Seidl
Applecross, WA



Put the world in your pocket.

And when you take your Diners Club card out of your pocket, you know it will be warmly accepted. In over 450,000 first class establishments in 150 countries, Diners Club is honoured as the most international and the most experienced of credit convenience cards. There are over 12,000 great places in Australia alone to use your Diners Club card.

Apply now by filling in and posting the application below. Wouldn't it be nice to have the world in your pocket?

DINERS CLUB INTERNATIONAL

Your first class ticket everywhere.

To Diners Club Ltd., 394 Latrobe Street, Melbourne 3000 (CONFIDENTIAL) DC137 9 048

Full name of Applicant: Mr / Mrs / Miss / Ms — Surname — Other Names — Home Address — Postcode

Home Phone No. — Date of Birth — Home Rented ☐ Home Owned ☐ Home Being Purchased ☐ — Years at Address — Previous Address — How Long

Driver's Licence No. and State of Issue — Bank Name Branch — Name and address of nearest relative not living with applicant

Employer Company or Firm Name — Business Phone No. — Business Address — Postcode

Nature of Business — Position Held — How long with Co.

Annual Income $ — Other Income $ — If you are self employed or if other source(s) of Income (e.g. Investments) are indicated, please write the name and phone number of someone who will confirm details of the amount (e.g. Accountant).

Previous Employment — Position Held — How long with Co.

Company or Firm Bank Name (for Company Applicants) — Branch

References: Credit (1) — A/c No.
Credit (2) — A/c No.
Personal

JOINING FEE $25.00 PLUS ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEE $25.00 CHEQUE ENCLOSED ☐ BILL ME ☐

I, the abovementioned applicant hereby apply for the issue to me of a Diners Club Card and I agree to accept liability for all charges incurred by me by the use of such card and any re-issue thereof. I agree to accept and to be bound by the terms and conditions of membership as printed on the Transmittal Notice accompanying the card.

COMPANY FIRM AND JOINT ACCOUNTS The abovementioned applicant and the abovementioned Company or Firm request the issue to the said applicant of a Diners Club Card and we agree to accept joint and several liability for all charges incurred by the abovementioned applicant by the use of such card and any re-issue thereof. We and each of us agree to accept and to be bound by the terms and conditions of membership as printed on the Transmittal Notice accompanying the card.

SIGNATURE OF INDIVIDUAL APPLICANT _____ DATE _____

AUTHORISING SIGNATURE FOR COMPANY FIRM OR JOINT ACCOUNT _____

TITLE _____ DATE _____

Indicate One only

Personal Account Bill to Home Address ☐ — Company Account Bill to Office Address ☐ — Personal Account Bill to Office Address ☐

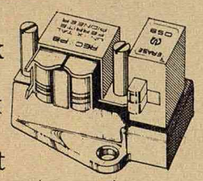
The incredible Pioneer 'metal' cassette decks give you the full 10cc.

Normal tapes have their limits. They can't always hit the highs. They can't hold the dynamic range or deliver the density of sound found on record or reel-to-reel.

Then metal tape came along. So Pioneer engineers put their heads together and developed a new breed of deck capable of handling metal's high demands.

Many others were designed simply to play metal. Pioneer's are specifically engineered to bring out all the magnificent properties of metal tape.

Three heads are better than two.



It is relatively easy to design a conventional 2-head deck that can handle metal tape.

But on their 3-head deck Pioneer has been successful in using the 'small window' to accept the erase head, the most effective system yet.

The 3-head system also makes considerable improvements to the performance of normal oxided tapes.

Tapes are driven by a motor employing the Closed-loop Dual Capstan system. It means both capstans rotate at exactly the same speed, reducing wow and flutter to no more than 0.03% (WRMS). And when you record you monitor direct from the tape.

The 20 second twiddle.

Beneath the stunning Fluroscan panel on the CT-F1250 you'll find a unique control system. It is a manual EqLB tuning system, the only one that can handle all kinds of tape. Twiddling the knobs for just 20 seconds will calibrate the optimum bias, level and equalisation for the best performance from every tape. On metal tape it gives a frequency range of 20 to 20,000 Hz at –20dB.

The most advanced range available.

The CT-F1250 is a masterpiece.

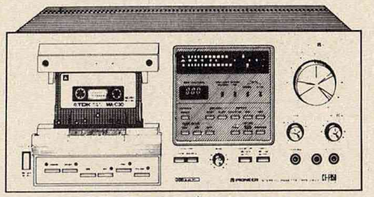
Only Pioneer have a range of four metal tape decks, putting 'metal' decks within everybody's price range.

Add to that three non-metal decks and you've got the most comprehensive and advanced range of decks available.

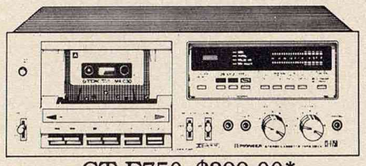
Pioneer CT-F1250, leader of the new breed. $699.00*

PNR. 05697

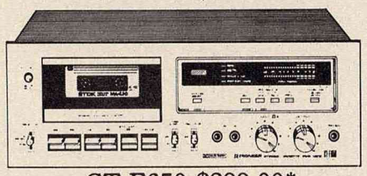
'Metal' decks



CT-F950 $559.00*

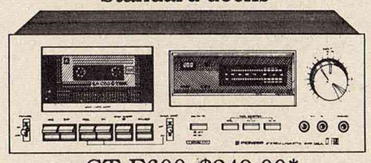


CT-F750 $399.00*

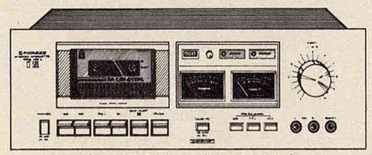


CT-F650 $299.00*

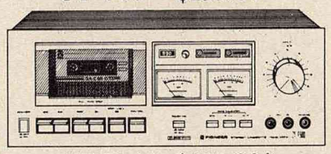
Standard decks



CT-F600 $249.00*



CT-506 $199.00*



CT-F500 $199.00*

PIONEER Cassette Decks

*Prices are recommended retail only.

Dear Sir, I'd like to read your inside stories on the following.

☐ CT-F1250 ☐ CT-F950 ☐ CT-F750 ☐ CT-F650 ☐ CT-F600 ☐ CT-506 ☐ CT-F500

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Send to Pioneer Marketing Services Pty. Ltd.
178 Boundary Road, Braeside,
Victoria 3195.

PNR. 05697

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

STERILISATION BOOM

MELBOURNE – Sterilisation is booming in Australia, and more and more couples are rejecting the Pill, a survey has shown. Between 1972 and 1978 the numbers of women of childbearing age using the Pill dropped from 51 percent to 35 percent, while in the same period the number of couples, both men and women, who chose sterilisation jumped from six percent to 19 percent, the survey revealed. Professor Carl Wood, chairman of the obstetrics and gynaecology department at the Queen Victoria Medical Centre has estimated that 50 percent of Australian women will be sterilised by the year 2000 if the present trend continues. Of course, if it does, all Australian women could be sterilised before we are a quarter of the way into the 21st century!

ROYAL RIPOFF

LONDON – A Saudi Arabian princess kept her chauffeur waiting outside a swank West End department store while she went on a shoplifting spree, a London court was told. Princess Sitah Al-Faisal Al-Rasheed was fined the maximum $2000 for stealing an $11 handbag, although in her own bag, fitted with a combination lock, she carried more than $16,000 in travellers cheques and cash.

"It is clear that money has no value to you," the magistrate told the 28-year-old princess.

UNHEALTHY TREND

MELBOURNE – An underwear bandit who tried to take women's clothing from them by force has been jailed for three years by a county court judge. Robert William Johnston, 22, forklift driver of Cheltenham, admitted two charges of assault with intent to rob and two charges of theft. Judge O'Shea said Johnston held a knife at the throat of one of his victims and demanded her underwear. During one attack, he was dressed in women's clothing. On passing sentence the judge said: "You need to think about what would happen to you unless you can correct this trend."

MARRIAGE "HOPELESS"

BRISBANE – Most people are hopeless in making marriage work, according to American author and researcher into marriage and family Dr David Olson. He said during a visit to Australia that 40 percent of marriages in the US ended in divorce, 25 percent of people who married had been married at least once before and a third of couples married because of pregnancy. Queensland had the highest rate in Australia of couples getting married because of pregnancy, he said. The most common marriage problem was men overestimating their power and women underestimating it. "Women try to fool everyone, including themselves, that they are the weaker partner when, in most cases, they rule the roost." However, 94 percent of people in Australia and the US wanted to marry. "You would think people would give up," Dr Olson said.

MONKEY BUSINESS

LONDON – A West German orthopaedic specialist has warned women who wear tight jeans that they could end up looking like monkeys. Dr Max Rutten wrote in the latest issue of *Medical News,* the doctors' newspaper, that, because tight jeans have so little "give" in them, certain body movements were impossible. "This increases strain on the spine, heading to more cases of spine disease," he said. "Instead of being curved in a gentle 'S', the spine becomes stretched and 'C'-shaped, which is characteristic of monkeys."

IT AIN'T POSSIBLE

ROME – After deliberating for eight years, a court in Turin has decided it is impossible for a woman to be raped in the front seat of a Fiat 500. "Experts have proved this beyond doubt," said the ruling, which ended a case that began in 1971 when a woman complained that a colleague had "lost his head" while giving her a lift, driven her at top speed to a field near Turin and raped her. The court started to have doubts, however, when the woman admitted she was "more than just good friends" with the man she accused. The experts also discovered the alleged victim was 7.5cm taller and six kilos heavier than the accused. Now she faces trial for slander.

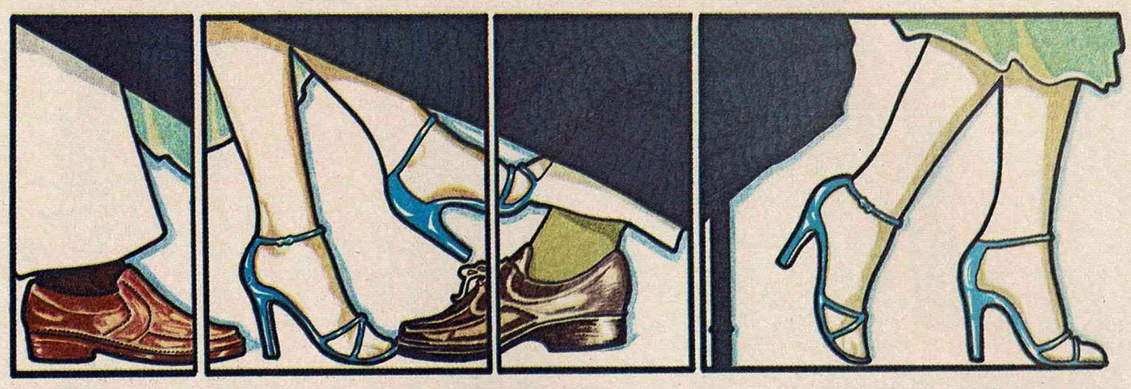
TONGUE-TIED

MELBOURNE – A massage parlor proprietor called in the local locksmith when a bondage client became a victim of his own deviation. The customer is a regular at the house which specialises in bondage and other delights. But he hasn't been back since the key to unlock a series of chain devices broke, leaving him trussed up for hours. The locksmith unravelled the problem in no time while the naked bondage buff maintained an embarrassed silence.

24,6 Fl Ozs
Triple Orange
Triple Orange
MARQUE DÉPOSÉE
Grand Marnier
LIQUOR
J. B. LAPOSTOLLE FONDATEUR 1827
Grand finale.
SWM 6614

EXPERIENCE

it had been a long and costly courtship, and now it was time to collect



THE MOMENT I saw her I knew I'd end up in bed with her. At least I hoped I would. She was sitting on a bar stool, dress high over her knees, dark eyes glowering through long lashes, surrounded by a covey of predatory males.

For three weeks I haunted that bar even though the prices were outrageous and my companions boring. Anything for what, by now, had become a regular eye-to-eye jousting match between us.

Then one day she swept into the bar and took up her perch opposite me. It was early, her usual companions had not yet descended from whatever high roosts they occupied in the nearby buildings. She was alone. I was alone.

Picking up my beer and my courage, I sauntered round the bar. "Hi!" "Hi!" That was openers anyway. I hadn't been rebuffed, hadn't sharply been told to shove off.

The story follows a familiar pattern. Lunch at discreet chic restaurants. Drinks in an out-of-the-way bar after work. Me sweating it out, trying to work up the big lie, or was it the big lay? Gradually I wooed her away from her usual haunts, took up more and more of her time, became more and more pressing. More and more horny. In fact, so horny I even used to take it out on my wife.

Then came the big day. The lady was going out of town for a two-day assignment. Could I swing a similar trip? No worries.

It was one of those business flights, leaving about seven in the morning. My wife drove me out to the airport. We chatted as we waited for the call. Through the crowd I caught a glimpse of her familiar face – with two men. My heart fell. Like three's a crowd, if you counted me in. Then the call. I pecked my wife and shot toward the boarding gate. The lady pecked a tall fair-haired guy and sauntered with the other toward the boarding gate. We managed a conspiratorial smirk.

As we disembarked, the lady ignored me. She and her companion grabbed a cab and took off. I opted for the small and cheaper kombi bus. By the time I reached the hotel, she had already signed in. I took a sneaky mental note of her room number and shot up to my room to grab the phone.

"What the hell is going on?" I snarled. "I thought this was our big two days. The days the stars shoot across the heavens and the earth moves and that sort of thing."

"Well," she replied, "there are complications. My husband drove me out to the airport with his boss and, incidentally, his best friend. He was coming here, too. I could hardly tell them I had other arrangements. Look, leave it to me. We'll sort something out. It's you I came for."

Preprandial drinks. Sitting in the lounge. The lady swept in, unaccompanied, and made straight for me. "Look," she said, "can you keep it up for just a while more?" I hadn't even had it up, but I let the quip pass. "I'm having dinner with Dave. I'll pretend I've suddenly noticed you and then invite you to join us. We'll take it from there. It's you I've come for." When she came back, she surveyed the room, let her eyes slide over me, then back and then whispered to her companion. At last. They headed toward me, I stood up. "Dave," she said to her scowling buddy, "meet Dave. He's an old friend. Let's all have dinner together."

Boy, what a stilted meal. Dave obviously thought he was on to a good thing and considered me an interloper. He made no pretence that I was a bloody nuisance and should piss off from what was obviously a heart-warming scene. But I don't give up that easily. Then the waiter announced the dining room was closing. Would we like to adjourn to the bar? More Cointreau, more befuddled thoughts, more inane conversation and more glaring. Finally, I could take it no longer. Pissed and pissed off, I announced I was off to bed. Dave X's face lit with triumph. He had outlasted me. To the victor the spoils. And a friend's wife, the dirty rat.

Then, just as I was sliding down the tunnel to sleep, the bedside phone rang. I grabbed it from its cradle and held it to my angry ear. "Come on," cooed the lady, "I've finally got rid of him. Sneak up now."

Action at last, head under the tap, splash of Eau Sauvage reserved for such moments, minimum of gear and like a robber's dog up the lift.

Then suddenly, shoes in hand, who should come rocketing round the end of the passage but big, bad Dave X. I stopped. He stopped. And then the fat complacent bastard chickened. Backed down the corridor.

To the victor the spoils. I swaggered to her door to find it unlatched and slightly ajar. There was a bedside light glowing softly and, lying in a pose that would have sent Rubens into a frenzy, was my beautiful, naked prey. I knocked lightly and, without turning her head, she said: "Come in Dave darling, I've been waiting so long."

Well it was great. No other word for it. I climbed up and down the ladder, we didn't miss a rung, we slipped off into glowing, sated sleep.

I woke in the morning, her head on my chest, her beautiful body abandoned, lying there. Ready, set, go, coming ready or not.

And then it struck me. Who the hell was Dave?

Husband's best friend who could probably tell all, or charming, fresh-faced innocent old me?

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

My sex life isn't the best. I can hardly keep a conversation going, and when I look at a girl and tell myself she's the type for me, that's as far as the relationship ever gets. I can never pluck up the courage to ask the girl out because I fear she will turn me down. Can you help? – E.R., Queensland.

Beyond fantasy and solitaire, we suspect your sex life, which you describe vaguely as "not the best", is non-existent. Still, where there's a will there's a Wilhelmina. Don't despair, because you aren't a Robinson Crusoe in either the literal or figurative sense. Yours is an age-old problem exacerbated by that quaint Australian tradition of segregated high schools. Many teenagers suffering the pangs of puberty tend to be awkward and selfconscious in the company of the opposite sex. Thankfully, our educationists are finally realising the error of their segregated ways and there is a growing, healthy trend toward integrating boys and girls in the socially critical high school years. Your hang-up sounds like the typical legacy of having agonised through adolescence in an all-boys school. Plus it sounds as though you are aggravating the problem by trying too hard. Next time you're in the company of a girl you find attractive, relax, back off and let her make conversational overtures. Chances are you will be pleasantly surprised how naturally you will respond, especially if she is sensitive to your shyness. Once the ice has been broken, be patient. Leave asking her for a date until you have done a little discreet homework and got a line on her work and her interests. She'll be flattered to know you've taken the trouble to find out what makes her tick.

My fiancée and I have enjoyed a really tremendous sex life for some time now, but recently she has admitted that she would like to spend time in bed with me and another girl. I think the idea is just great and would be only too pleased to share a lovely lady with her, but how do we find her without resorting to the grubby pages of a contact magazine? Unfortunately, there doesn't seem to be any simple solution, and pretty, bisexual girls don't just drop in your lap. My fiancée feels that approaching any of her girlfriends might jeopardise those friendships, so we feel that she should be a new friend. Can you offer us any suggestions? – P.F.L., Canberra.

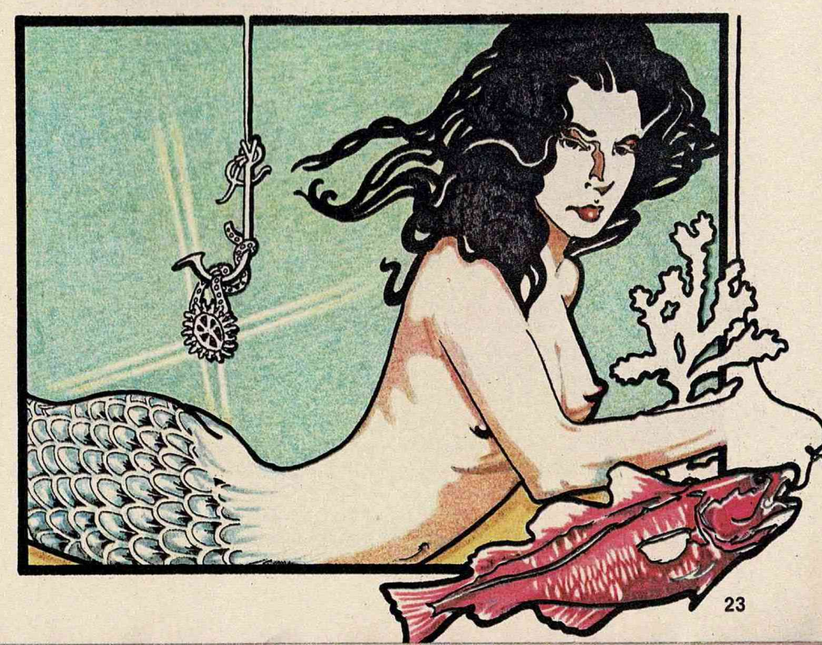
Our best suggestion is to examine the pros and cons first. The problem with a ménage à trois *isn't so much how to get two girls together as how to keep them apart. Have you considered the possibility that they might become more than just bosom buddies? Bisexual beauties may be a real turn-on in sex shows and stag films, but can you handle a triangular relationship on your own doorstep where the female attractions could become emotional as well as physical? If you have a liberal outlook and aren't bothered by a possible rival for your girlfriend's affections, then dive in at the deep end. But don't be surprised if you surface somewhat shaken after hitting rock bottom. On the other hand, you might end up agreeing with Oscar Wilde who wrote in* The Importance Of Being Earnest *that "in married life, three is company and two none".*

Since leaving the South to live in Queensland several months ago, I have been unable to find a girlfriend. My main trouble is that all the girls back off the moment I mention I'm a fisherman. I'm 20, fairly good looking and always make sure that I'm clean and tidy when I go out. What can I do about it? I don't want to change my job. – K.B., Queensland.

As Oscar Hammerstein's woofy Mr Snow discovered, the lingering smell of fish turns the ladies off. And until you find a mermaid or a young woman who prefers the scent of mackerel to Mennen, we're afraid you may continue casting into the wind.

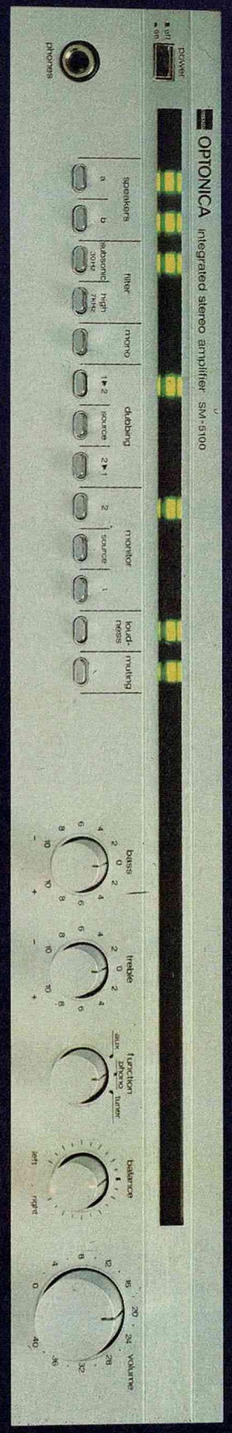
I am sure that many of your readers, like me, do not believe that we have been told the whole truth about the energy crisis. We are constantly being told that there is no cheaper alternative fuel for running internal combustion engines. Yet a few years ago in another country, I saw a generator being powered by a Holden engine which used, as fuel, a gas produced in a nearby tank from pig manure and household garbage. And I understand that US troops, cut off from supplies in the Philippines pending MacArthur's return during World War II, ran their jeeps on palm toddy which they made in moonshine stills. I also understand that, at about the same time, cars in Australia were powered by charcoal burners. As the oil companies are not likely to tell us about these alternative fuels, do you suppose PLAYBOY could? – M.L., Queensland.

Everything is relative, including the price of alternative fuels, according to the Energy Authority. The stationary engine you mention ran on methane gas generated by the fermentation of pig manure and household garbage. Its economic use depends on the availability of sufficient raw material to meet the requirement, the ease of access and collection of the raw material, the capital cost of the digester and gas holding tank and the removal of impurities such as carbon dioxide and hydrogen sulphide (rotten egg gas) from the gas prior to use in internal combustion engines. The average fermentation period for pig manure, for example, is 20 days and, to maintain a regular source of methane, a fairly large plant would be necessary. Similar problems arise with the production of ethanol which can be used

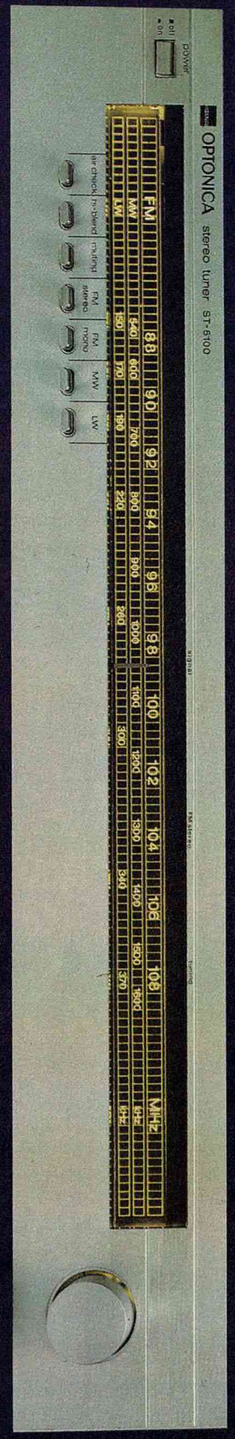


THINK OPTONICA

OPTONICA by Sharp sets new trends in Hi-Fi with brilliant compact SLIM LINE Technology.



Performance is smoother. You get vastly improved sound reproduction with less distortion from Optonica's Toroidal power transformer within our new slim amplifiers in all 3 Series 5100, 7100 and soon 9100.



Components are slimmer. The sweet sound of success is now slimmer, sleeker, smoother from Optonica, with new compact SLIM-LINE design, developed from Sharp's world famous advanced digital technology.

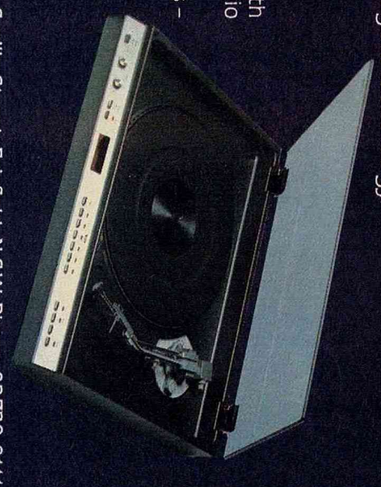
MAJOR INNOVATIVE BREAKTHROUGH

Slim is the new trend in Hi-Fi and Sharp leads the way with this new series Optonica – designed to impress every audio enthusiast from beginner to professional.

Compact is the new era for Cars, Computers, Calculators – and now High Fidelity equipment.

Think Slim. Think Sharp. Think Optonica.

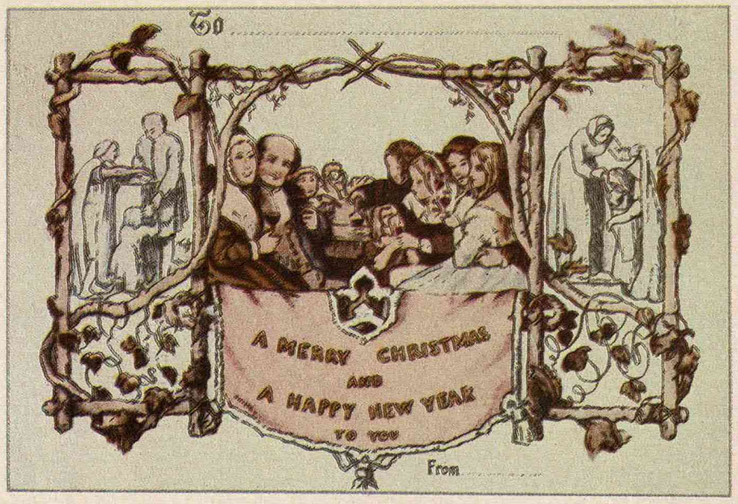
Series 5100, 7100 and soon 9100.



OPTONICA BY SHARP

For technical specifications, brochures and your nearest Optonica retailer, please write to: Sharp Corporation of Australia, 64 Seville Street, Fairfield, N.S.W. Phone 02 728-9111

SHA 40B



as a petrol-extender (up to 15 percent can be added to petrol without harmful effects on engines). First, raw materials such as palm nuts, grain, sugar cane or cassava are required regularly in sufficient quantities. Second, a plant is required for manufacture and storage. Finally, to make the operation viable, the petrol/ethanol mixture has to be distributed to service stations where it can be obtained by motorists. In several of the southern States of the USA, small disused oil refineries are used for the production of ethanol from maize. This is added to petrol and sold as "gasahol" through a number of service stations. Charcoal burners were used in World War Two, but there are several problems relating to their use today. Much higher compression engines are used in modern cars and, with the great increase in traffic, there is much more risk of fire following a collision, due to the red hot charcoal from the burner. Obviously, this presents a safety and insurance problem. There is a wide range of technical and not-so-technical literature available from public libraries on alternative energy sources for use in motor vehicles, including LPG, electric vehicles and steam cars, should you want to investigate further possibilities in greater detail.

Can you please tell me the origin of the Christmas card? – M.N., Victoria.

The Christmas card is an English invention, first designed in 1843 by J. C. Horsley. Three years later, 1000 copies of the card were lithographed and hand-colored for Sir Henry Cole, the first director of London's Victoria and Albert Museum, who sold such "unconsidered trifles" in a Bond Street art shop he had established in order to improve the taste of his contemporaries. The card (shown above) is presented as a triptych. To either side of the family gathering are side-pieces depicting the charitable acts of Clothing The Naked and Feeding The Hungry. The cards were not an immediate success, and didn't gain popularity until the 1880s. The card is still available today, as a postcard at the V & A Museum, and Christmas cards are now sold in billions, thanks to the likes of est's Werner Erhard who, in December 1975, sent out 62,824 personal greeting cards, thereby achieving a new world record.

I have an embarrassing premature ejaculation problem which is giving me an inferiority complex. I usually climax on the third stroke. I've read books and all I've come up with are useless suggestions like having a girl grab your penis before you come. Goes down like a ton of bricks, I can tell you. Could you please advise me on this problem? – S.S., Queensland.

There are two ways of overcoming this problem, and both require a sympathetic and helpful lover, so, first, cherchez la femme. *An understanding woman will accept your first failure, then encourage and stimulate you into trying again. Attempting intercourse twice within a reasonably short space of time often results in second time lucky. The second method would appear to be the one you have already tried without success, perhaps because you haven't perfected the technique involved. Ask your lover to stimulate your penis, and then delay ejaculation, when it becomes imminent, by applying gentle pressure to your penis for eight to 15 seconds, or until your erection begins to subside. She should place her thumb just below the head and her fingers just above the ridge of the head on the other side. (For some reason, applying the pressure yourself doesn't work effectively.) Continued stimulation/applied pressure should help you control your ejaculatory responses and bolster your confidence enough to allow penetration and successful intercourse, preferably with your partner on top. It may be necessary, however, to withdraw your penis during intercourse and have pressure re-applied until you gain total control. If these methods don't solve the problem, we suggest you seek further counselling.*

At a party, I got into a really heated debate with some university friends about university life in general and the unique sexual environment of college life in particular. One of the guys hit on a fantastic idea of setting up an introductory service for young single students who would pay a minimal membership fee to cover running expenses. What we would like to know is whether such a service would be legal, whether we would require some sort of licence, whether there would be a ceiling on the fee we could charge and the implications in connection with any existing university regulations? – L.H., Victoria.

From our inquiries with a students' representative council, there are no insurmountable obstacles to prevent you and your friends from setting up such an introductory service – providing you observe a few ground rules. First, if you want to incorporate the name of the university or your college in the name, you must obtain the permission of the governing university authority. Second, if you are going to solicit for members on the campus, you will need the permission of the Student Union, with which you would also need to take up the question of a fee. Your first step should be to gather 25 interested students together and then seek affiliation with the Student Union on their behalf. You need the consent and names of at least that number of students to make application for such an affiliation.

Recently I married a girl who is a fantastic sex partner and, in fact, I reckon I have a better sex life than most Aussies. However, despite this enjoyment, I have some worries. When I was about 10, I had an operation to lower one of my balls because, at that stage, only one was down. Now one is much lower and bigger than the other, the smaller being the one that was operated on, and I wonder whether this is normal? I would also like to know whether I could pass this problem on to my offspring? Furthermore, during sex, we like to apply a lot of force to my balls, so much so that I sometimes come with no other stimulation. Will this do any damage to my reproductive organs? – J.S.L., NSW.

This problem is not uncommon after your type of operation. There is a very slight chance that you can pass it on to

Pacific
-the most
sought after
Bar Fridge

make great things happen
~COOLER!

PACIFIC by gorenje
Leaders in Bar Refrigerators
H715ABC COPPERTONE
ESE 64

Haigoodlookin'

Haig. The oldest name in scotch. Looking as good today as it did in 1627. Reward yourself with a Haig and you're lookin' good. Don't be vague, ask for Haig.

HA75AP

a son who should be checked at birth. If his testicles are not in the scrotum, he may need to have an operation before the age of five. To answer your last question, no, it won't damage your reproductive organs.

We often talk of having "a hair of the dog that bit you", referring to supposed hangover cures, but what is the origin of this expression? – A.R., South Australia.

You could be sorry you asked. It originated as the literal description of the cure for anyone bitten by a mad dog. According to Every Man's Book of Superstitions, *the dog having been killed, some of its hair was cut off and the bitten person was instructed to eat it. At the same time, a quantity of the hair, fried or boiled, was placed upon the bites together with some herb, usually rosemary. The wounds were then bound with clean rags and, to finish off the treatment, the sign of the cross was made over the bandage.*

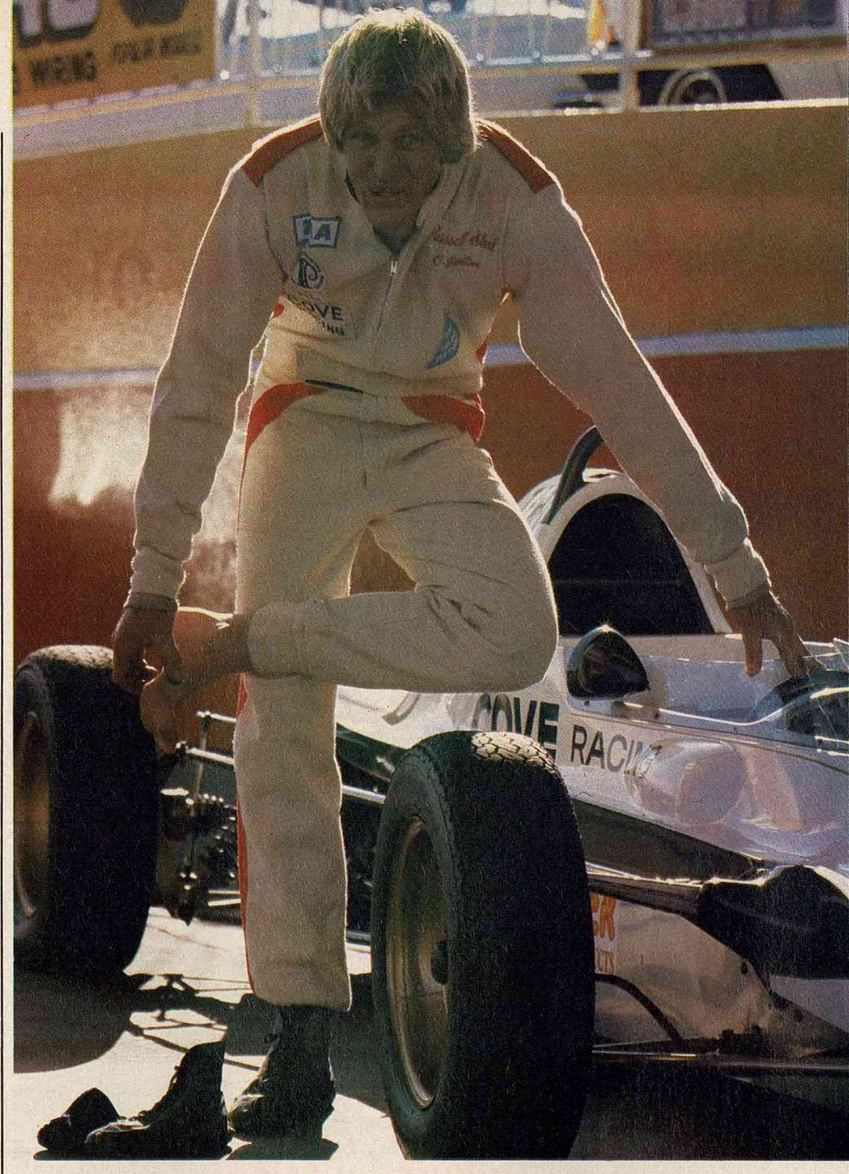
Could you please tell me where I can get the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe? I've been searching everywhere. – S.D., NSW.

The complete works has so far eluded us, but the Angus and Robertson Bookshop in the MLC Centre, Sydney, has in stock Forty-Two Tales, The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe *with illustrations by Edmund Dulac and* Tales of Mystery and Imagination, *illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Fans of the master of the macabre can order copies through A and R shops nationwide.*

While serving on a RAN ship in South-east Asia, I had the delightful opportunity of savoring a *Subic Special* in the Officers' Club at Subic Bay in the Philippines. Could you please tell me its ingredients and proportions, apart from ice? – J. M., WA.

Delightful for some, an unlucky dip for others. The general consensus of intoxicated recollection is that the drink is a "loose confederation of liquors, predominantly rum" poured into a bucket containing ice. Exhaustive inquiries have failed to determine any specific ingredients or proportions if, indeed, there are any. Commander James Bond of the Royal Navy definitely would not have approved. Filled to the brim, the bucket can't be shaken. Not to mention stirred.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*



You can't win a Grand Prix if your feet are driving you crazy.

If your feet are itchy, burning, sticky or whiffy–sorry but you may have athlete's foot.

It's a very common fungus and you can get rid of it easily with Tinaderm.

Tinaderm contains Tolnaftate, an effective fungicide that attacks infection and inhibits re-infection. It starts working in 24 hours. So you can forget about your feet. And put all your drive into more rewarding endeavours. Available from your chemist.

Tinaderm

PM 4123/79

QMSI2371

Come to Marlboro Country.

Come to where the flavour is.

Mellow

That's the Jensen Car Stereo Coax II. That's the thrill of being there.

Mellow is the word. And the new Jensen Coax II 2-way speakers bring it all out.

These two new coaxials bring a special richness to music, starting with their extended-range woofers and low mass, low distortion tweeters.

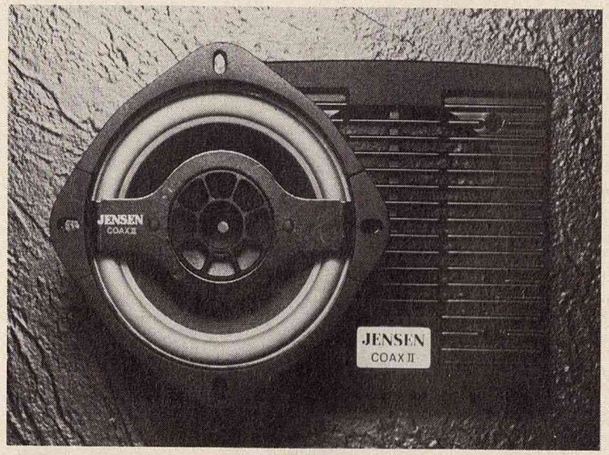
The 6″ x 9″ Jensen Coax II features a new high power 20 oz. barium ferrite woofer magnet. A high temperature voice coil. And a 2.3 oz. tweeter magnet for improved transient response.

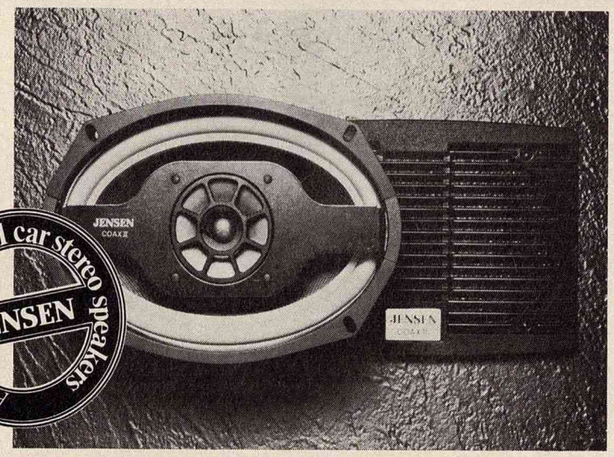
The 5¼″ Coax II is shallower than ever for more installation applications. Not to mention a new 16 oz. barium ferrite magnet that will out-perform most 20 oz. magnets.

The smooth, wide response of these Jensen Coax II's incorporates the bass, midrange, and high tones that are a world of difference from what you're used to hearing.

Which all boils down to one thing. Balance. Clear, clean, mellow balance. It means better than ever sound reproduction.

So why settle for anything less... when you can experience the thrill of being there. With Jensen Coax II's.





JENSEN

The thrill of being there.

For further information write to:
JENSEN Division,
Harman Australia Pty. Ltd.,
P.O. Box 6,
BROOKVALE, N.S.W. 2100.

HA140/79

Playboy Interview

PHILLIP ADAMS

philosopher, writer, filmmaker and humorist — a classic australian dilettante

PHILLIP ADAMS shucks off his shoes and socks and adopts a yoga-esque pose on the once plush carpet in the once sumptuous Sydney Harborside hotel suite with the still princely tariff. It's an awesome sight. Adams has the appearance of a beatific Saxon Trenchman, with a touch of the happy Buddha about him.

It has just gone eight and it is not surprising that Adams, who is never exactly elegant, is looking a little ragged. He has been on the prowl since dawn and has skipped lunch and dinner. In fact, apart from the odd cup of tea and an unaccustomed glass of wine foisted on him by a client, he has taken no food for two days. A porter arrives with a plateful of assorted sandwiches. Adams homes in on the rare beef and gherkin. And he begins to relive his life.

Adams says we won't be disturbed because he has told no one where he is staying in Sydney. The jangle of the phone mocks his promise. It's a filmmaker from Melbourne. Adams is an impatient telephone user, confining his side of the conversation to a string of yeses and noes. There will be several more calls tonight — from Melbourne, and from New York.

The calls scarcely interrupt the autobiographical flow. Adams talks with the same clarity and eloquence that stamp his philosophic and satirical columns in the Melbourne Age *and* The Bulletin. *The word is that Adams is the highest-paid columnist in Australia, but Adams finds the word itself faintly amusing.*

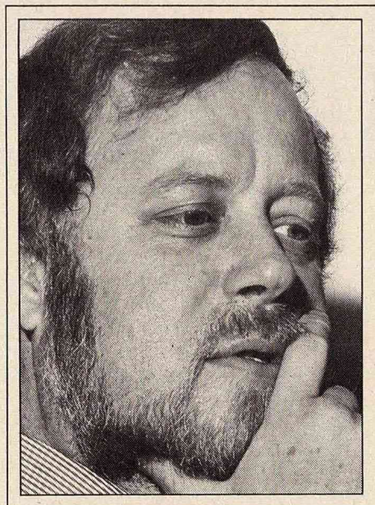
Adams describes himself as a compulsive writer. He so loves to write that he would willingly do his weekly pieces for both journals for pleasure alone. He has admitted as much to his employers, but they pay him just the same. And the money is nice, a secure hedge against an impoverished and tormented childhood, much of which was spent in terror cast by a sadistic, tyrannical stepfather. Adams also derives intense satisfaction from producing such successful films as The Adventures of Barry McKenzie, Don's Party *and* The Getting of Wisdom. *He finds emotional and financial reward, too, in creating the campaigns that make his all-Australian advertising agency of Monahan, Dayman and Adams a front runner in an industry studded with multinationals.*

He is the classic dilettante. Since fleeing home and school at 15, he has embraced and discarded communism, the bodgie cult and bohemia. Save his wife and children, his hyperactivity, journalism, an oscillating but enduring sympathy with the Australian Labor Party and a profound compassion for his fellow man, there is nothing constant about Phillip Adams or his life.

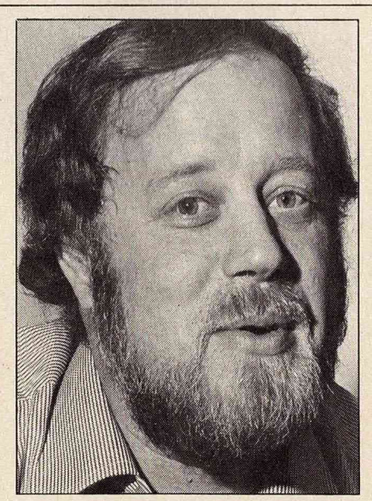
His current consuming interest is in computer technology, which he believes will lead mankind into a brave new Arcadia. For, despite the trappings of capitalism — the fortressed Victorian mansion in Melbourne's Hawthorn and the hotel suites, the bulky, gold ring and the international connections — and in spite of the disillusionment with hard-line communism, Adams remains vaguely faithful to benign socialism. A living contradiction, maybe, but the Adams way is almost Tolstoyan in reverse.

PLAYBOY *set up the Adams Interview, expecting a not untypical Australian success story. We got that, but a hell of a lot more. Adams emerges from that hotel session, which stretched into the wee small hours, not only as a slick entrepreneur of the written and visual language, but as a man of rare insight and vision.*

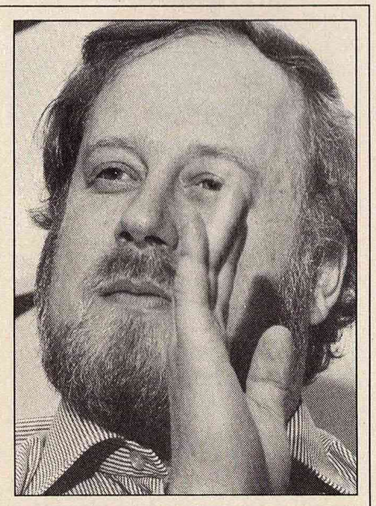
As staff man ***Russell Deiley,*** *who broke sandwiches with Adams, reports: "I left the hotel feeling very much as a former editor of* Esquire *felt after reading the manuscript of a story he had commissioned the great American jurist, Clarence Darrow, to write. Darrow had been asked to write an article on the operation of American*



"Women get an appalling press out of the Bible. Christianity prefers the idea of virgin births and chastity. The whole Christian attitude to sex I think is dishonest and wholly despicable."



"My only regret about living in the present age is that I think it would be more interesting living another 1000 or 2000 years on, because I think we will be quite amazing creatures by then."



"I think Bob Hawke may yet prove to be tragic, but it's a bit early to judge. Cairns has become tragic but unless Bob cracks it, he will be a tragic figure. He is full of death wish, it seems."

New 1980 Datsun 200B SX

THE SPORTY FOUR WITH MORE

Sports appeal: Ease into the cloth seats with the broad sports stripes. Look around, it's all there. Tachometer. Slick four-on-the-floor gearshift. Black dash. Distinctive soft feel steering wheel. Quartz clock. Radio. Laminated windscreen. Power assisted dual circuit brakes with front discs. Quartz halogen high beam headlights. Variable ratio steering.

Sports equipment: It starts with wide alloy wheels. Chunky steel belted radials. Taut sports modified 'phase-matched' seating/suspension. The 2 litre overhead cam engine makes the four with more SX a sure winner. Up front there's the race bred air dam and extended body coloured bumper. The 200B SX has built-in sports appeal.

Cruisin' power: The superb 2 litre fuel efficient engine gives full-blooded performance. It has power to spare for towing a boat, accelerating on the open highway or negotiating city traffic.
The new 1980 Datsun 200B continues to deliver outstanding fuel economy. Once again proving, "Datsun Saves".

Cruisin' comfort: SX is a four that's fun to drive even with a load of five. It's spacious. All with the added comfort of wall to wall carpet. Heated rear window. Three speed heater/demister and reclining front bucket seats.

Open up the door on the sporty four with more at your Datsun Dealer, now.

Happy Days are here again!

DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.
DAT 504/R

courts and produced what stands unchallenged as the great definitive work on choosing a jury.

"Seemingly lame questions sparked an extraordinary response from Adams, an instant philosophy of optimism that knocks the pessimists and prophets of doom into a cocked hat. Sure, Adams can be merciless in his scorn of politicians and his laundering of the religious security blanket, but the gospel according to Phillip Adams is refreshingly positive."

As we take the first hesitant steps into the 1980s, we are pleased to give you Phillip Adams, his past, his present and his prophecy.

PLAYBOY: You had an unhappy and difficult childhood. Does it still affect you to talk about it?

ADAMS: I'm very grateful for having had a rough childhood. No, it doesn't upset me to talk about it. I often return to it and write about it. One of the very few things you own is your past.

PLAYBOY: Just how unhappy was it?

ADAMS: Oh, it was fairly apocalyptic as childhoods go. I had a schizophrenic stepfather whose favorite sport was to try to murder me. I survived being hunted round the hills of Eltham with a rifle, the odd axe attack and a couple of attempts to run me over in his Studebaker. I moved in with my mother and her second husband and he resented me. He felt threatened by me. Most of my childhood was spent defending my mother from his verbal and physical bullying. By the time I was 12, I had developed a fairly dicky heart condition as a result of constant stress. But there is always a positive side to these things. It forced me to read and write omnivorously as a survival technique.

PLAYBOY: Is your stepfather still alive?

ADAMS: No. The day he died was wonderful. I'd left home by then. When he died I remember going back to the house and burning every sign of him that had ever existed. I got the incinerator blazing, tipped his suits and his lodge apron and all his little piles of documents into the fire. After an hour he had just ceased to exist for me. It's amazing how easy it is to wipe all traces of someone from the face of the earth.

PLAYBOY: He had no saving graces?

ADAMS: None at all, although I did regard him with some compassion. He was just a tragic, ghastly, sick man. These days Mum and I could have left; there are things like women's refuges now, but there weren't then and we had to live in misery with him. It was not unknown for us to flee the flat in our dressing gowns and spend the night in humiliation in the local picture theatre, feeling extremely embarrassed as one tends to do in dressing gowns at the flicks. We would then make the long, terrifying walk home to God knows what performance.

PLAYBOY: When did your mother marry your stepfather?

ADAMS: My mother's first marriage to a Congregational minister broke up just after the war. I spent the war years and a few later years living with my grandparents on a flower nursery in Kew in Melbourne. We lived in a sort of Steptoe and Son weatherboard house which was so small that I had to live in a sleepout. But my grandparents were marvellous people and I loved them very much. Afterwards, when I was eight, I was invited to move in with my mother and stepfather and then I discovered what misery was all about.

PLAYBOY: Through all the years of stress, did you retain a great affection for your mother?

ADAMS: Of course. My mother and I were too close, as people are in that kind of relationship. We had a desperate need for each other and that became a bit claustrophobic, which was one of the reasons I left home. She had no options, no way out. So finally, I did something which at the time caused me great torment. I left her to her own devices.

"The Catholics had the Vatican, we had the Kremlin. The Catholics had the Old and New Testaments, we had Marx and Lenin."

PLAYBOY: You describe yourself as a loving father. Do you consciously have to work at being a good parent?

ADAMS: Anyone who's had a deal of suffering tends to develop compassion for others. One of the things that has made me a political eunuch as a journalist is that I can't really hate. My childhood burned out the capacity to hate and I tend to find loving very easy. I use loving in a non-glandular, non-erotic sense. It is something I find very simple. I don't have any theories about how you educate your children or what is right and wrong, but I have a very strong feeling that children have to know they're loved. You do that right, and everything else will fall neatly into place.

PLAYBOY: Was the Communist Party a family substitute?

ADAMS: No, it was a substitute for university. Because I had to leave school at 15 to escape my stepfather, there was no hope of my going to university. I joined the party when I was 16, which was two years earlier than you were meant to, but I was given some sort of dispensation. I was suddenly thrown in with a lot of extraordinary and quite wonderful people. My universities were like Gorky's – the university of experience.

PLAYBOY: What did a teenager do in the Communist Party?

ADAMS: They'd had very few teenage members. That was the time of the McCarthy era in America when it wasn't all that comfortable to be in a Communist Party, even off Broadway here in Australia. The only young communists I knew were the children of party officials. They'd come through an organisation called the Eureka Youth League – the communist equivalent of the Boy Scouts. I think I was one of the very few people who actually wandered up to a speaker on the Yarra Bank and asked: "Where do I join?"

They were fascinated to find this odd little kid fronting. I was given quite interesting duties. There was a little place called the New Theatre in Flinders Street, operating both as a left wing repertory for works of people like Clifford Odette and as a cinema for us to run East European and Soviet films.

We showed films such as the battered print of *Battleship Potemkin* to which we played scratched Shostakovich 78s to synchronise with the Odessa death sequence. We did not have many films – a couple of Eisenstein movies, a few Polish films and some tired Margaret Mead documentaries on Bali. At the same time I became the film critic for the long since defunct Communist Guardian. That was my first venture into journalism. During the day I was working in the furnace hold of capitalism in the advertising agency and, after hours, I was working for capitalism's downfall through the Guardian and the Realist Film Association.

PLAYBOY: Was the party a complex body then? Was it showing signs of splitting at that time?

ADAMS: No, it was very, very simple. Joining the party in those days was rather like becoming a convert to the Catholic Church. In fact the parallels between the party and the Catholic Church amazed and fascinated me. The Catholics had the Vatican, we had the Kremlin. The Catholics had the Old and New Testaments, we had Marx and Lenin.

PLAYBOY: The communist saints?

ADAMS: Oh, sure. We had a form of confession at branch meetings. These days the Communist Party is split and fragmented, rather like the Catholic Church after the Reformation. The parallels between Chairman Mao and

Luther are fairly obvious. But then the party was made up of people who, these days, would best be described as humanists. The humanity and humor of the organisation has ebbed away since the '50s. It's deathly serious today. Many of the people I met in the party are now established in Federal Parliament – on both sides of the House and Senate. Some have metamorphosed into right wing Liberals. Even now I don't think I'd like to brand them. It might come as a great shock to their constituents.

PLAYBOY: Was Australian communism, then, all theory, sweetness and light?

ADAMS: It was high comedy. Before I left the party in 1956 after resigning in sympathy over Hungary with my expelled friends, we used to sit round discussing which year Australia would become communist. We all agreed it would be communist by 1960 at the very latest. We thought Australia would become communist not through revolution but by osmosis, like the last domino in the pack. The rest of the world was rushing into communism and we felt that by 1960 at the latest Australia would have seen the error of its ways.

PLAYBOY: It was going to be Arcadian?

ADAMS: Australians have had a long tradition of Arcadian mythology. The great Australian communist was Dame Mary Gilmour, who rushed off to Paraguay in the '20s. Australians really do have a mystical thing about Utopian societies.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Malcolm Fraser has that?

ADAMS: In his own funny way, probably. His is a retrospective view of Arcadia. Fraser has an incredibly paternalistic view of Australia. He sees most of us as happy little serfs in some Tolstoyan landscape.

PLAYBOY: Were there no firebrands in the party, people who went around chanting revolution?

ADAMS: If there were, I never met them. But, mind you, I did not have much truck with the trade union wing. Communist trade union leaders were strong in a curiously Bevanite way. If anything, they tended to be the more honorable men in the Labor movement. Trade unionists will vote for communists as union leaders, but they will never, never vote communist in a parliamentary election. The reason is that they know the communist union leader tends to be very straight. Take John Halfpenny. He will always sublimate his own personal interests for his union.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that communist trade union leaders are there to stuff up the system deliberately?

ADAMS: When I attended my first party branch meeting, I expected to sit in a room where people would be discussing the overthrow of government. But no. They were discussing the bad drains in Eltham. And, in my experience with communist trade union leaders, they're rarely concerned with bringing Australia to its knees. They're concerned with doing a job for the union. They do it through ideological blinkers and I don't agree with them. Today I'm an active anti-communist – irrespective of the brand.

PLAYBOY: What sort of mentality makes up today's communist?

ADAMS: His is a much harsher view than it was in the '50s, when communists were romantic, quixotic creatures tilting at windmills. These days they are much tougher, but, fortunately, most of their political energies are involved in faction fighting which renders them almost impotent. But then, of course, the great political battles in any country are not between parties but within them.

PLAYBOY: What of the Bill Hartleys, whose natural links, one might think, would be Moscow or Peking but seem, instead, to be in the Middle East?

ADAMS: You've raised an interesting issue. The Communist Party in the '50s was extremely pro-Jewish and a great many of the people I met in the organisation were Jewish. I'll never

LICK
SIP
SUCK

That's El Toro exotic and straight. But El Toro turns on almost any mixture you like to name. Get a kick out of El Toro with Coke, tonic, soda, fruit juices, bitter lemon or vermouth, to name but a few! Go wild with your imagination and El Toro. Or lick, sip, suck.
El Toro Tequila.
Imported from Mexico.
And that's no bull.

Sunrise
(El Toro, Grenadine & Orange.) Pour 1½ oz El Toro into a tall glass over ice cubes. Add a dash of Grenadine. Fill with orange juice and stir.

Margarita
Moisten rim of cocktail glass with fruit rind then spin moistened rim in bed of salt. Shake with cracked ice, 1½ oz El Toro, ½ oz Continental Triple Sec, 1 oz lemon or lime juice. Strain into glass and sip over salted edge.

El Toro the best of Mexico

El Toro Tequila – another fine product imported by Continental Distillers

CD6648R

Florsheim and fancy free.

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

forget one night when I was hauling round my battered little 16mm projector to show a documentary called *Between the German Wars*. I found myself in a room in Carlton for a screening organised by the Carlton branch of the party. The entire audience was Jews and the room was soon full of weeping people. I remember crying with them. It was a devastating night. And I'll never forget something I saw on the mantelpiece in that room. It was a photograph of Dad, the only surviving image of a father who had died in Auschwitz or Belsen, and it had been blown up from a negative which had been so badly damaged that there was little definition left on it. You got the feeling that there might have been a mouth on the face and a glint that might have been glasses. But it was almost as bland as the moon. That was all that was left of Dad. That image haunts me – it was a mirror of deprivation and melancholy and loss. These days the Communist Party and the left have decided Israel is a Fascist state and that Zionism is racism. One of the things which alienates me from the left now – and certainly from people like Hartley – is the incredible hostility toward Israel. I think the Israelis have made some disastrous mistakes and the situation with the Palestinians is intolerable. But to see the left forgetting the magnitude of that Jewish suffering is extremely off-putting.

PLAYBOY: What impact did living in Eltham, cradle of Victorian bohemia and home of the Heidelberg school of art, have on you?

ADAMS: Eltham High was an interesting school in that it had two streams of kids – the children of the arties and the children of the hillbillies. A lot of impecunious people moved out there because in those days you could buy a block of land for 35 cents. There were no building regulations so you could erect a house out of old car crates or mud bricks. So you had people who were very Dogpatch mixed up with people of great cultural pretensions. The result? A playground that was a seething hotbed of sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Did Dogpatch get together with bohemia?

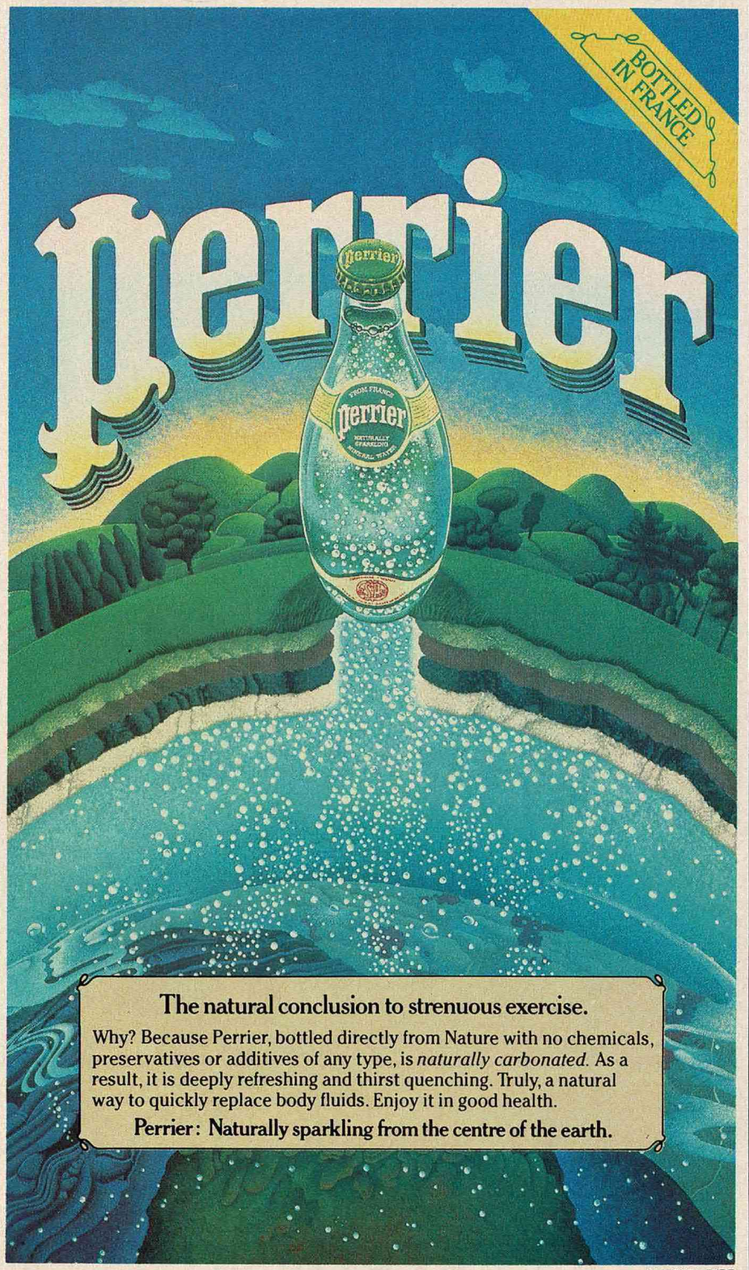
ADAMS: The school made a desperate attempt to segregate the sexes and every night we were marched, or bussed, down to Eltham Station where it was compulsory we catch the early train in which the girls travelled at the front and the boys at the back. The more reckless boys would crawl along the running board for moments of careless rapture, but the real trick was to hide in the long grass and miss the first train. The second train was the most extraordinary sort of travelling orgy. Amazingly, I don't remember one instance of pregnancy despite the Rabelaisian experiments.

PLAYBOY: Was it healthy sexual experimentation for Phillip Adams?

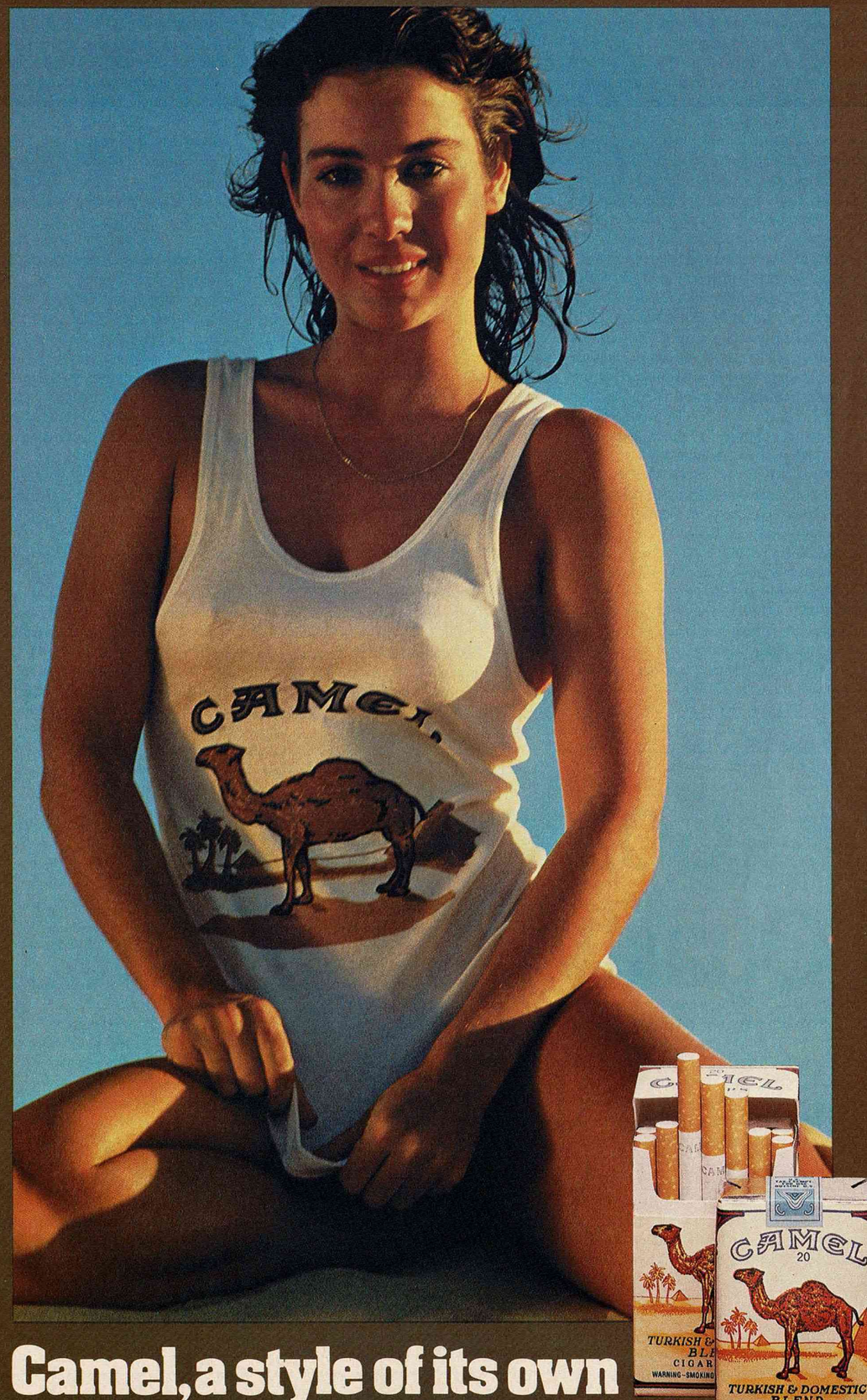
ADAMS: Very unsuccessful. I was a dreamy, romantic child. I was more into books than sport. I never managed to master the drop kick and when those Nazis known as school prefects were picking the sides, I was never picked. I was left, leper like, to play quoits. So I tended to be more a voyeur than a participant. I well remember my first attempt at congress was behind the toolshed at Greensborough Station. To this day I do not know whether I was successful.

PLAYBOY: Are you being a gentleman?

ADAMS: I remember Dylan Thomas saying that, to him, women were a blur below the waist. I was similarly ignorant, but I know that the few rather uncomfortable moments in which my knees became embedded with gravel were inconclusive. Nonetheless, it is my desire to put a small plaque – one of those blue and white National Trust plaques – on the toolshed at Greensborough Station. I



AMT0059-D/PB



do remember that the young lady was extremely contemptuous of my performance and she rather put me off further experimentation for some considerable time. Mind you, she didn't have to because, shortly thereafter, I fell in love for the first time in my life, with a girl called Charmaine Lawry. A little Dresden figurine. The two of us used to ride our bikes from Eltham High, across hill and dale. I would no more have touched Charmaine than I would have farted in church. I absolutely worshipped her. She was something beyond carnality – the thought of actually mussing her or of offending her in any way was unthinkable. But the head mistress of Eltham High interpreted it otherwise. She dragged Charmaine and me out before the full assembly and held us up as symbols of lechery. The injustice of that still smarts 25 years later.

PLAYBOY: You have listed the positive spin-off of membership of the Communist Party. Have there ever been any negative reactions?

ADAMS: There are lots of companies that wouldn't touch me even now with a barge pole.

PLAYBOY: Did your Labor Party affiliations follow on from your break with the communists?

ADAMS: Those of us who left or were expelled from the Communist Party formed an organisation called the New Left – a sort of interregnum while we decided where we would apply ourselves. We spent two years in limbo wondering what we ought to do and, then, one by one we drifted off to conventional parties. As I've said, some went through a remarkable about-turn and went into the Liberal Party, but the majority joined the ALP. And, oddly enough, it was those who joined the Labor Party who often became right wingers.

PLAYBOY: Has your Labor Party affiliation been continuous?

ADAMS: I've had a vague relationship with them ever since. It's not all that enthusiastic because the Labor Party is one of the most extraordinarily amateurish organisations ever formed on earth.

PLAYBOY: You've tried to instil some professionalism?

ADAMS: From time to time. However, on balance, I think their hearts are in the right place. I just wish their minds were as useful.

PLAYBOY: So the school of hard knocks, Eltham High and the Communist Party shaped Phillip Adams?

ADAMS: There was one other influence. Before I joined the communists I was in a bodgie gang. The bodgies were the indigenous Teddy boys and my gang hung round the Housing Commission area in Clifton Hill. We were into slashing train seats, the odd car theft and other acts of minor vandalism. During that period – as I have been all my life – I was slightly estranged. Bodgie gangs would always have someone like me whom they called "Prof" or "Doc". You weren't really involved in the front line of the street fighting. You were a sort of group philosopher. I was welcome to my gang because I was very good at imitating the Goons' voices. I belong to a generation which owes Spike Milligan a huge and eternal debt. In a way I think Bluebottle and Grytpype-Thynne and the famous Eccles got us through the real tensions of the Cold War. As a group we all had a sense of doom. We felt the nuclear holocaust was about to descend. Although members of the gang were ill-educated, and spent most of their time running away from cops, they weren't stupid. *The Goon Show* gave us a surrealist, absurdist's view which helped us to cope.

I also drifted into a group that could be best described as bohemian, a word which is now as anachronistic as hoola hoop or frisbee. Everyone is bohemian now. But then bohemian meant being sexually permissive, wearing funny clothes, growing ivy out of Chianti bottles, playing Josh White records, reading Dylan Thomas and stuff like

Gordon's Dry Gin.
Quality you can still get your hands on. And afford.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND.

GS4297

that. Really, I had three worlds in collision. There was the bodgie world in which I wore my duck's arse hair cut, there was the Communist Party in which I was out painting slogans on railway bridges and there was bohemia, when I sat round on straw matting, smoking black Sobranies and being very dramatic. I tended to operate as a dilettante moving from one to the other. I have been a dilettante since.

PLAYBOY: Apart from society's morbid fear of death, what frightens you about the future?

ADAMS: I am not at all frightened about the future. I am an incredible optimist. I really do believe that in some curious way we do live in the best of all possible worlds. I think that nothing is totally bad. Even out of things like Auschwitz and Hiroshima and Nagasaki has come a huge international repugnance for war and for cruelty. A greater percentage of people is now committed to liberalism, compassion and tolerance than at any other point in human history. I believe that our temporary problems, which fill the newspapers with dark, foreboding headlines about energy crises and all the rest of them, are short term. If we can solve the population problem then we are just beginning human history. Nostradamus was one of my ancestors. I think that the life force in us is overwhelmingly powerful and that we will muddle through. I recommend to your readers a book by a man called Carl Sagan, my current hero. Sagan, in *The Dragons of Eden,* writes on the evolution of human intelligence. He is a fascinating man. He works for NASA, running the extra-terrestrial intelligence division. He believes he is a scientist operating in a science which may have no basis in fact. He doesn't really think we are likely to find human or. any other intelligence out there in space. He thinks the chances of finding anything as elaborate as a fish existing anywhere in the universe diminish almost hourly. He believes that almost every piece of new scientific knowledge makes the Copernicon view more likely – that only one moment in all evolution produced anything as elaborate as us. However, he has invented binary languages and systems which are put in the Voyager spacecraft – space messages in bottles. If there is anyone out there, Sagan is the man who will be in charge of contact. Sagan also prints a marvellous calendar in *The Dragons of Eden,* using the big bang as the first second of January 1. He points out that human beings came into existence one second before midnight at the end of that first year. His calendar is a wonderful thing to look at. He dates the arrival of the dinosaurs and the flowers. We are the latest arrival on this planet. We have been here for one second of Sagan's year and I find that greatly comforting. All this pessimistic bullshit that we are running out of time is just sheer, unmitigated neurosis. My only regret about living in the present age is that I think it would be rather more interesting living another 1000 or 2000 years on, because I think we will be quite amazing creatures by then.

PLAYBOY: In the far, far shorter term, do you think we have the politicians we need to get us through the next few troublesome years?

ADAMS: Oh Christ, politicians won't do it. In fact, the interesting thing about society now is that politicians are becoming less and less important. I have the feeling that, even 30 years ago, political decisions seemed to be made at the top of the pyramid and were imposed downwards. The healthy thing about society now is that things start much more at grass roots level.

PLAYBOY: But in spite of posturing politicians, hasn't an all-important change flown out of the broad base?

"I try to be pessimistic because I would like to be intellectually respectable; somehow optimism just keeps on bounding through."

ADAMS: Maybe, but take television, a much maligned tool. In the past couple of years it has done a few things for which I shall be eternally grateful. Take programs like *The Vanishing World,* about esoteric native societies. What made the programs different was that they were subtitled. For the first time, you actually heard what these buggers were saying to each other. I remember one where some ancient fertility ritual was being conducted by a tribe in the middle of Africa. The Africans are fantastic, with feathers and mud all over them. And according to the subtitles what they are saying is: "I feel a bit of a git doing this! What the hell are we doing this silly ritual for?" And I am reminded of the signs in one of the base tunnels in the pyramids – which were not built by space visitors, but by Egyptian farmers – and the farmers used to get cranky about it. If you explore the bottom of the pyramids you can actually see little criticisms of the pharaohs' sanity. I just think that human beings are a tough little race.

PLAYBOY: That's most interesting about the pyramids. You mean there are graffiti – boring it up Nefertiti, Cheops or whoever?

ADAMS: Oh yes. There is a construction tunnel towards the base of one pyramid where the gangs have given themselves nicknames like the Strong Gang, and so on. The gangs obviously had little competitions among themselves. Among their hieroglyphic comments are a few scurrilous remarks about the notion of pyramid building.

PLAYBOY: Is science a tool or a burden?

ADAMS: I'm a great fan of Isaac Asimov, a wonderful essayist on science. He makes the point that science has only really been helping mankind for about 150 years. Asimov makes the point that the first time science was really engaged with human needs was when that amazing American, Benjamin Franklin, sent up a kite with a key on the bottom to prove his proposition about lightning. The tallest building in any community then was the church. And churches were getting belted around by lightning. If they were on God's side, why did He keep smashing them into ruins? So Benjamin Franklin went outside and he discovered that lightning in fact could be run down a wire and safely earthed, and he invented the lightning conductor. The lightning conductor, according to Asimov, was the first product of science that actually helped humans.

There is a British TV program in which the narrator makes the point that medicine has helped people only since 1945, that up until then it meant nothing. There was placebo treatment; people cured themselves. Now, if we are in a situation where science has really been helping mankind only since Benjamin Franklin's kite and medicine has really been doing something to help the patients only since 1945, we are not at the end, we are at the beginning. And if we can get human population down to controllable numbers, the promise of the future is nothing short of astonishing. At the moment it is intellectually respectable to be pessimistic and it is intellectually disreputable to be an optimist. I try to be pessimistic because I would like to be intellectually respectable, but somehow optimism just keeps on bounding through.

PLAYBOY: But sociologists claim we are reverting to a fortress society, with a growing division between the haves and the have nots.

ADAMS: I am not suggesting there aren't going to be some very nasty moments in the next 20, 50 or 100 years. The Kampuchean situation which is now upon us will be only the first of many. And until we get a better social organisation around the world, things are going to get rugged. My brand of

...anyhow* have a Winfield

Extra Mild 25's

"The best extra mild smokin' deal ever in Australia ...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's."

'Hoges'

Five smokes ahead of the rest

9748 CC21/78.

socialism is fairly simple. I am not a Luddite and I don't believe that everyone should be equally destitute. And that, I must tell you, is a very common socialist view – the idea that everyone should be equally poor. My feeling is that everyone should be much more affluent. I am a Scandinavian socialist rather than anything else.

We have got to sort out the enormous differences in societies. But, in a way, technology has threatened to do it pretty rapidly for us. At the moment a new technology is starting to charge into Asia.

PLAYBOY: What will make for the big breakthrough?

ADAMS: Computer technology, which, when related to cheap labor as well, is going to be quite astonishing. I think the pecking order of wealth, of haves and have nots, will change very dramatically in the next 50 years. Australia may well become rather like Great Britain, a rather enfeebled and relatively poor country, compared with the Koreas and Singapores and Malaysias and so on.

I've got a feeling that the next big C to join Catholicism, Capitalism and Communism will be Computerism. Computerism is an amoral force which is going to revolutionise society in a way that just leaves you breathless. I am working at the moment with some computer scientists in America, building an amazing gadget to work wonders on television, and I've spent a lot of time with computer designers, who have to be the Renaissance men of our century. They are fascinating guys. I know one guy who is working on a little electronic gadget which will bypass broken spines so that quadraplegics and paraplegics will be able to walk again. Almost every day, if you read computer journals, there is some other astonishing breakthrough like this. For $200 you can buy a little computer which can translate language instantly. But the paradox is that these blokes are not the sort of snap-brimmed, grey flannel suit IBMers that I had been led to believe. They are actually rather curious men. One of them is, in fact, an ex Yippie, and he told me that the great computers in America, at NASA, at IBM and at the Pentagon, chant Buddhist mantras in their downtime. In choosing Zen Buddhism, these blokes are being a bit Goonish and are being quite deliberately ironic. Basically these guys are not into the value system of IBM or the Pentagon. They see the computer as a democratic device which is going to help break down the monoliths. I would suggest that all the monoliths are disintegrating. The Pentagon, the Kremlin, the Vatican, the great power structures are looking a bit wobbly, and people just won't cop that sort of authoritarianism any more.

PLAYBOY: Talking of pessimism, do you despair about the high rate of income tax in Australia?

ADAMS: In the past couple of years I have experienced a boom and, yes, I have found it rather shattering to realise what my tax obligation is. But I have thought it through and I am being a very good boy. I used to be a 100 percent welfare stater as a kid, but there is no doubt that it can undermine national self-confidence. I think it is a matter of finding a balance. There is a terrible tendency for governments to rush in and overdo things. It is in the nature of human operations to be extremist, but the social injustice is still enormous and I suppose taxation is the only real way society has got of reallocating its resources. I think the conservative argument that taxation reduces incentive is sheer nonsense. People who work terribly hard to make

"I believe that Barry Humphries is more important than Patrick White and Bruce Petty is a more important artist than Nolan."

lots of money would work just as hard if there were other forms of reward. Success in our society is measured by money and in other societies by other forms of reward. I was in California when Proposition 13 went through and I thought that it was very sinister because it was so bloody obviously an affluent white society saying: "I am buggered if I am going to give another zac to the Hispanics and the blacks." As the cake gets smaller in a society like ours, people are less generous in carving it up. I am still enough of a socialist to think that taxation is an essential mechanism.

I suppose I would prefer a society where people willingly gave money to minimise social inequality to a society where it is enacted by law. But as people show very little sign of doing it out of the goodness of their hearts, the balance probably can be achieved only through taxation.

PLAYBOY: When our times are reviewed by historians in a cultural sense, where will Barry Humphries stand?

ADAMS: I believe that Barry Humphries is the only unequivocal genius, the only undoubted genius, I have ever met. Captain Cook discovered Australia in 1770, and Barry Humphries has discovered it again on a number of occasions. Jack Hibberd, David Williamson, Norman Gunston, the whole lot of them owe Humphries a huge debt and most of them will acknowledge it. Some of them won't. You couldn't think of 10 Englishmen or a dozen Americans who have the collective significance that Humphries has had in this country.

For instance, there is an eerie relationship between Patrick White and Barry Humphries. Both of them are the same kind of aristocratic right wing, you know, rather effete characters who don't reflect Australia in the Henry Lawson/David Williamson sense, but react away from it. But there is a great inter-relationship between them. It was no accident, when Patrick White won the Australian of the Year Award, that he wanted to cut it into thirds and give a third to Humphries and another third to Jack Munday, who of course had radicalised him over the green ban. White acknowledges the importance of Humphries, but it is amazing how grudging other sorts of serious literary people are about him.

I believe, quite firmly, that Barry Humphries is more important than Patrick White and that Bruce Petty is a more important artist than Sidney Nolan. But because they work in humor and in funny areas, they are not deemed to be serious, where obviously humorists reckon they are the most serious people of the lot. I think you would have to argue that humorists are fundamentally much more serious than the so-called serious writers or essayists.

PLAYBOY: What about the hoi polloi? Do they understand Humphries?

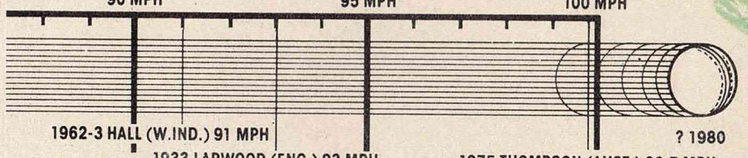
ADAMS: Having watched Humphries with audiences in Melbourne, Sydney and London, I think he is the greatest theatrical I have ever seen – in terms of his ability to completely handle an enormously complex and diverse audience. And like Chaplin, it is vertical, he gets the Ednas and he gets the Arties. He really operates with an amazing command up and down the line. I am lost in admiration for him and would think that when the history books are written in another 100 or 200 years, he will be the major Australian creative figure. I really do.

PLAYBOY: Talking about stars, what about Hawke?

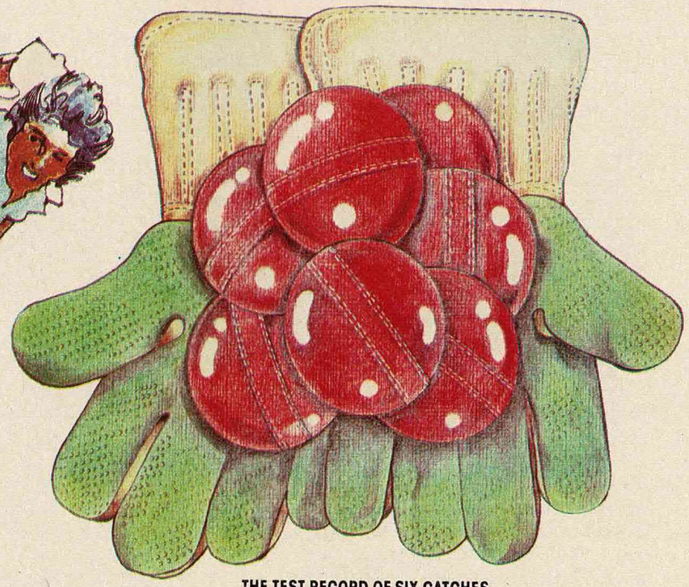
ADAMS: Hawkey? I think he is a man of Dostoievskian complexity. I think Australia has produced two figures in public life who totally fascinate me. One of them is Jim Cairns and the other is Hawke. I was much closer to Jim than I ever was to Bob, but they are both remarkable creatures. They

GIVE YOUR KIDS SOMETHING TO TELL THEIR KIDS ABOUT.

THOMMO, HOLDING, ROBERTS OR SOME OTHER 'QUICK' COULD FINALLY CRACK THE TON.



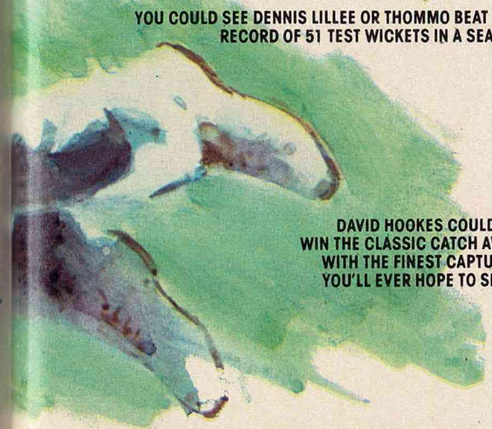
ANOTHER ALL-ROUNDER COULD BETTER ALAN DAVIDSON'S 1960 TEST RECORD OF ELEVEN WICKETS AND 124 RUNS IN A MATCH.



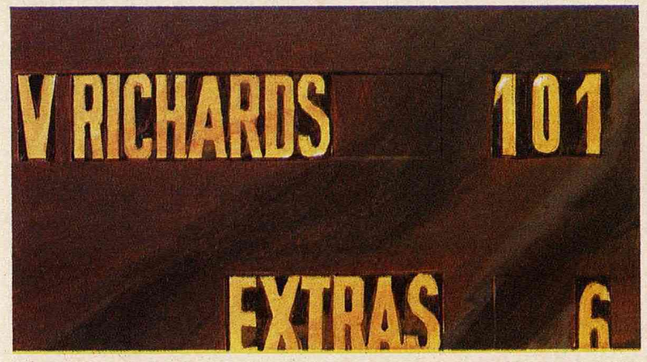
THE TEST RECORD OF SIX CATCHES IN AN INNINGS FIRST SET BY WALLY GROUT IN 1957 IN SOUTH AFRICA COULD FALL.

A FULL-STRENGTH AUSTRALIAN SIDE COULD OVERCOME MIKE BREARLEY'S STRATEGEMS AND TARNISH HIS NEAR PERFECT RECORD AS ENGLISH CAPTAIN.

YOU COULD SEE DENNIS LILLEE OR THOMMO BEAT RODNEY HOGG'S RECORD OF 51 TEST WICKETS IN A SEASON.



DAVID HOOKES COULD WIN THE CLASSIC CATCH AWARD WITH THE FINEST CAPTURE YOU'LL EVER HOPE TO SEE.



VIV RICHARDS COULD CHALK UP THE FASTEST TEST CENTURY IN HISTORY, BETTERING J. M. GREGORY'S TIME OF 70 MINUTES (AUSTRALIA v SOUTH AFRICA 1921/22).

When you have players of the calibre of Lillee and Richards, Botham and the Chappells, you have history in the making.

Superb bowling. Brilliant batting. Fantastic fielding. You're much more likely to see the kind of cricket excellence you'll talk about for years when the international greats take the field.

And it makes no difference how you like your cricket. Test series or one-day. Daytime or night. Red balls or white. This summer you and your family can take your pick.

In the Benson & Hedges World Series Cup, Australia and England will strive to end the West Indies' domination of one-day cricket. The three teams will play twelve one-day matches and a best-of-three match final series to determine the best team in the world.

In the Test series, Australia plays the West Indies for the 'Sir Frank Worrell Trophy' and England for sweet revenge.

International cricket. Your kids will never stop talking about it.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES	
SYDNEY	
Tue. 27th November '79	Australia V West Indies (night) *
Wed. 28th November '79	West Indies V England (night) *
Tue. 11th December '79	Australia V England (night) *
Fri. 21st December '79	Australia V West Indies (night) *
Wed. 26th December '79	Australia V England (night) *
Fri. 4th January — Wed. 9th January '80	Australia V England #
Mon. 14th January '80	Australia V England (night) *
Fri. 18th January '80	Australia V West Indies (night) *
Tue. 22nd January '80	Final Day 2 — (night) *
Thu. 24th January '80	Final Day 3 — (night) *
MELBOURNE	
Sat. 8th December '79	Australia V England *
Sun. 9th December '79	Australia V West Indies *
Sat. 29th December '79 — Wed. 2nd January '80	Australia V West Indies #
Sat. 12th January '80	West Indies V England *
Sun. 20th January '80	Final Day 1 *
Fri. 1st February — Wed. 6th February '80	Australia V England #
BRISBANE	
Sat. 1st December — Wed. 5th December '79	Australia V West Indies #
Sun. 23rd December '79	West Indies V England *
PERTH	
Fri. 14th December — Wed. 19th December '79	Australia V England #
ADELAIDE	
Wed. 16th January '80	West Indies V England *
Sat. 26th January — Wed. 30th January '80	Australia V West Indies #

* The Benson & Hedges World Series Cup # Tests

ACB™ Benson & Hedges WORLD SERIES CUP™ 9 SPORTS

TAKE THEM TO THE

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

M N & C PBL 1966

are both complex and tormented men.

PLAYBOY: Cairns is a more tragic figure, isn't he?

ADAMS: I think Hawke may yet prove to be tragic, but it's a bit early to judge. Cairns has become tragic but unless Bob cracks it, he will be a tragic figure. He is full of death wish, it seems.

PLAYBOY: Will Hawke's zest for living it up count against him?

ADAMS: There is a lot of self-hatred in Bob. The thing about Hawke which can be said is that he understands the Torquemada principle brilliantly, and if only Malcolm Fraser understood it a bit more he would be a great success. You know the Torquemada principle? Well, simply that you terrorise the population and frighten the life out of them and suddenly comes a conciliatory gesture and there is a rush of affection. The hijacker understands it. People who are hijacked often finish up falling in love with the hijacker. Bob uses the Torquemada principle. He appeared as a sort of Mephistophelean character on the stage of Australia. He frightened the bejesus out of all of us for a couple of years, then suddenly he became the conciliator. Hawke's esteem came from that moment. But the way he snatches defeat from the jaws of victory again and again is very, very interesting.

PLAYBOY: Will the Labor Party accept Bob Hawke?

ADAMS: The thing that people don't realise is what the mechanism is at the moment. It isn't so much a hostility to Hawke as such; it is a deep Caucus hostility about the idea of a leader.

The humiliations of Whitlam made them suffer; they are only beginning to re-emerge. He humiliated them right through his term of office. He and Fraser have very much more in common than Labor Party people are willing to admit. The Labor Party is much happier having a non-leader like Hayden, because it allows Caucus to operate and lets people have some sort of comparative liberty. What they recognise in Hawke is that he would try once again to impose a Whitlamesque authority. But there is a more sophisticated objection to Hawke – one raised by people like Gareth Evans. They make the point that Bob has always been a single issue politician. He has waited for his moment and he has come in dramatically and theatrically and – snap! – fixed it. The Prime Ministerial job involves plate juggling. There are a dozen issues to be handled at once and some doubt that Bob's got the intellectual equipment to do it. You can see all the electoral arguments for having Hawke up front. But even people who recognise he would win an election and get Labor a lot of seats think he may be a disaster as Prime Minister. Now I don't know whether they are right or not.

PLAYBOY: It has often been said that there are men in the ALP who prefer to see the party on the Opposition benches. If, as the polls suggest, Hawke can lead the ALP to victory, will these men do all they can to undermine him?

ADAMS: The death wish has been observed too often in the party. It has to be true. The Victorian Labor Party is brilliant at screwing itself up. No one doubts that Hawke would win. The question is, can he lead? I personally think that Bill Hayden is an interregnum leader and I think that Paul Keating is more likely to get the leadership than Hawke. I don't say that with admiration or affection. I don't like him much, but he is a clever little bloke. He's great in debate; he is so bloody cynical.

PLAYBOY: You took your first job at 15. What was it?

ADAMS: The first job I had was with the Melbourne advertising agency of Briggs and James. I got the job through the intervention of a couple of Eltham High teachers who'd read stuff I'd written for the school magazine and regarded me as faintly prodigious. They probably felt sorry for me. I was that curious mixture of avant garde attitudes and immaturity which you often get with bookish kids. In the '50s, advertising was the surrogate Arts Council and it gave employment to a vast number of writers, poets, artists and cartoonists who were otherwise unemployable. I could give you a veritable "who's who" of Australian culture from among the people who toiled in ad agencies, which were rather spirited organisations. It was before the Americans, research and grey flannel suits moved in and the agencies were happy, innovative and stimulating places. James was one of the most remarkable people I've ever met. When I went for the job, he conducted the interview lying on top of his desk with his head in the "in" tray. I can't imagine anyone working for the multinational agencies doing that in the '80s. At lunch he'd sometimes drag me off to the National Gallery to explain the Dürer etchings. It was great fun; 1956 was the beginning of television and being in at the beginning of things is always fun. We were finger painting with film, and those commercials we made in 1956, '57 and '58 were more inventive, more reckless and more zany than anything that has been made in the past four or five years. I don't know if the ads did anything to sell products, but they were great fun to make.

"I now have a very strong attitude that advertising and politics should be divorced, and, by that, I mean legislatively."

PLAYBOY: Was the Americanisation of Australian advertising dramatic?

ADAMS: It came fairly slowly. But, one by one, the American agencies moved in and bought out the local agencies. Although no Americans arrived, there were American names on the doors. Suddenly there were things like market research and brand management.

PLAYBOY: Are you still actively associated with the ALP?

ADAMS: There are men whom I like in the party, men for whom I'll work at election time. I usually get dragged into campaigns as a consultant, but I don't do it on a formal basis any more, mainly because it got difficult with my partner working with John Singleton for the Liberals while I was running a Labor Party campaign. We had to draw a 30th parallel line down the centre of the office.

PLAYBOY: In what election were you and your partner on opposite sides of the fence?

ADAMS: A few. I now have a very strong attitude that advertising and politics should be divorced and, by that, I mean legislatively. I believe that, although the $3 or $4 million spent in the few weeks of ardent campaigning is largely wasted and doesn't really do much more than reinforce voter prejudice, it does open the parties to Watergate problems. The bagmen for the Liberals go charging off to their corporate backers; the bagmen for the Labor Party go rushing back to the trade unions. They both end up back in their traditional camps. It's time the charade stopped. The Americans have come up with one answer: government funding for electoral campaigns. My solution is the free allocation of television time.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the right much more entrenched in the financial fox holes?

ADAMS: No. The Labor Party has now become more adept at raising sums of corporate money. I'm convinced that deals were done in the Labor Party to delay or modify legislation in return for contributions – just as we can be certain that similar transactions are conducted among the Liberals and their generous friends.

PLAYBOY: Do you write ads for Bob Hawke?

ADAMS: I have.

PLAYBOY: And will you?

ADAMS: Sure. And I'll write them for

ADVERTISEMENT

Fragrance for the woman who is aware, lively, individual.

If you've decided to buy a friend a fragrance gift for Christmas, you'll need to be armed with a number of facts before you approach the beauty counter. Women are black and white about their fragrance likes and dislikes: most of us have experienced that awkward moment when we have had to graciously accept (and wear) a fragrance that we dislike. If she's hooked on light, green fragrances, she's not likely to feel comfortable wearing a heady, floral one. Before you buy, it's smart to think about her personality, colouring and skin type: together, these things usually give a reasonable indication of what fragrance might suit her.

Because personality and mood are so important to the fine art of perfumery, some fragrances are keyed to certain personality types: a great help in selecting the right fragrance. **Revlon's** Charlie has been created especially for an individual kind of woman: a woman who is bubbling over with a love of life and adventure.

She's always the first to try something new – whether it be a new disco step, hang-gliding or a scrumptious recipe. She's an adventurer, an outdoor lady with a healthy attitude to life who is always on the go. If you have to book her for a dinner date six weeks in advance, then she's probably a **Charlie** girl.

Above all, the **Charlie** girl is sexy: not a sultry sexy, but a liberated, outgoing sort of sex appeal. She's not necessarily any particular age, but she thinks "young". If you know someone who fits that picture, then she's bound to treasure a gift of Revlon's **Charlie** for Christmas. It's a fragrance that is entirely suited to a life on the go. It's brisk, bright and clean: a fragrance that just begs to be splashed on – liberally.

Charlie is a modern citrus floral with fresh, green notes and an amber undertone: absolutely up-to-the-minute. The best news is that **Charlie** lasts and lasts through any sort of activity – from night club to palm-fringed beach. When using any bright green fragrance like **Charlie,** a good summer trick is to store it in the fridge or a cool place: it helps the fragrance last longer, and feels brilliantly tingling when you splash it on.

A **Charlie** girl is known for her generosity, return her goodwill with a gift of **Charlie** Cologne Spray, Eau de Cologne, Talc, Dusting Powder, Soap or Bath Gelee.

Remember, **Charlie** is available at all **Revlon** counters.

REVLON

A most original fragrance.
The gorgeous, sexy-young fragrance.
By REVLON.

(Advertisement)

Bill Hayden as well. But I must point out that these days I don't have a simplistic, ideological view about the Labor Party. There are many people in the Liberal Party whom I admire.

PLAYBOY: Did the scene become heavy with you writing ALP ads and your partner masterminding the Liberal campaign?

ADAMS: No, we laughed about it. But my abhorrence of the use of advertising in elections has been gnawing at me for years. Let me explain.

The DLP was the first political party in Australia to discover the power of the television commercial. Up until then, elections had been conducted with candidates making mini-documentaries. The DLP suddenly discovered that they could use some of the tricks and techniques of Goebbels and did so most effectively. They made a commercial back in the Arthur Calwell days in which the Labor Party was symbolised by skulls, jackboots, bayonets, barbed wire, and an arrow thrusting down from South-east Asia. It was just a series of poisonous images – it was almost as if Goya had designed the bloody thing. At the time, people laughed it off and said how ridiculous it was and what overkill it was. Seven years later, when I did studies on political imagery, I was shocked to find that that commercial was still the best remembered. It reminded me of what happened in Germany in the '30s when Julius Streicher, the Nazi publisher who supported Hitler, published cartoons on the front of his paper showing Rabbis drinking the blood of Aryan babies. In the early '30s Germans just shuddered with revulsion and said that it was terrible slander and took no notice of it.

But, of course, with repetition, those images took on a new significance and eight years later they were shoving Jews into the gas chambers.

I was then confronted in America with commercials based on powerful images. One that sticks in my mind is a commercial that Johnson made against Goldwater. In the commercial, a little girl is picking a daisy from a field. She pulls the petals off the flower one at a time and, instead of the soundtrack saying "he loves me, he loves me not," a giant countdown voice booms out "10, 9, 8, 7, 6 . . ." and on zero the child disappears in a nuclear mushroom. Now, apart from it being a case of the Johnson pot calling the Goldwater kettle black, it was an unanswerable attack. It was the most potent sort of visual rhetoric. There was no answer to that sort of material, and it's still possible even under Australian law for political parties to jump in at the last with similar propaganda. And by the time the censorship mechanism gets it off air again, it has done its damage. My feeling is it's an inappropriate technique. It's scurrilous, whoever uses it, and it is better to demand the political parties use minimum lengths of say five or 10 minutes, rather than 30 or 60 seconds spots, in which they must give an account of themselves. If you've got to fill five or 10 minutes you can't do it with dangerous and nasty imagery. You've actually got to have some sort of a dialogue.

PLAYBOY: Do you suggest there should be some control board purely for political advertising?

ADAMS: No. Time should be allocated by the licensees and also by the ABC to the political parties on some sort of formula based on their last share of the vote. It's mainly the television expenditure that troubles political parties. That's where most of the money goes. Now if you just say okay, forget that, it's going to be provided to you, that lowers the ante by $3 or $4 million in a federal election.

"It's a remarkable thing to see at election times the way the working journalist will do his best to compensate for proprietorial bias."

PLAYBOY: Should there be some control system to make sure that the scurrilous form of advertising you're talking about does not go to air?

ADAMS: Under Australian law you're not really allowed to dramatise, and yet at every election there are commercials which do dramatise. The Liberal Party for instance made very effective use of a commercial called "Memories" in which that popular song was accompanied by headlines, some of which were simulated, of Labor Party gaffes during the Whitlam years. It was clever. It was certainly effective. But I think, in a sense, it was totally unfair. And, you know, that could be reversed the next round with the Labor Party using the same theme. I was against the "It's Time" campaign, which was wrongly attributed to me. I detested it. It reminded me of the Horst Wessel song. The irony is, a campaign like "It's Time" is a double edged sword. It may have helped Gough get in, but sure as hell it helped throw him out.

PLAYBOY: The bogy has been raised in recent years of the effect the large media corporations overtly have in an election campaign. Do you have any feelings on whether that should be controlled in some way?

ADAMS: I think there's a balance in Australian media between proprietorial influence and journalistic independence. It's a remarkable thing to see at election times the way the working journalist will do his best to compensate for proprietorial bias. That's a fact of life. We know it exists. I would think in the next 20 years it will cease to be anything like the factor it has been. We're about to see an explosion of media through the new technologies. The owners of existing media will find their influence ebbing away as media options proliferate. It's an area that I'm active in at the moment – the new technology area of communication – and within 20 years, instead of having the option of looking at four channels, it will be 44 or 404, plus video disc, video cartridge and all the other things which will make the power of the networks diminish very rapidly. We'll see an enormous intensification of subcultural diversity, aided by the disintegration of mass media in Australia. It's going to become mess-media rather than mass. I can remember when a wonderful man called Peter Goldmark at CBS invented the first video cassette. It was a technique called EVR, and when he presented it to him employers, CBS said: "There's no way we're going to market this. If people have the option of viewing whatever they like, then who's going to look at network?" So they limited Goldmark to the educational area. Within months, about seven or eight superior video cassettes were being marketed by the Japanese and the Germans. No one can sit on the new technologies. And, although futurologists have probably been a bit optimistic, time is running out for the media corporations, and in the US cable television is now getting a huge market share away from the networks. Home box office by satellite is eating into network ratings. Even things like FM radio in Australia will break down the oligopoly of the traditional AM licensees. So media proliferation will, I think, reduce the power of the old media groups. They may own the technology but they won't be able to monitor and stifle all the points of view that will emerge.

PLAYBOY: Won't the new technology be confined in a financial élitist sense?

ADAMS: It's very cheap. The thing that is extraordinary about electronics is that it's the one area where prices go down as fast as inflation goes up. These days you can buy a home video machine for $500 or $600, a camera for perhaps $1000, and they're getting

ADVERTISEMENT

Fragrance for the romantic in every woman.

Fragrance makes the perfect gift offering because, correctly chosen, it shows you recognise the individuality of the receiver, acknowledge her special charm. There's a little of the hedonist in all of us, so a gift of fragrance is sure to trigger off the desired, delighted response. It is a silent, yet eloquent, expression of the self: no less important than the clothes you put together or the way you smile.

Jontue is a wonderfully indulgent fragrance: ideal for the woman who pampers herself – and likes to think that you want to do the same.

The **Jontue** woman is different: she's unabashedly romantic, a wistful dreamer who'd sometimes rather be back in the good old chivalrous middle ages than in the twentieth century. She values everything that is fine and graceful: especially light, floral fragrances which are essential, not peripheral, to her world. The woman who would wear **Jontue** as her personal signature probably has a wicked craving for chocolates, a preference for lace and silk, floaty lingerie and evening gowns, and her home is most likely a mass of brilliantly coloured flowers which she has nurtured herself with love and care. She's ethereal, but still worldly; innocent yet wise; devastatingly feminine and extremely sensual.

Jontue is a clean, wholesome, sweet-smelling fragrance that's just right for the romantic in every woman's soul. It's the ideal gift for the woman who is hard to please because it is so evocative of the truly beautiful things in life: misty mornings, flower-filled rooms, softly glowing log fires. It's a marvellous form of escapism: apply to pulse points, imbibe the fragrance and waft off into your own private fantasy!

A woman's fragrance can be her best friend, like her fingertips, her fragrance is unique to her and adapts to her whims, temperament, feelings. If it's **Jontue,** she'll probably want to stash sachets scented with it in drawers, closets, suitcases; or back it up with co-ordinated soaps and powders. She'll want to show her femininity by seductively dabbing sensitive pulse points with scent.

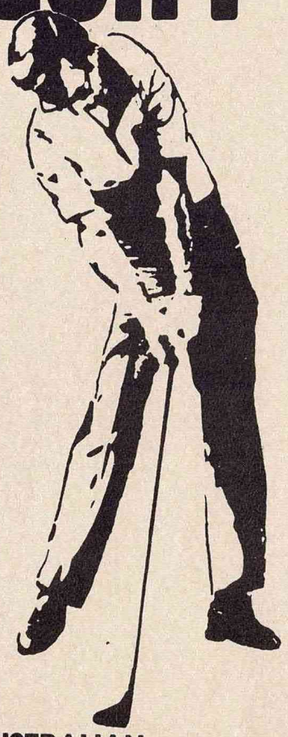
The woman who loves **Jontue** will probably like to walk around in a waft of it, so make sure her basic fragrance wardrobe is stocked with **Jontue** accessories: Body Silk, Spray and Talc. She'll adore you forever.

REVLON

Sensual...
but not too far from innocence.
The Beautiful Fragrance by REVLON.

(Advertisement)

Play Better Golf!



AUSTRALIAN
GOLF

The best teachers in the world show you how to improve your game.

NOW IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE:

- Step-by-step instructions and detailed sketches from the experts of U.S. Golf Digest.
- Traps for young players.
- Billy Dunk runs the rule over mighty Mike Ferguson's swing.
- Exclusive pages for the ladies.

cheaper. And this is going to have interesting aesthetic effects. A feature film lasts 90 minutes to three hours, but that's not a law of God, it's a law of convenience. They used to have to fit the pictures into time slots with the evening session beginning at 8 so you'd get home at 11. I think that in the next 10 years we're going to see serious films that may run 10 hours. Now if that sounds terrifying, consider the novel. They'll be more like novels. You'll be able to go fast forward if you're bored or go back and rerun a bit if you're particularly interested. But you'll be able to get into a depth which has never been possible in 90 minutes.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the traditional cinema is doomed?

ADAMS: Cinema will go another way. I think in the next five years we're going to see one of the big breakthroughs in spectacle. Most of the studios are now working on whole new methods of projection of new sorts of images and new sorts of sound, and I think you'll find that each city will have a major sort of amphitheatre/cinema in which the most amazing sorts of *Star Wars* will rage. But, as opposed to that, the domestic viewer will be looking at his large screen but with a total freedom of choice. And that'll be good.

PLAYBOY: Censorship will be up to the individual's choice?

ADAMS: Sure. Huxley argued in his foreword to *Brave New World* that sexual permissiveness will be allowed by totalitarian states as a method of making us happy in our bondage. Sexual permissiveness will not go away. It will remain and I think that a great many other forms of permissiveness will be tolerated in the future. We will be allowed to wear more bizarre clothing or behave in more aberrant ways, and this will be one way that society will be held together.

PLAYBOY: But if the family has got dual standards in things that the children should watch, do you envisage a television set with a childproof channel selector control?

ADAMS: Oh, most Australian homes now have more than one set. By then they'll have sets all over the place, and no one will be worrying too much.

PLAYBOY: Touching on that, you recently bid good riddance to the retiring Commonwealth film censor, Dick Prowse. As a filmmaker, isn't it a case of the devil you know?

ADAMS: I'm still opposed to censorship. On the other hand I still deplore the films that I regard as gratuitous in the use of violence. I have never been concerned with sexual censorship, but I have always been troubled by violence. There is no solid body of evidence that sexual material has ever hurt anybody. On the other hand there is a growing body of evidence to suggest that violent material is damaging. This simplistic view is complicated by the fact that, increasingly, sex and violence are becoming mixed. I am deeply troubled by a film like *Mad Max*, which I think already promises to be Australia's most successful cinematic export, but which I regard as being one of the sickest films I've ever seen in its manipulation of sex and violence. So I would have to reconsider my view or my stand on censorship. I don't want to see it officially imposed.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned *Mad Max* is going to be our most successful film, financially, so obviously there's a market for that.

ADAMS: I don't doubt it. But I think you'd also have to acknowledge that our society – I'm sounding like Fred Nile here – is getting sicker and sicker by the minute. There are things that are happening in it which would even concern Hugh Hefner. It was easy to take an anti-censorship view in the '60s, but one has to reconsider one's position in the '70s and perhaps for the '80s. One of the things that has troubled me a lot in the past couple of years is the wave of films snaking back to the Nazi era for sexual kicks. Some of them were upmarket films like *The Night Porter*. Some of them have been just downmarket nasties, but they all struck me as being extremely malevolent. I'm still opposed to sexual censorship, but on the other hand I'm no longer willing to give every filmmaker in the world a blank cheque, and if a film is made which I think is morally reprehensible, I'll attack it. And I don't think that's because my attitudes have changed. I think it's because the nature of the films has changed so dramatically.

PLAYBOY: That's an interesting point. Didn't you say recently that if Australia produced, say, 20 movies a year, that would be 18 too many?

ADAMS: I wouldn't go that far. But, look, Australia at one point was making almost as many films as Hollywood. Hollywood feature productions are down to about 60 a year. Australia, in one year I think, made 30. Now it's an amazing performance for a country with such a small film-going audience. My dream was always a Scandinavian-sized industry which saw its responsibilities simply as interpreting Australia to Australians and to those foreign countries which might be interested. We now have a situation where more and more filmmakers are looking towards America as the market to reach.

PLAYBOY: How do you think the industry should be regulated?

ADAMS: Well, I don't think it's a matter of regulation. I think the market forces

ADVERTISEMENT

Fragrance for the woman who is sensuous, free-thinking.

Fragrance, one of life's great sensual pleasures, has been desired by woman for centuries. Now packaged and readily purchased over the counter, fragrance still retains a certain mystique: it is an accessible luxury, a little bit of bliss in a world that doesn't have much time for indulgences any more.

Some fragrances are timeless: the vogues change, but they keep on being desired by many regardless of fashion. **Intimate** is one of these fragrances: it appeals to the sensualist in every woman.

Intimate is **Revlon's** classic: an oriental spice of great warmth and depth. The **Intimate** woman is **all** woman, knows she has immense sex appeal and doesn't believe in hiding it. She's unselfconsciously sensual: knows who she is and what she wants. She has probably achieved a high degree of success in her career, soaring to a position that men would envy. She's utterly independent, totally capable; always in step with the times; concerned about social issues: a woman to admire, but a difficult person when it comes to choosing a gift.

Intimate has sophistication, individuality and provocative qualities that the go-getter woman would adore. It is a hardy perennial fragrance which combines classical florals such as rose and gardenia with the woody oriental overtones of oak moss, patchouli, sandalwood and cedarwood, and undertones of amber. It is perfect for the woman who needs a fragrance that will carry right through the working day to cocktails in the evening and then on to dinner. It is a fragrance that, when given to a woman by another woman says "I recognise and admire your sensuality", and, when given to a woman by a man, says much much more! It's a gift that a woman can give herself when she feels the tigress inside clawing to get out.

The **Intimate** woman likes her fragrance to go everywhere with her, so treat her to **Intimate** Talc and Soap as well as the Eau de Toilette Splash or Spray.

Intimate is an accessible luxury: a silent, yet eloquent expression of the sensuality in every woman.

Selecting a fragrance for a special person is an individual thing, and says something very important about you and how you feel about your friends and loved ones. Above all, it's an indicator of affection, of your desire to pamper a person you care about. Choose carefully.

REVLON

The 'Intimate' Experience.
One of the nicest things that can come between a man and a woman. By REVLON.

(Advertisement)

will in fact cut our production rate back dramatically.

PLAYBOY: Is it right, though, to have a whole art form basically controlled by a government body?

ADAMS: We do have, de facto, a nationalised film industry. But then, with the exception of America and India, every film industry in the world requires heavy amounts of government subsidy. The difference in filmmaking is that the subsidy is rather more democratically applied. The amount of dollars that subsidise a seat at the opera or the ballet or the theatre in Australia is quite staggering. For a much more modest investment, film reaches an infinitely greater number of people both here and overseas. There is a danger that if government's signing the cheque book there'll be some sort of censorship by stealth. But it hasn't happened as yet. In fact, the very first film made with government money in Australia was an anti-Gorton, anti-Vietnam documentary, and apart from the well publicised blue that I had with Mr Ellicott, the current Minister, over a film called *Unknown Political Prisoner,* there has been, to my knowledge, not one instance of censorship.

PLAYBOY: You've held up your film, *The Adventures of Barry Mackenzie,* as our first successful commercial film.

ADAMS: It was the first successful commercial film in 30 years. And it was also the first Australian film to be seen to be a success overseas in the period since World War Two.

PLAYBOY: What are your criteria for a successful commercial film?

ADAMS: It made lots of money and paid its way very rapidly – as opposed to a great many worthy efforts in the past few years that haven't even covered their print cost.

PLAYBOY: Should financial success be the only criterion?

ADAMS: Oh no, not for a moment. But the circumstances of that film were interesting in that Barry Humphries, Bruce Beresford and I decided to make it. We decided to make it because you could argue that the history of Australian film had been the history of comedy going back to *The Sentimental Bloke* and *Dad and Dave.* It seemed to us at the time that a comedy was more likely to get an audience than any other sort of film.

We only got the film on in Australia because a couple of cinemas in Melbourne and Sydney were being squeezed for product by the major distributors and simply couldn't get films, and rather nervously they put it on. To their astonishment, and to ours, we started grossing the sort of money that films like *Clockwork Orange* and *The Godfather* were getting. Then we took it to London, and I think we were even more astonished when we broke something like 19 box office records in Leicester Square.

PLAYBOY: Has *The Getting of Wisdom* made money?

ADAMS: It will. That and *Don's Party* were among the more successful films of their years. They came out at the bottom of the market so they had a bit of a battle. But they'll both go into profit in time.

PLAYBOY: Has *Wisdom* been your most ambitious film venture?

ADAMS: It was the most expensive, but probably was the least risky. It was a film for which I was quite confident there was a sizeable audience, and indeed there was. I think probably the most risky film was *Barry Mackenzie* in the sense that there hadn't been a successful indigenous film for years.

PLAYBOY: I was talking in the sense of converting the book into a film.

ADAMS: No, *Don's Party* was probably the riskiest. Everyone thought that was going to be a total failure, and I found it very hard to get backing for *Don's Party,* yet, not only was it a solid success in Australia, but to everyone's amazement it went on to be equally successful at festivals in places like Tel Aviv and Berlin.

"I've sometimes thought we should raffle film grants, or just have a lucky dip. I don't think any bureaucratic machine is ever going to be right."

PLAYBOY: I don't know if you can be impartial on this, but which do you think is, for all-round reasons, the best Australian film?

ADAMS: I think passing judgments on films is rather like trying to decide whether a pole vaulter or a discus thrower or a backstroke swimmer is the best athlete. They're going in different directions, trying to achieve different things. I'd have to say that the short list for me would include *Wisdom, Picnic, Blacksmith,* and oddly enough, *Mad Max.* I think *Mad Max* is, technically, a brilliant film. I only wish to God all that enormous creative energy had gone to something a bit more worthwhile.

PLAYBOY: After your stint on the Radio and Television Board of the Australia Council you said you gave money to all the wrong people. Did you never strike the jackpot?

ADAMS: You get a beautifully typed 10-page submission full of marvellous arguments and the film turns out to be rotten. Then you get a bit of torn brown paper, written with a thumbnail dipped in tar, which turns out to be a work of incipient genius. It is almost impossible to know what's going to work out well in advance, and I've sometimes thought we should raffle film grants, or just have a lucky dip. I don't think any bureaucratic machine is ever going to be correct in its assessment. The thing I do feel, however, is that, if the film is totally banal and commercial in its concept, there can be really no argument, no justification for putting tax money into it. That sort of film ought to fight for its life in the free market.

PLAYBOY: Earlier you were condemning propaganda. You are the architect of the Life. Be In It television campaign. Do you ever think that that's got any Nuremburg element in it?

ADAMS: Life. Be In It operates on a consensus. All it really says is hey, we are probably looking at television a bit too much, it wouldn't be a bad idea to go and play with the kids. It is dealing with a fairly innocuous area of human activity, and the community tends to nod and agree. On the other hand I have done a campaign in association with the National Aboriginal Employment Development Committee from which we have managed to get a 500 percent improvement in Aboriginal employment in Dubbo, in the face of what seemed to be intractable hostility. Which suggests that it is possible to do more challenging things on television through these techniques. Obviously it does raise interesting moral issues – to what extent is it proper to use advertising to try to modify social attitudes?

PLAYBOY: Isn't there an inherent danger of governments reaping a political propaganda spin-off from sponsored campaigns like Life. Be In It?

ADAMS: I concede that argument. It is something that troubled Brian Dixon, the Liberal minister who launched the campaign, and something that I have thought about quite a lot. As I said, the constraint's a consensus. If you tried to persuade people to do something that they didn't agree with, I don't think you would get to first base. But it does raise issues. Particularly as more and more advertising money around the world is being spent in these areas. Now I don't think anyone's got real difficulty with campaigns which try to get people to wear seat belts or drive more carefully.

There are very good campaigns in America – often government run – to encourage energy conservation or to discourage racial hatred.

The campaigns that have probably caused more concern have been things like Have a Go, which were privately sponsored by the networks. Another ad I did this year was Care for Kids, for International Year of the Child. Once again it was a huge success. But once again it was operating within consensus; it was simply saying that kids are rather special little characters and we should be nice to them. But at the moment I have been trying to get an anti-bigotry campaign off the ground in Victoria. Now that is certainly going to cause a lot of trouble. It already has. When the story that this campaign was being planned was leaked in the Melbourne papers, the minister got deluged with abusive mail from every racist in Victoria saying he should not spend public money on this.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the minister accused of promoting bias?

ADAMS: Yes. I wanted, for instance, to make a commercial based on all the people of different ethnic backgrounds who play league football in Victoria to make the point that multi-culturalism can produce a good team.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of Australia as a multi-racial society?

ADAMS: It *is* a multi-racial society. I live in the third largest Greek city in the world. However, we do live in a society with deep and profound prejudices and it doesn't seem to have changed much sincy my schooldays, when I remember chanting: "The Refos, go back to your own country." There's still an awful lot of that going on in the schoolyards.

Our study was alarming in showing that the most intense prejudice was among the young. The younger the kids, the more vehement the racial hostility, whereas studies in America show that there is an inexorable move toward multi-culturalism and toward racial tolerance. In America, racial tensions are admitted, they are open and they are discussed. In Australia, racial tensions are repressed, sublimated and therefore more dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Shouldn't we be talking about a multi-colored society – an Australian society integrated with Asia?

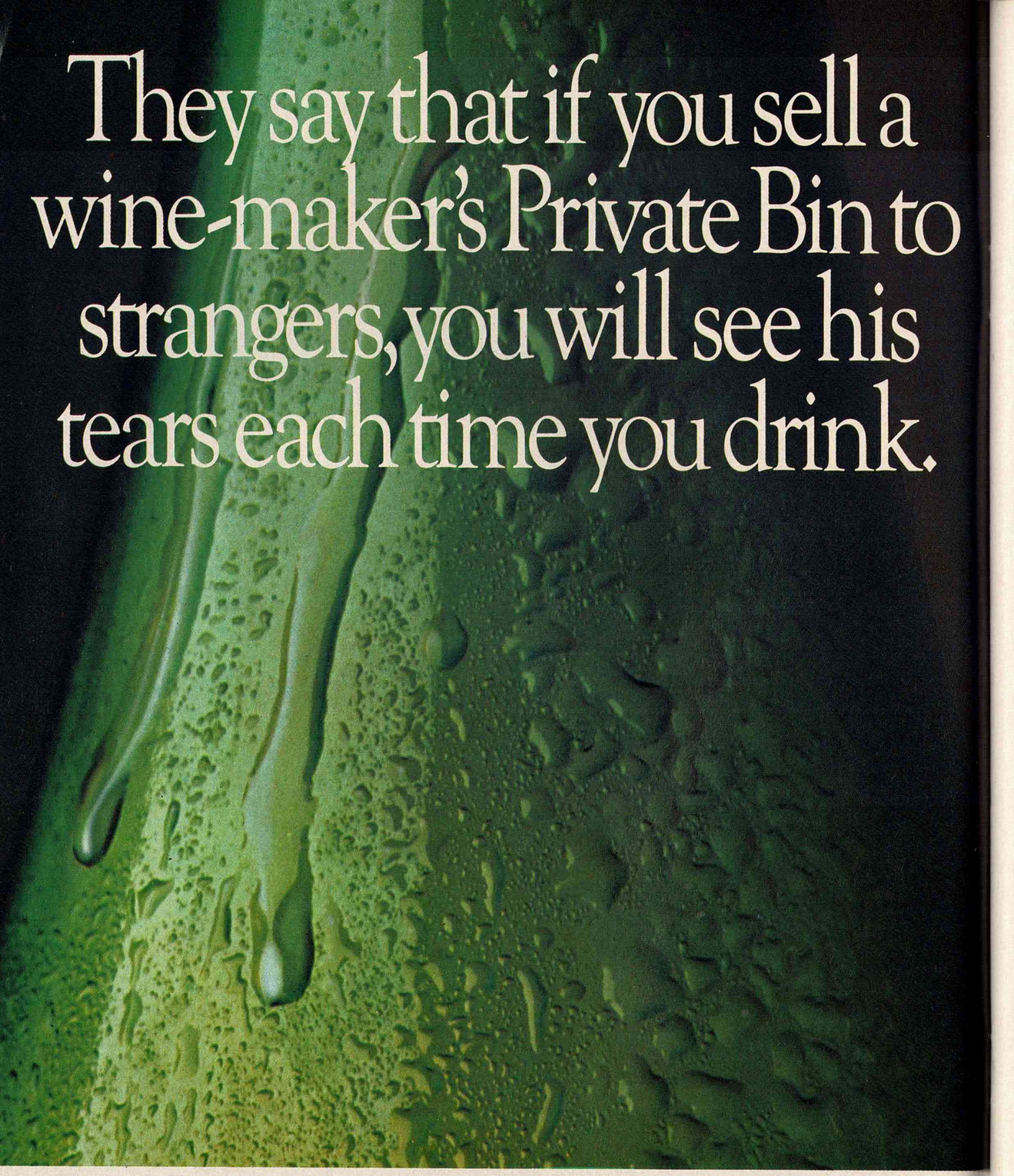
ADAMS: I think that is going to be very hard to sell Australians at the moment.

PLAYBOY: Do we have much choice?

ADAMS: It doesn't make any sense to pretend that 14 million people can live in the world's wealthiest piece of real estate in splendid isolation for ever. Once the Third World has dealt with Rhodesia and South Africa, we will be next cab off the rank. I think Australia is going to be the focus of a huge amount of Third World hostility because we are sitting on infinite resources and don't seem to be doing much with them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think politicians of both sides would agree?

ADAMS: Most social issues, or most big



issues are not party issues at all. You get agreement between people in the Liberal Party and the Labor Party.

PLAYBOY: It is still not politically box office to be seen to agree to support a radical change in our immigration policies.

ADAMS: The most useful social changes that have occurred in Australia in the past 10 or 15 years have been bipartisan. Look at censorship. Australia had an almost Northern Irish censorship situation when books like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Mary McCarthy's *The Group* and probably a quarter of the significant films were deemed unsuitable. It was bipartisan activity involving Don Chipp and the then Senator, Lionel Murphy, which led to a dramatic change of attitude. I would think that homosexual law reform and abortion law reform get bipartisan support in this country.

PLAYBOY: Although you are an atheist, by personal choice and some of your writing you appear to be a supporter of the institution of marriage, one of the major planks in the doctrine of the Christian religion.

ADAMS: I don't hold a brief for marriage as an institution. Occasionally there is a reasonably good one, and it can be rather pleasant. I wrote recently about memory, and I was writing with some sympathy about the sort of bloke who at the age of 50 gets rid of his missus and shacks up with a 20-year-old. To me, the tragedy of that is: what happens to your memories? Instead of things that link you together with someone, you are suddenly isolated by those very links. Once you break those links, the loneliness you create must be almost overwhelming.

PLAYBOY: You once wrote: "Christianity might forgive all us atheists, but we are not ready to forgive Christianity." Are you still so unforgiving?

ADAMS: I understand and respect the rather poignant impulse that results in religious belief. I understand why people ask themselves the questions that tend to lead to religious answers. We are, in fact, terribly alone, all human kind.

I believe that the thing which separates human beings from all other forms of life is that we are aware of our mortality. That isn't inflicted on other animals. They may sense that they are not feeling too well and crawl off into a corner, but only humans can entertain the prospect of non-existence. Out of that comes a huge battle in all human philosophy, all religion and all science. While science has been in conflict with religion for a few generations, I am quite sure that, when Galileo looked through the telescope, he wasn't trying to invalidate the Catholic church. He would have been thrilled to bits if what the telescope told him was in accord with his faith. When it was otherwise he had the courage to admit it. I think all human activity is about death. I think that every painting, every piece of music, every child that we conceive, is an attempt to overwhelm and overcome death. Now religion is a yearning to annihilate death. I understand it and I sympathise with it. I just don't share it.

I'm not terribly hostile toward any individual Christians or to individual members of any faith, but just as communism must ultimately be judged by what communist parties have done, surely Christianity must ultimately be judged by what the Christian church has done. I am not sympathetic to the line of argument that you can't judge Christianity by 2000 years of religious oppression of others — just as I will not accept the argument that one must absolve communism from the guilts of Joseph Stalin. And I would have thought that

"I want people to know they are going to die. I believe that we should use awareness of mortality as an aphrodisiac for living."

an inordinate amount of human misery and prejudice and war has been brought about by Christianity. As the dominant religion for the past 2000 years, I think it has been a predatory, cruel, and generally destructive force. I think the Christian church's hostility towards, and hatred of, sexuality is breathtaking. Women get an appalling press out of the Bible. Christianity prefers the idea of virgin births and chastity. The whole Christian attitude to sex is, I think, dishonest and wholly despicable.

PLAYBOY: You have strong views about our attitude towards death?

ADAMS: Oh yes. All I want is for people to know they are going to die. I believe that we should use the awareness of mortality as an aphrodisiac for living. I don't want people to go around sort of beating their breasts and ululating, but most people simply refuse to face that fact. We live by euphemism: we don't have death insurance, we have life insurance. We don't die, we rest in peace. One great act of censorship in western society is the fear of death. Sex is really very superficial; it is death that we really censor, and most of us will now go to our own graves in western society without ever having seen a corpse.

Years and years ago I was asked to do a program for the *See It My Way* series on the ABC. I wanted to do it on death and I rang the ABC and said: "Okay, I want to do half an hour in the studio with a corpse as a backdrop. Will you get the props people to go and get me a stiff?" This was vetoed by the general manager, Talbot Duckmanton, who thought it was in poor taste. But I wanted to be able to go on camera and tell the audience it was a real body, not an actor holding his breath, and invite the viewers to think what death means to us all.

Bruce Petty has told me about the time he lived in a small village in South-east Asia. The kids would hear their parents making love in the dark, they would see mum's tummy get big, they would see the baby born and they would see grandma dying. Those kids have an organic relationship to the nature of life and death and seasonality. And here I am, 40 years old, and I've never seen a corpse. Hospitals still hound husbands out of the labor ward. The great mysteries of birth and death are hidden from us.

When I was making my first film, *Jack and Jill,* I went round a lot of accidents and talked to the tow truck drivers. I began sharing the commonly held view that people who gathered at accidents were vultures. Then I noticed that the people who gather at accidents are the lower income earners. The bigger the crowd, the poorer the area. What you are getting is an honest, spontaneous curiosity about death. If an accident occurs at Darling Point or Toorak, they might peek through the venetians. What you are getting is a diminishing honesty.

Paul Tillich, the theologian, argues that we are a generation of the end. I hope he is not right, but it is certainly fair to say that no generation in history has lived under such a cluster of Damoclean swords. We have cancer, we have nuclear war, we have ecological doom. And yet death is still not that easy to discuss. Parents now do discuss sex with their children, but very few of them discuss mortality. Until we know we are going to die, I don't think we can really live. But something else about agnosticism or aetheism: if you know you are going to die, and if you believe that's it, you are the last person on earth who will want to kill anyone else. The great butchers in human history have been people who really believed that life was a temporary resting place on the way to heaven, and that you were almost doing the pagan a favor by bashing his baby's brains out.

The OPTIMIST–PESSIMIST

investment guide to the 1980s

When it comes to money, there are two kinds of people – those who have it and those who don't. But, even among those two groups there are curious sub-species. There's the pessimist who has it and thinks he'll lose it – like the late S.S. Kresge, the US retail magnate, who learned to play golf in middle age. He quit after three rounds, complaining the game was too expensive when he couldn't find his lost balls in the rough. Then there's the pessimist who doesn't have it and thinks he'll never get it. He doesn't. On the other hand, there's the optimist who has money and risks it, and sometimes becomes the optimist who doesn't have it but firmly believes he'll have it again. Like entrepreneur Harry M. Miller, who lost heavily in the Computicket crash.

Which one are you – optimist or pessimist?

In the following columns we take a forward look at the next decade to see how both the pessimists and optimists might positively handle their finances not only to stay in front, but perhaps make their fortunes, too.

The optimist's view is on the left hand side of each page and the pessimist's is on the right.

article **by David Haselhurst**

THE OPTIMIST'S VIEW

THE optimist knows that the sun always rises; that we still indeed live in the lucky country.

As we enter the 1980s, he will recognise in the world outside, however, that the global oil shortage will worsen in the years ahead, but it won't greatly worry Australia. With 69 percent self-sufficiency in oil now, he believes we'll find more, particularly since the Government is granting tax concessions to invest in oil drilling companies. He'll be dabbling in oil stocks throughout the '80s.

The optimist will not see a huge increase in our oil export bill – rather he'll anticipate a stronger Australian dollar (which should rein in inflation) as our export earnings surge from an energy-starved world hungry for our coal, natural gas and uranium. The rising world oil price, in fact, will transform Australia's massive shale oil deposits into commercial propositions – doubling present oil reserves.

Lang Hancock will be recognised as a true prophet of boom and Australia will become not only quarry to the world but granary also as our grain harvests burgeon to new records under a continuing Liberal-Country Party government's devotion to a generous superphosphate bounty.

What the farmers don't export they'll be converting into gasohol in giant grain fermentation plants.

Trains will criss-cross northern Australia carrying coal one way to Western Australia and iron ore back to

THE PESSIMIST'S VIEW

DURING the 10 tedious years of the 1970s, a dismayed world saw oil prices rise nearly 900 percent and frightening inflation in nearly all other commodities from soap and silver to salaries and sex.

The pessimist looking darkly into his crystal ball would see even greater inflation in the 1980s in a world increasingly crippled by dwindling oil production and scarcer commodities. He might see a major war in the Middle East that dries up oil supplies for a year. An immediate recession would turn the lights out in the United States, which now imports 50 percent of its oil needs, and a deep depression would spread across the world.

In Australia, an extended drought might compound the depression. Export earnings teeter and we have to find several thousand million dollars a year more to pay for oil imports costing more than $US50 a barrel as Australian reserves run down after the mid-1980s from our present level of 69 percent self-sufficiency. Dealers in the "magic mile of motors" on Sydney's Parramatta Road will not be able to give their used cars away as harsh petrol rationing is imposed. Bicycle shops will do more business than undertakers in a plague.

The economic forecasters W.D. Scott and Co have forecast a slow-down in growth in the early 1980s. They expect that, by 1981-82, private consumption spending will

Illustration by Roger Roberts

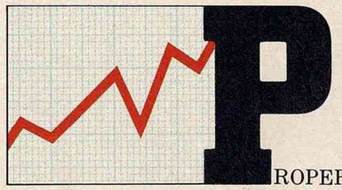
Queensland to feed jumbo steelmills working overtime on both sides of the continent.

Why, with some luck we may yet see Mt Newman and Tom Price become seaport towns with a string of underground nuclear explosions to build ocean channels into the Pilbara. There'll be no drought, Lake Eyre will overflow for a decade, Laurie Carmichael and John Halfpenny will counsel workers not to strike, the world will want to invest here, money will grow on trees, the blue will fade from the nose of the Rev Fred Nile and pigs might even fly.

The true optimist will not be concerned about the rising proportion of old and dependent people in the community. He'll see hope everywhere. If he's a businessman of the fairly callous, go-go type, an advertisement which appeared in the Sydney press recently might suggest further opportunities: "Funeral direction ... an established undertaking business is for sale on the mid-north coast of NSW. The business offers the benefit of being established in the heart of a rapidly-expanding retirement community."

The optimist will be prepared to borrow money and invest to get a toehold on the future. He knows that, if you can borrow at 14 percent and make 18 percent, you're ahead four percent using someone else's money.

Here's what he might do . . .



ROPERTY: Buy into a geared-up real estate syndicate. I spoke to one real estate expert – one of the best – who has become a millionaire.

As he explains, under the existing tax system, interest payments on all income-producing properties are fully deductible. In his case, he was making a considerable income outside the real estate field, and a legitimate way to reduce his taxation was to borrow and invest money in income-producing real estate.

Having set up a property investment scheme to achieve this aim, he then joined with a colleague to set up a management company. Out of this comes a scheme which will appeal to moderately high income earners with few assets but with a decent equity in their family home. This way, he says, the investor can create his own superannuation to withstand inflation and have real value in the future.

As an example, he put his first syndicate together in July. It comprised 14 people with average taxable incomes of $22,000 a year.

He selected for the syndicate a block of 15 two-bedroom "executive apartments" in a prestigious district of Sydney which cost around $1.1 million. The syndicate then put together 25 percent of the total with an average contribution per member of $20,000. The smallest investor put up $15,000 – all borrowed.

"Nobody has $15,000 cash lying around, and if they did they shouldn't use it for this," he says. "It's better to borrow the cash by, say, getting a second mortgage over your home, so the interest charges for the investment in an income earning proposition are tax deductible."

Let us say, for instance, that you have a taxable income of around $25,000 and you raise $15,000 by mortgaging your home to enter such a scheme.

The following paragraphs will show you how much tax you would save and how much richer you would be after only three years. This is a genuine case history.

Out of the syndicate's cash raising of $280,000:

- A contingency fund of $55,000 is set up in an interest-bearing deposit with a building society. Mortgage insurance is taken out against the possibility of any member defaulting, and term insurance arranged against the death of a member. That protects all the people who join the scheme from each other, at least.
- Another $55,000 goes on purchase expenses such as stamp duty, legal fees, valuation, searches and mortgage establishment fees – roughly five percent of the total cost.
- The remaining $170,000 becomes the deposit.
- The rest of the purchase price is financed to the extent of 84 percent, or $930,000, with borrowed money. The borrowings come from an interest-only first mortgage for 65 percent of the property value at 12.75 percent over five years and a second mortgage for the balance at 15 percent interest only over five years. The interest charges average 13½ percent on the total outlay and the rents on the apartments yield 6.2 percent after all costs in the first year. So there's a shortfall of earnings over costs.

Here's what it means to the man with the net taxable income of around $25,000 a year who has borrowed $15,000 to invest in the project. He makes one monthly payment to the managers to cover:

- A $75-a-month management fee.
- His interest charges on his $15,000 borrowings, which the managers will disburse to the lender.
- His share of the negative yield on the income and outgoings on the property.

The gross cost to him adds up to approximately $600 a month – all deductible from his taxable income.

In addition, because of his $15,000 share in the building, he becomes entitled to a monthly deduction of around $105 for depreciation on fittings and amortisation of finance expenses such as valuation charges and mortgage establishment expenses.

That adds up to gross deductions of $705 a month.

With a taxable income of $25,000 a year he would be on a marginal tax rate of around 50 percent of income. So the effective cost to him each month is $600 less $350 in tax savings (equal to half the $705 to which he is entitled as a gross deduction).

A man on $25,000 a year taxable income with no tax protection could be paying as much as $9000 a year tax, or $750 a month. But if he pays $600 a month into this property investment scheme, with allowable tax offsets of $350 a month, he reduces his effective tax bill to $400 a month or $4800 a year. That's a saving of $4200 a year, which would pay for a lot of non-deductible intimate dinners and what-have-you for afters. But better still, presuming a property appreciation rate of 12 percent a year – which is most conservative on recent Sydney movements – rents would rise and the monthly commitment would fall from $600 in the first year to around $550 in the second, $480 in the third and so on . . .

At the end of the first year he would have put in $15,000 plus $3000 (or $250 a month net of tax).

By the end of the third year, his total contribution net of tax would be $23,000 – and that's the cost of his equity in the property.

But if the property has appreciated at 12 percent a year, it is now worth $1,588,000 – and the debt of $932,000 originally borrowed as 84 percent of the purchase price is now equal to only 59 percent of the property's appreciated value.

So the syndicate refinances the debt with new borrowings totalling $1,334,000, or 84 percent of valuation, pays off the earlier borrowings of $932,000 and still has $400,000 left over. This money is available for distribution to the syndicate members who can repay original borrowings or re-invest in new projects. It is neither a capital gain nor a profit because there has been no sale. It's simply a return of capital on revaluation of the property.

A member who originally put in $15,000 would be entitled to receive a cash distribution of $19,000 out of his share of

be down to 1.8 percent growth over the past year, compared with 2.5 percent growth during 1978-79. Unemployment is forecast to rise to 7.1 percent by 1981-82.

By then, a disillusioned public may well have re-elected a socialist government. The printing presses will roll overtime again, papering the country with inflationary banknotes to pay for burgeoning welfare handouts and uncontrolled government spending.

Grey hair and false teeth will abound. For our population will be older and those people who have jobs will have to look after a lot more pensioners. In 1921, only four percent of the population was aged over 65, but by the end of the century it will be closer to 14 percent. High tax rates will be maintained to support them all as a declining number of productive people support the rest.

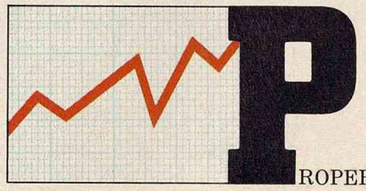
If taxes are not indexed, however, the salary earner will be hard-pressed to survive. By 1989, if inflation averages around 12 percent a year, a loaf of bread will cost more than $4.50 and a litre of milk $2.50.

Even the smart young playboy around town will be hard-pressed to organise a simple, old-fashioned dirty weekend. At those rates of inflation, a hotel room in a half-decent establishment will cost around $250 a day, a bottle of Scotch $60 and dinner for two $180.

As the colonial balladist Father John O'Brien quoted his great pessimist: "We'll all be rooned," said Hanrahan, "before the year is out."

A true pessimist will seek to conserve his capital – but because he's less willing to take risks he won't get maximum capital appreciation because he won't be willing to borrow too much exorbitantly costly money to "gear up" his total investment funds.

This is what he might do for the best . . .



ROPERTY: Because he will be unwilling to put his money into a highly-geared investment syndicate, he might take a grudging fancy to a small strata unit where he can put some tenants in to pay off the mortgage. He'd go for an inner-city block knowing that people will move closer to the city in the next few years as they sell their cars because they can't afford to run them.

But he must be careful what he buys. The true pessimist might do better in Melbourne, where the grey weather may suit his demeanor, and prices of "own-your-owns" are much below strata units in Sydney; according to some agents by as much as 40 percent.

Sydney rents, of course, are higher. But right around Australia good home units are showing a net return of only 7-8 percent on investment and as much as half of new home units are bought for investment.

Such investors are not looking for immediate income – they could earn up to 50 percent more in safe company debentures. They are looking for capital gain, and in Sydney in 1979 the sale prices of units in better inner suburbs close to public transport rose 15-25 percent. Can the true pessimist believe these growth rates will be maintained?

MORTGAGES: A cautious pessimist might consider investing his hard-earned cash in property mortgages, although your principal can be eroded in times of high inflation. Solicitors or mortgage brokers will arrange to find a first mortgage for the investor at 12-14 percent a year for up to 85 percent of property valuation. The term would be interest only with the loan funds back in three years. A truly hardnosed pessimist would hope the mortgagee would default in the coming chaotic world – and he could enter into possession of the property, which may be worth more than the original valuation.

PROPERTY TRUSTS: For both pessimists and optimists, who have either no mind for figures or don't care to worry about their own property, some of the listed property trusts might be the best place to protect your capital and get an income partly proofed against inflation.

Trusts are particularly good for people who are approaching retirement, for the trust itself pays no tax but must distribute all its income to the unit holders.

A property trust such as the Lend Lease managed General Property Trust has been particularly good in hedging members against inflation. Most of its assets are commercial property, where rents escalate according to inflation – hence income to unit holders rises accordingly, together with increases in the asset value of the units.

A prudent person who bought 1000 units for $1 each in March, 1971, and subscribed to all subsequent issues, would have put in a total of $12,934 for a total of 11,530 units of the General Property Trust at the end of 1978. But the market value of that holding then was $19,447. His total return, assuming reinvestment of dividends, compounded at better than 19 percent over the first seven years of the trust. Those figures will be further enhanced when the trust publishes its 1979 annual report in late January. Certainly the trust out-performed the consumer price index, which compounded at 9.45 percent over the 10 years between 1969 and 1979. On their track record alone. General Property Trust, and certain other property trusts run by life offices and merchant banks, qualify as starters to keep the investor afloat in the 1980s.

A SURVIVAL FARM: The pessimist who really has a "backs-to-the-wall" syndrome for the 1980s might even consider preparing to opt out of the city ahead of the coming petrol drought, war, plague and famine.

He will be attracted to the alternative society . . . learning to make candles, Jesus sandals, fire with flint stones and domestic gas from cow dung for pleasure and profit.

But beware. He's the kind of person who might be conned into buying a solar powered clothes drier – only to find it's simply an old-fashioned clothes line.

The same goes when he's buying the escape farm.

Fifty years ago scores of people bought get-away-from-it-all properties in the Blue Mountains behind Sydney at what appeared to be very cheap prices with the promise of future road access and water reticulation. But the developers failed in the Depression and those inaccessible properties after a few years reverted to the shire council for non-payment of council rates.

Today, advertisements regularly appear in the daily tabloids enticing readers to own a piece of the country; a half-acre block with a "handyman's dream" bungalow in need of some attention, all within "walking distance" of a township and a snap at, say, $10,000.

The first rule is: never buy a property without seeing it, then check with the local council to find out if it's permissible to build, what the annual rates are and when and if services might be connected. Also seek the advice of the local office of the Department of Agriculture in your State if you have any ideas of making the barren wastes bloom.

Hobby farms are often too small to be commercial propositions. According to a NSW Department of Agriculture survey, one third of hobby farms have a gross annual output of less than $1500. They have usually been sub-divided out of virgin bush or larger farms and range in size up from around four hectares (10 acres) to 40 hectares or so. Prices will range from around $200 to $250 a hectare for poorer, hilly country 80 kilometres or more from the cities

the $400,000. His remaining equity in the building is now worth $18,700.

For the true optimist, practically any kind of property investment will be attractive. But the beauty of a syndicate scheme – if you're optimistic enough to believe you can live in harmony with other syndicate members and trust the management – is that big properties ($1 million plus) can be bought generally to show a higher initial yield than smaller properties where greater demand pushes prices up and trims yields. Generally, the net yield to a small investor buying one-off units or small blocks of flats ($200,000 to $400,000) is one to 1½ percent less than on a $1 million-plus property.

Large property purchases also produce economies of scale in real estate agency rent collection fees, maintenance, insurance and, in some cases, rates. And the purchasing expenses – legal fees, stamp duties and mortgage fees – can be as much as $800 a unit cheaper in a $1 million block than an investor buying a single unit would pay.

Syndication schemes are available across the spectrum of real estate – through commercial and industrial property to macadamia plantations and grain-growing farmland. The optimist has many options and he probably would be inclined to extend himself to the ultimate.

As the late Sir Frank Packer once told one of his staff seeking advice on a property purchase: "When you're buying real estate, son, always bite off more than you can chew – then chew like buggery."

THE SHARE MARKET: The optimist is not in the share market to collect dividend cheques or save for his old age – he's in there because he believes stock prices will rise and he'll make a killing. The supreme optimist was the man who paid $280 a share for Poseidon in February, 1970.

If the optimist will only remember that what goes up must come down, he can do well in the share market.

Optimists will do best in the depths of a bear market. When all the pessimists are knocking the market, the informed optimist will remember his golden rule: buy in gloom; sell in boom. (His main trouble is in forgetting the latter part of the adage.)

But that is basically the philosophy of Albert Shepherd, the millionaire Sydney investor who at one time was the biggest individual shareholder in BHP. When Hooker Corporation (of which he is a director) looked shaky to many people a couple of years ago, he stepped into the market and boldly doubled his already considerable holding. He has said before that one should buy when others are selling and sell when others are buying.

The soundness of buying straw hats in winter is amply demonstrated in the Queensland sugar stocks. A stock like Bundaberg Sugar is practically as safe as a bank – yet wide annual fluctuations appear in its stock price, depending on the outlook for the sugar market. Since the early 1970s, Bundaberg's annual share price has fluctuated from its year's bottom up by 25 to 75 percent.

An optimist who bought Bundaberg Sugar at its low point of $2.95 in 1978 would have seen the stock at $4.50 by mid-1979 and well over $5 later in the year.

Optimists can never fail to do well in cyclical stocks like sugar shares and volatile meat company shares by simply buying when others are in the depths of gloom.

If the optimist's rule of buying in gloom had been applied in 1974, the fellow with the "there'll-be-a-brighter-day-and up to 20 times that for market garden quality land close to town. You get what you pay for – and if you're going to survive on a lush avocado pear and banana plantation on a picturesque stretch of the NSW north coast you'll be paying $3000-plus a hectare for a property under crop but with only rudimentary accommodation.

THE SHARE MARKET: Apart from investing in inflation-hedged property trusts, the share market may not be the place for the cautious pessimist in the 1980s because this kind of person is most likely to buy so-called "blue chips" and hold on to them and worry. On the experience of the 1970s, such a person would do very badly indeed.

Following the collapse of the share market from its 1970 peak, it took nine and a half years for the Sydney all-ordinaries share price index to recover to top the 1970 record. The Sydney Stock Exchange's latest published Financial and Profitability Study shows an average realised rate of return in the 10 years to the end of 1978, including capital gains and dividends, compounding at 5.34 percent annually. An updated figure to mid-1979 shows compound appreciation over a basket of 350 leading stocks of 5.23 percent. Of course, this is a very unfair view of the stock market and even demonstrates a measure of financial idiocy. Investors should never blindly buy shares and hold through thick and thin – they must trade to get maximum gains.

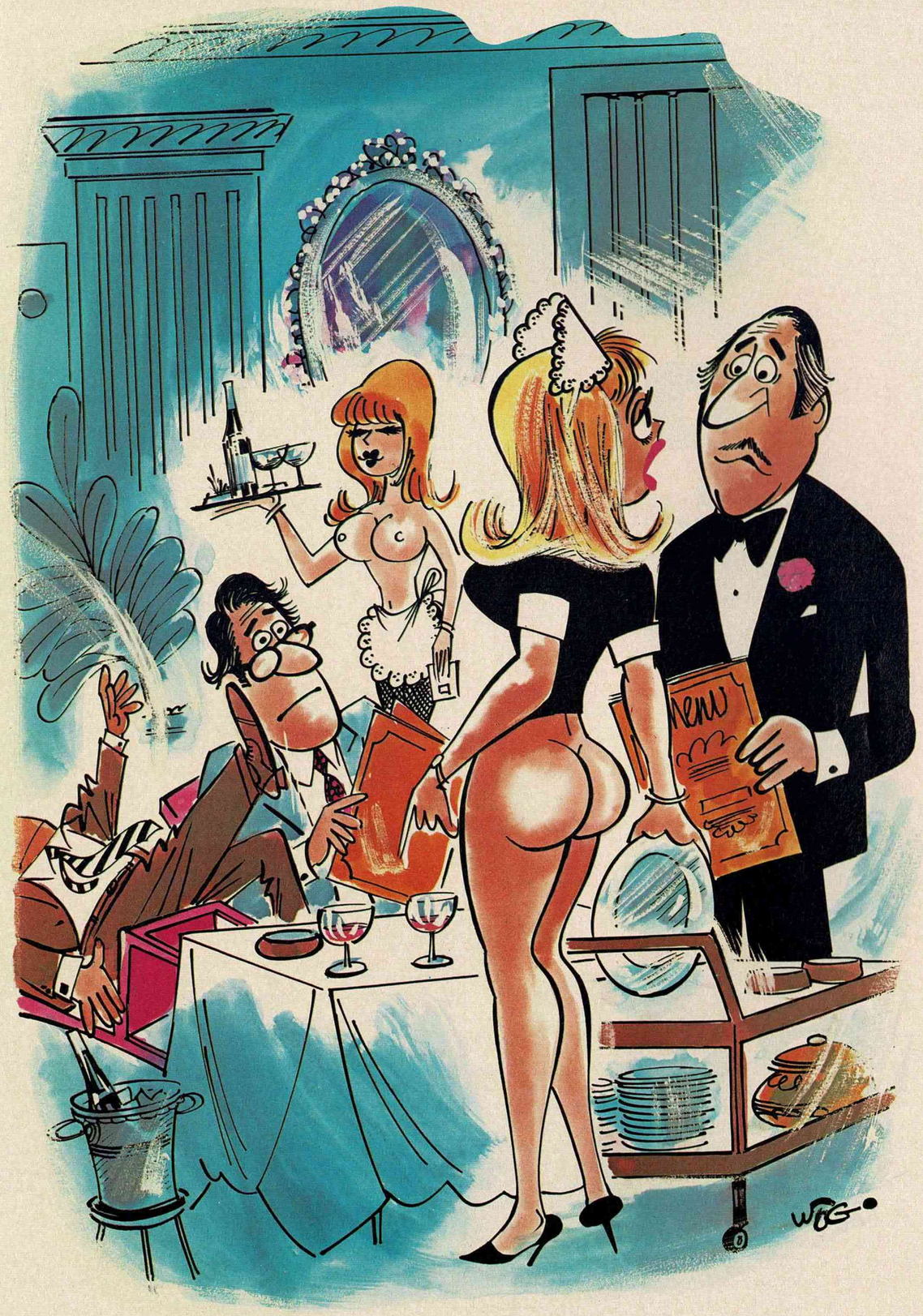
Anybody who passively invests money into a volatile and active market, and neglects to review and re-arrange his portfolio, deserves to get poor results. That's the kind of person who might have opted for an investment in a "safe" stock like BHP 10 years ago. If he had been most unfortunate, he might have bought in at the 1970 peak of $18.10 a share. Had he bought 1000 and taken up all subsequent issues, he would have acquired an extra 531 free bonus shares and 341 shares for $1465. Disregarding brokerage on his initial order, total outlay would be $19,565 for 1874 shares, or an average price of $10.44. With a dividend yield throughout that time of only about 4 percent a year, it doesn't look too good against current share prices. His capital appreciation has been marginal and his yield well below the inflation rate.

On the other hand, the optimist could have done well out of BHP in the past decade and will do so in the 1980s.

A pessimist in the share market might be inclined to buy "put" option at the peak of a boom, where he's paying a premium for the right to sell stock into tomorrow's collapsed market at today's inflated prices.

PRECIOUS METALS: This is the stuff to solidly underpin the pessimist's bleak view of the world – gold, the ultimate storehouse of value, is accepted around the world and, most importantly, it cannot be debased by governments arbitrarily creating more of it as they do with paper currencies on printing presses.

If you genuinely believe that the world will be a darker place tomorrow, you would do well to gild your future



"But boss, you did say strip to the waist!"

tomorrow" attitude would have slipped into BHP during the country's darkest hours before John Kerr sacked the Whitlam Government.

The optimist in those early months of 1974 would have bought BHP as low as $4.10. A thousand would have cost him, disregarding brokerage, $4100. Had he taken up and retained all subsequent free and cash issues, today he would have 1666 shares for $5341. That's an average cost of $3.20 each, which, with dividend income added in, shows a very handsome return on today's share prices.

The secret is to anticipate the market, which is often hard, but don't hesitate to buy or sell once a trend emerges. Optimists, however, should probably avoid the peaks of boom markets. They are too inclined to buy at the top – and when the bottom falls out of a stock on the wild side of the market, that short-term speculation often becomes a long-term and increasingly poor investment.

PRECIOUS METALS: The optimist is more likely to find himself at home trading either in gold shares or in the exciting gold futures market.

He will be too fully extended with borrowing to find idle cash to lock up in non-income-earning gold bullion.

And, as he well knows, there's a very quick quid to be made in the futures market and, being an optimist, he'll overlook the equally potent possibility of being wiped out.

On the Sydney Futures Exchange, in the later part of 1979, fortunes were made and lost in the wild fluctuations in the price of gold that moved in the space of six weeks from around $290 at the beginning of August to more than $400 in late September.

Traders in the futures market are simply betting on the future price of gold – or live cattle, boneless beef, wheat or wool or other commodities.

A person who wants to punt that the price of gold will rise can buy a gold futures contract which gives him the right to buy gold at some time in the future at a price quoted today.

A contract is 50oz of gold, for which he must put up 10 percent of the value of the gold involved plus about $75 brokerage and charges.

Because he has rights over 50oz of gold, for every $1 the gold price rises, his contract is worth another $50. On the other hand, if the price of gold falls by $1, the value of his contract falls by $50, and a $20-an-oz fall would go close to wiping out his deposit.

An example of how a lucky punter might have gone last year: On August 2, the Australian producer price of gold was $255.60. On that date contracts were traded for buyers to have the right to take delivery of gold in October at $266 an ounce. So, if you were the lucky trader, on August 2 you would have bought an October contract for the right to buy 50oz of gold at $266 an ounce – that's worth a total of $13,300, for which you would put up a 10 percent deposit.

By September 19, the October contract is worth about $330 an ounce. You sell it out – and gross a profit of $64 an ounce. Because you have rights over 50oz, your total profit is $3200 less $75-odd brokerage and you get your deposit back.

What optimist can resist a market which, in the 1980s, will become even bigger, and extend itself into opportunities to gamble on currency fluctuations and future interest rate trends? Perhaps we'll even get a local edition of that exotic Chicago market – pork bellies futures!

expectations, and put part of your savings into gold bullion. A recent survey showed that, had investors in Australia been able to buy and hold gold over the 10 years from March, 1969, to March, 1979, they would have done well. For the gold price in that time rose from an Australian producer price of $36 an ounce through 1969 to $216 an ounce – equivalent to an annual average gain of 19 percent compounded. Six months later, by September, 1979, the Australian producer price was up to almost $350 and rising – a gain in six months of 62 percent.

While the gold price rise has been spectacular from a low base 10 years ago, and it's certain to go higher in the longer term, if the pessimists are right, the same heady percentage increases might not be achieved.

Some gold bulls would dispute that. After the big surge in the gold price in August-September, Sydney bullion dealer Robert Howes was tipping a possible short-term reaction in the world price, which he thought could drop by as much as $100 to under $300. But then he forecast a rally to take the price up to $500.

Intending buyers of the Midas metal would be best advised to time their purchases in the wake of a reaction that sets the price back following a strong gain.

Buyers of gold bullion must remember that they will have to pay storage and insurance charges, and hefty sales commissions if they go through certain dealers or buy in small quantities. People who buy one-ounce bars or gold trinkets will pay sizeable margins over the value of the contained gold. Fifty ounces is more like a commercial investment.

DIAMONDS: These are the classic investment of the desperate pessimist, being transportable and so easily hidden upon, or even within, the person. More than a few boat people are thought to have had something tucked away in that part of the anatomy which serves to support them when seated.

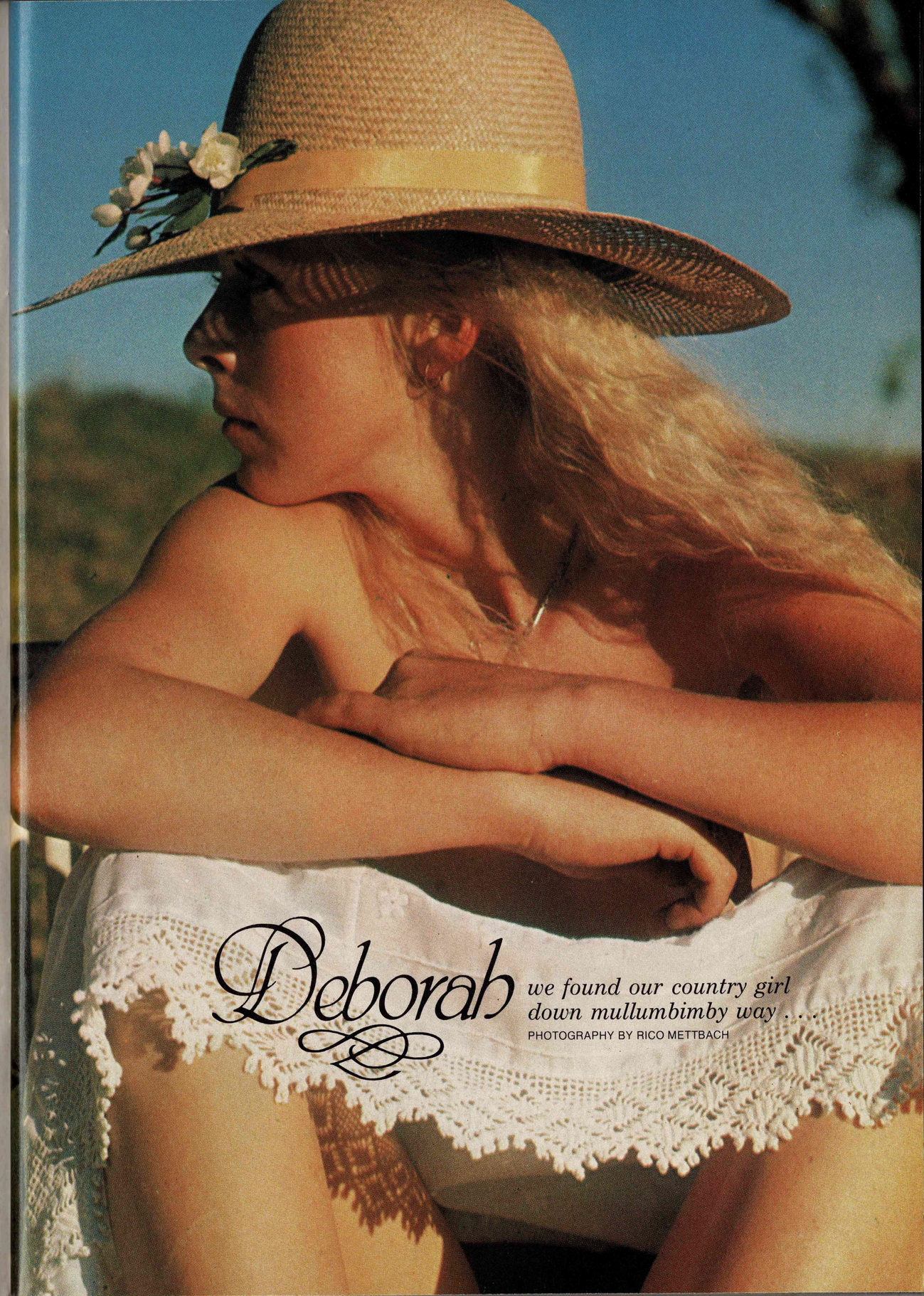
Despite the fact that a lot of middlemen add to the price of the diamond on its journey from the mine to its ultimate owner, buyers of diamonds who have held over the past 10 years appear to have done well.

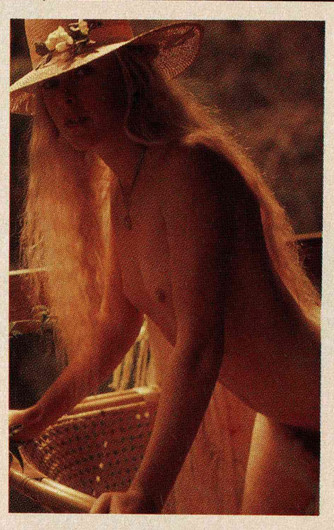
A series of press advertisements by commodity dealer Robert Howes and Associates gained a degree of interest in Australia last year. They extracted figures from the Gemstone Trading Corp of the US and the New York Times to show that a diamond worth $2379 at the end of 1968 was worth $18,400 at the end of 1978.

A buyer 10 years ago, after allowing a 50 percent mark-up to the jeweller on buying, would have been showing a compound gain of 17.8 percent a year over the 10 years.

On the track record of diamond prices, that rising trend should be maintained, for the De Beers-controlled Central Selling Organisation of London – which has virtually a world monopoly on the supply of rough diamonds – has managed to maintain a stable, appreciating market in diamonds for half a century. As a rule, investment diamonds are generally more than one carat, and a perfect white, costing perhaps two and a half times a commercial white, is a safer bet for appreciation.

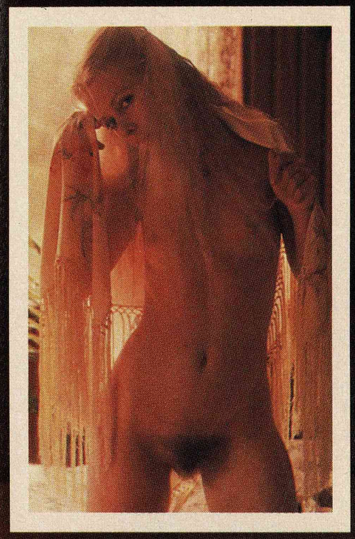
A true pessimist might also ponder the fact that, when his wife has her diamond ring revalued for insurance, it's always worth more than last year. But if you offer to sell it to the jeweller, see how the price changes.





Home is a farm, a country retreat full of the simple pleasures. Deborah shares it with a close friend and a menagerie of feathered and furry creatures who revel in the relaxed way of life on the farm.

For Deborah the outdoors are a love affair – one that we would like to be part of. It's had its benefits for her too – the fresh air and healthy daily chores have kept her body trim, firm, and supple.



Another advantage of living in the country, delectable Deborah confides, is the ample time available to get an all-over honey tan. She claims the air is kinder to her skin and hair in the Mullumbimby outback.

Hope sprang eternal

a romantic tale of gore emerges from a royal command

fairy tale

by Herbert Halibone

ONCE UPON a time there was a beautiful princess who was accustomed to sit by her high window in a castle in the woods, having been assured by her father (the king) that eventually a knight of handsome visage, obviously a prince (or a frog) in disguise, would ride by and, instantly entranced by her beauty, would marry her and they would then live happily ever after.

Sure enough, one dull and rainy Saturday afternoon, a knight in white shining armor (somewhat damp and glistening with the rain, but white, nevertheless, and quite un-froglike) rode up and, instantly becoming entranced by her beauty, tied his horse to the nearest soggy bush and climbed quickly to her window.

"I would fain marry thee, oh beauteous princess!" he said, stricken.

"Sir knight of handsome visage," she replied, blushing and overcome, "long have I waited for one such as you to say these words.

"Yet there is a manner to these things. Go forth and slay me the most ferocious dragon in my father's kingdom and you shall have my hand."

The knight, nothing loath, went forth and slew the most ferocious dragon. And then the two most ferocious dragons. And then dragons in bulk lots, even the ecology-minded ones, until there was not a single dragon left in her father's kingdom.

"I have completed the task, oh beauteous princess," the knight said, still madly stricken. "I would now fain marry thee."

And the princess, quite taken with this handsome knight's desire to please, had her father proclaim the marriage throughout the kingdom and they were soon wed with proper pomp and ceremony and gaiety.

After a few months, one dull and rainy Saturday afternoon, the princess suddenly announced: "Sir prince, I am feeling unwanted."

"What can I do to make my jewel sparkle?" asked her husband. "There are no more dragons to slay."

"No," she replied thoughtfully, "you'll just have to do something else to prove that you love me!" And she thought for a long time.

"You will have to kill your horse," she said finally.

"Why on earth should I kill my horse?" he asked, aghast. "He is an old friend and has done nothing at all to harm us."

The princess thought again for a long time.

"I'm feeling insecure," she said, finally, "and I would feel secure if you did not have a horse upon which to ride away and leave me."

So, with a heavy heart, the knight killed his horse.

After a few more months, one dull and rainy Saturday afternoon, the princess said, "Sir prince I am feeling unwanted again. What more are you able to do to show that you love me?"

"What more can I do?" asked the knight (for it was still he).

"I have already killed all the dragons and my best friend, who was my horse. What more can I do, my most beauteous one?"

So the princess thought again for a long time.

"I can't readily think of anything appropriate," she said at last, "but it is absolutely necessary that you do something, otherwise it's quite obvious that you don't love me."

"But I love you to distraction," he declared emphatically.

"Well, then, you must prove it," she said. "I know — you must take the thing you value most of all, next to me, and destroy it before my eyes."

The knight swallowed.

"Next to you, I value my life most of all," he said. The princess was taken slightly aback but her training came to the fore and she rallied. "A royal command must be obeyed," she said sternly.

"There's no appeal, so now prove that you love me.

"Be reasonable," she added. "How can we live happily ever after if I'm not certain that you really love me?"

The knight thought about this for a very long time. He had a sneaking suspicion that there was a flaw in her reasoning somewhere but, for the life of him, he couldn't put his finger on it. It just seemed that he was losing even if he was winning, and he knew a paradox when he saw one. So, with a heavy heart, he shouldered his saddle and disappeared into the woods.

And the princess was disconsolate for a long time at the fickle frailty of men, and she sat sadly at her window thinking she would never meet a man (or frog) who truly loved her.

And yet, one dull and rainy Saturday afternoon, a knight in black shining armor (somewhat damp and glistening and slightly froglike with the rain — but a knight nevertheless) rode up and, instantly becoming entranced, let his horse wander free and climbed quickly to her window.

"Oh, sir knight," she said coyly, thinking to dispense with the preliminaries, "if you would fain marry me you must kill your horse forthwith."

The knight, having removed his metal gauntlets in anticipation of a gentle joust or other merriment, struck her soundly across her beauteous face with bare flipper.

"Don't be so bloody silly," he said.

And sometimes, on a dull and rainy Saturday afternoon while the black knight was busy humping her beneath the window, she would cast a glance out over the soggy forest and shed a gentle tear for the white knight.

Once the new crop of dragons matured, the climate improved and humidity at last dropped off, they lived happily ever after.

Photograph by Denis Scott

Australia in the '80s BOOM or GLOOM?

a gaze into the crystal ball to predict what might occur in the lucky country in a decisive decade

article **By Evan Williams**

IF I HAD to name the best time to be born an Australian, I would choose, without hesitation, the early 1930s. To be born in those years was to walk with charmed steps through our turbulent century, avoiding its pitfalls and booby-traps with indecent good fortune.

The children of the '30s knew nothing of the miseries of the Depression from which our parents had just emerged. We were spared the horrors of the First World War and the perils of the Second. We were too young for the Korean war and too old for Vietnam, enjoying instead the luxury of moral indignation. For the best years of our youth we basked in the optimism and prosperity of the '50s and '60s – young enough to enjoy the irresponsible pleasures of those years and old enough to gather their material rewards.

As a bonus, there was the innocence and happiness of Australia itself, remote from the suffering and devastation of the old world, a country of Edwardian cities and proud country towns, of unpolluted skies, of keen boyhood pleasures unknown to a later generation raised on fast food and television; an Australia still untainted by ocker excesses and rampant commercialism. By the time the '70s brought their first sour premonitions of disillusionment, at least we were old enough (and secure enough) to face the future without fear.

I remember at the beginning of the '70s celebrating our illusory good fortune in leading articles in the *Sydney Morning Herald,* welcoming the new decade with sentiments of singular shortsightedness and complacency. I had already got into trouble for predicting, in *Herald* editorials, an Australian republic in my lifetime.

In 1970 I was blithely comparing our national state with that of Byzantium and Periclean Athens, though the glories

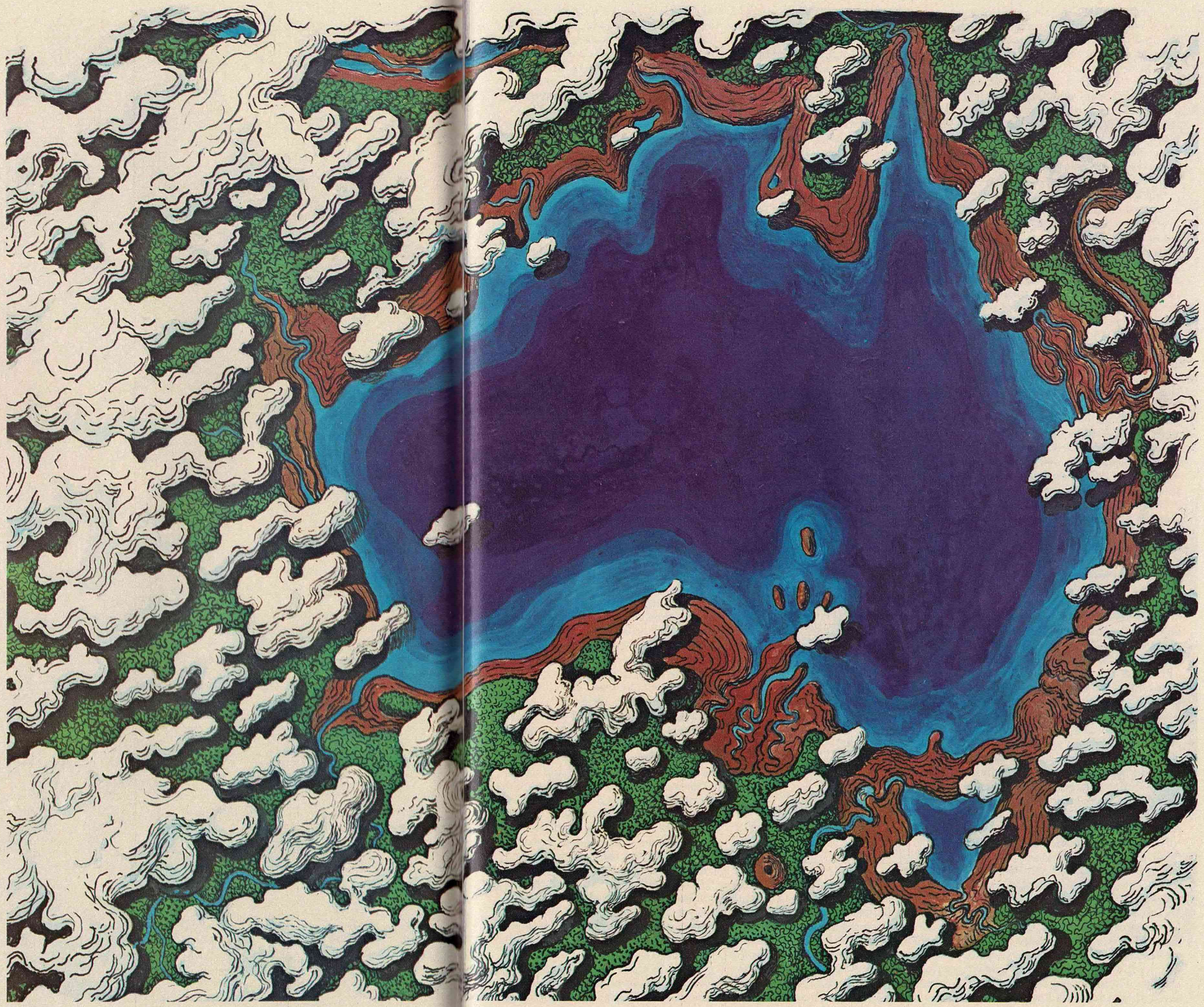


Illustration by Martin Sharp

of Don Dunstan's renaissance were yet to come to South Australia, and Whitlam's new Enlightenment, whose cause I was to serve in a modest way, was yet to come to the rest of Australia. (Looking back, it is easy to see that Whitlam and Dunstan, the archetypal public figures of the '70s, were a decade too late. Their zeal, their optimism, their infectious generosity of spirit and purpose, their sheer zest for accomplishment belonged properly to the dynamic '60s.)

Certainly, the contrast between those times and the mood of today is inescapable. By the end of the '60s, the Americans had put a man on the Moon, Australia was in the middle of the great Poseidon share boom, when nickel, for a few mad moments, was worth more than gold, peace in Vietnam seemed only a matter of time, the economy was booming, and the prospect of a Labor Government in Canberra was a guarantee, at least for the Labor faithful, of an undiminished bounty in the years ahead!

Early in 1973, not long after the Whitlam administration came to office, I remember sitting around a table in the Arts Council's antiseptic offices at North Sydney discussing how best to articulate the new spirit of the age with a competition for a national anthem. Genuinely great men like Patrick White, whose Nobel Prize that year was to set the seal on the nation's artistic resurgence, were persuaded to deliberate at length on the words and music of our new antipodean *Marseillaise.* One of the music judges was the composer Don Banks, chairman of the Music Board, whose compositions would have been totally incomprehensible to 90 percent of the people for whom a new anthem was likely to matter. But the whole solemn exercise, which was to prove one of the first humiliations of the new government when a selection of words for a new anthem was announced a few months later, seemed absolutely right and proper at the time. I am not sure just how or when the idea was quietly abandoned, but someone – it may have been Whitlam himself – decided that an established tune like *Advance Australia Fair* or *Waltzing Matilda* was good enough anyway.

I suppose the difference between those days and the beginning of the '80s is this: no one had then begun to doubt that our national spirit was alive and well. Today we do. Today's songs are not anthems but jingles, designed to stimulate the pride that not long ago was taken for granted. Today we have an Australia Day Committee, peopled with such luminaries as the Mayor of Darwin, a water-speed record holder, an ex-publican, an ex-diplomat and a newspaper executive from Brisbane, and the Federal Government has launched a million-dollar campaign of flag-flying and TV commercials to bolster our patriotism and persuade us of the admirable qualities of Australian industry. "It's a campaign," says James Leslie, managing director of Mobil, "to get Australians to roll up their sleeves and even forego their business lunches, and by working together in the national interest to shape a nation which can withstand the problems of a changing world." What Whitlam couldn't do by anthems and parliamentary reform is now to be achieved by jingles and bumper stickers, T-shirts and towelling hats.

There can be no doubt that we need the inspiration. Never have the prophets of national despair been more vocal or widely heeded. "The traumatic blows of the oil crises and changing world markets have swept away almost all traces of pre-1973 confidence in Australia," intoned the London *Financial Times* in a recent survey of Australia's economic prospects for the next decade. "A succession of Australian governments made the mistake in the 1960s and early 1970s of assuming that the possession of rich natural resources would guarantee a flourishing economy." At a recent conference in Perth of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science, a succession of Australian and visiting academics gave their views on the energy shortage, the economy, the population explosion, the crime rate, the arms race and the decline of conventional morality. The most sombre view came from a former Governor-General, Sir Paul Hasluck, who believes that not only Australia, but western civilisation as a whole, is in decline. "We are witnessing," said Hasluck, "a new and subtler equivalent of the barbarian invasion of Europe which ended in darkness." According to Professor Manning Clark, the greatest and most eloquent of our poet-historians, Australia today is experiencing the calm before a great storm: "A tempest will blow. A cleansing fire will sweep the ancient and barbaric continent of Australia. A great madness will occur. There may be civil war. We are all going to be tried in the fiery furnace."

Evan Williams was born in 1934. He has been chief of the Sydney Morning Herald's *London bureau and has worked for the paper in Canberra, Sydney and Melbourne. He was editor of the* Sunday Australian *and associate editor of the* Australian *and* Sunday Telegraph. *In 1973 he joined Gough Whitlam as Press Secretary to the Prime Minister and worked for him until 1977. He travelled with Whitlam on his extensive overseas tours. He is now Director of Cultural Activities for the NSW Government. His principal interests are books and music. He also has a life-long interest in films, and is film reviewer for* PLAYBOY. *He lives in Sydney.*

How seriously should we take such forebodings? Manning Clark is a kindly man, and it is hard to imagine anyone less likely to lead a revolution or start a civil war. When I met him in Sydney just after he received the New South Wales Government's literary award for his *History of Australia,* he offered the theory that the defeat of the Dunstan Government – as good a symbol as any of the passing of the '70s – was due to a backlash against trendyism and Dunstan's "social laboratory" policies in drugs, abortion and homosexuality. And the evidence both here and abroad suggests that some kind of moral backlash may be coming.

In such matters, of course, one is largely guessing; but my own view is that the '80s will see a slow return to more stable human relationships as western society tires of the moral permissiveness and experimentation that followed the removal of censorship and guilt-based divorce laws. Such trends are extremely difficult to verify; one apprehends them mainly in casual talk and occasional statistics. But we know the divorce boom is tapering off and the demand for house mortgages is increasing. Already there are signs of a renewed interest in marriage as the most secure and rewarding human contract. And even the inclination of young people to postpone marriage may suggest that they are now taking it more seriously.

I am inclined to believe that the feminist movement will turn its attention more in the years ahead to broader social issues and away from its hitherto narrow preoccupation with sexual behavior.

Dr H. C. Coombs, who was Whitlam's adviser on topics as diverse as economics, Aborigines and the arts, appealed not long ago for a new emphasis on "feminine" values in politics – kindness, understanding, tolerance – rather than the "masculine" values of power and authority. His dream may well come closer to reality in the '80s.

It seems unlikely that the average Australian will want more children in the decade ahead. The best estimates suggest that the rate of growth of the population will go on shrinking in the '80s while the population itself gets older. The median age of Australians is now 27.6 years, a year older than when Whitlam came to power. According to the Bureau of Statistics, the increasing age of Australians reflects "the combined effects of declining birthrate and mortality". Population growth at the moment is actually below the level of ZPG (it is rare, as we know, to see a pregnant woman).

There is evidence, perhaps more worrying than ZPG, that we are not as fit as we used to be. Dr Ronald Mendelsohn, of the Australian National University, author of the book *The Condition of the People,* says Australians at the beginning of the century lived seven years longer than Americans and British people; now their life span is the same. Dr Mendelsohn claims that Australian children were bigger and fitter in every way at the beginning of the century, but that they have been growing at a slower rate since, than Norwegian, American and Japanese children.

This would not worry us unduly were it not for the evidence that physical health and vigor – no less than a sound education – are needed for economic growth. Dr Mendelsohn is an avowed welfarist who sees welfare spending in the broadest sense – including education – as a practical investment in industrial and material prosperity. It is the only way, he believes, to remove poverty and inequality, which are the real impediments to growth.

Australian welfare spending, as a proportion of total government expenditure, is only two-thirds that of the Scandinavian countries and less than that of France, Germany, Britain and even the US. And all the indicators suggest a contraction of social security and educational spending in the '80s.

Professor Peter Karmel, chairman of the Tertiary Education Commission, believes that universities and colleges of advanced education have entered a period of non-growth for the rest of the century. The offspring of the post-war baby boom having passed through the schools, governments have a good excuse for cutting back on education spending. And they are starting to do so. The findings of the Williams Committee on education and job training will, without doubt, influence education policy in the '80s; basically, the switch in resources will be from universities to technical colleges, with the aim of training more youngsters who can work for their living. This assumes that we know which industries are going to expand; and we don't. But the age of universities as the mass proletarian degree factories is coming to an end.

None of these trends, whether we like them or not, would justify the doom-laden predictions of the Haslucks and Manning Clarks. At the heart of their concern is a fear of increasing social and industrial lawlessness, a collapse of traditional literacy and scholarship, and the erosion of aesthetic and cultural values by commercial pressures, aided by mass technology and advertising. Increasingly, many parents and educators see our best hope in more rigorous education standards, especially in secondary schools. If you talk to teachers, most of them expect a return to older standards of classroom discipline and traditional teaching methods in the '80s. Teachers have had to bear the worst excesses of educational permissiveness in the '70s, and their present frustration and bitterness are deeply ingrained. Ten years ago I wrote a series of articles for my paper about Sydney schools, and can remember being mildly shocked to discover that older children in industrial suburbs regularly drove their cars to school and parked them in the grounds. The idea would have been unthinkable a decade before, even if children had possessed cars as a matter of course, as they do now. But there was no real evidence in 1970 of the hooliganism, drug-taking, smoking, the general air of slovenly insolence among pupils, that is prevalent now. The novelist Thea Astley, herself a teacher, believes that the educational permissiveness of the '60s and '70s has created "a vast slave force of menials" who will be easy for both governments and bureaucracies to manipulate.

The root cause of unemployment is not so much the cutback in government spending but the real shortage of new investment

Such fears are widespread at a time when religion is declining as a social force. For young people, the heart of their malaise is a corroding sense of impotence and futility. In the early Whitlam days, none of us ever really doubted that serious and long-term unemployment was a thing of the past. The new concept of "youth unemployment" was unheard of. The memories of the Depression, which my generation was spared, and George Orwell's grinding descriptions of English poverty in the '30s, were scarcely entertained even by the most pessimistic economists of the early '70s. There was a conviction that government revenues and private incomes would go on rising for ever. In 1972, a Labor politician as realistic as Al Grassby was able to predict national revenues of $123,000 million a year in Australia by the end of the century: "The problem is not to find the money for the envisaged tasks, but to find the right uses for growing national revenues." This thought was the guiding philosophy of the Labor Government and was shared by many progressive Liberals.

The root cause of unemployment now is not so much the cutback in government spending (though increased spending would help matters) but the real shortage of new investment. The growing foreign and domestic investment which fuelled expansion from the end of the war until the world recession of 1974 is simply not happening on the old scale. And the new investment that we *are* getting is mainly of a specialised kind that doesn't create jobs.

If unemployment remains at six to seven percent, there will be 750,000 out of work by the end of the decade. But that will be only half the story. It won't take account of young people who have opted out of the workforce altogether. Discouraged job-seekers eventually disappear into the realms of the "hidden unemployed". For governments, they have long ceased to be people, and eventually they even cease to be statistics. In the last quarter of 1979, the labor market "participation rate" was at a 13-year low. This meant that only 60 percent of Australia's potential workforce was employed or looking for employment. "Empirical studies undertaken elsewhere," said a chilly piece of officialese from the Department of Employment and Youth Affairs, "have shown that women, youths and older workers are particularly likely to react to a reduction of job appointments by dropping out of the workforce, and so the increasing discouragement resulting from rising unemployment will slowly erode labor force participation of these demographic groups."

What this means in human terms can be seen around beachside suburbs,

in the streets and parks of the outer suburban wastelands, in bowling alleys, junk-food shops and pinball parlors, in the statistics of vagrancy, road accidents and drug addiction. And those figures are going to get grimmer in the '80s, despite the Government's efforts to prune them. Older people are often confused and resentful because the young unemployed seem to have money to spend on leisure and are frequently well dressed and healthy-looking. Of course we live in a healthier age, and the image of the grimy, soot-blackened worker, the unemployed laborer with shabby clothes and haunted face, has gone for good. But the reality of emotional suffering and spiritual demoralisation for today's unemployed is no less real than was the hunger of the dole-queue shuffler in the '30s. It was unforgettably portrayed in the Australian film *Mouth to Mouth,* by the Melbourne director John Duigan, who said more about unemployed youth in 90 minutes than a sociologist would manage to discover in a year's research.

Many unemployed youngsters spend all day at home, slumped in front of television, close to that state of catatonic withdrawal induced by frustration and habitual idleness. The mother of one was quoted as saying: "He never speaks, even to me, and he no longer cries. It's an agony just to get him up and dressed in the morning. He's given up trying to get a job and he's getting to be scared of even going out of the house, let alone facing up to an interview."

For a foretaste of where unemployment can lead us, there was the Star Hotel riot in Newcastle three months ago, when 4000 pub-drinkers almost wrecked a hotel, blocked off a street, fought for hours with riot police and burned a couple of cars. Soon afterwards, a survey of economic and social trends in the early 1980s was published by W. D. Scott, the management consultants, predicting rising unemployment and inflation with "intensifying and sometimes ugly" social and political agitation. Industrial relations, said the report, were "likely to remain tense, even explosive, in the coming year". It even urged businesses to curb their profits a little and "employ more people than are absolutely necessary" to avoid the worst effects of such change.

The lesson is that the great affluent era of full employment may well be finished. There may be ways of boosting jobs artificially and temporarily, but we will probably have to face the fact in the 1980s that governments have lost the knack of finding employment for everyone without creating inflation. As Donald Horne has said: "We might have to abandon the idea that people can have the right to economic dignity only if they have 'jobs'. If full employment goes, we will have to find means of attaching dignity to dole-bludging."

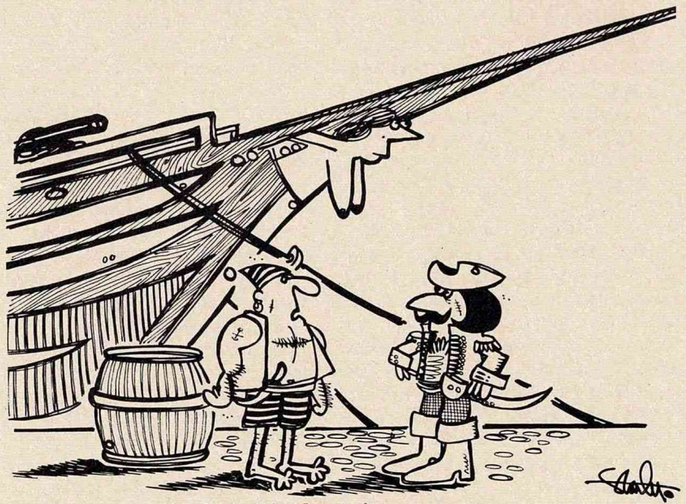
Increasingly, what economists are coming to believe is this: in the long run, we have a pretty good chance of getting back to prosperity, but there will be some wrenching adjustments on the way, and the future probably won't lie in the traditional manufacturing industries. As I write this, there is an expert saying on an ABC radio program called "The Week in Business" that, while inflation should remain around four percent in the '80s, unemployment could reach 14 percent by 1982. And new jobs won't be found in the factories.

For a long time, manufacturing was seen as the ultimate economic virtue, and factories were the symbol of all that was noble in our economic and social system. As a young journalist in the '50s, I don't know how many times I was sent to cover the opening of a new factory in Sydney or Melbourne, somewhere in Penrith or Heidelberg or the Dandenongs. Most of them were subsidiaries of English or American firms, but no one had heard the word "multinational" in those days, and we listened over and over again to the same litany of praise, from dignitaries like Menzies or "Black Jack" McEwen, for the virtues of free enterprise, the creation of new jobs and the limitless vistas of opportunity and development. Now it has a hollow ring.

It seems more and more likely that the contest between free trade and protection, the central economic issue in Australia and Britain last century, will again become the dominant issue of the '80s. Australians are waking up to the fact that protectionist policies don't always work. Whitlam tried hard to dismantle the creaking edifice of subsidies, tariff barriers and quotas built up over the years to shield inefficient and complacent Australian manufacturers, but there were too many politicians in industrial seats who saw the preservation of jobs as the sole duty of a Labor Government.

People forget this side of Whitlam's ideology, but it was as fundamental to his thinking as his hatred of racism or his belief in public sector intervention in health and education. No decision gave him greater personal satisfaction than the 25 percent tariff cut in 1973. I remember the night it happened: he was in one of his fits of superhuman energy and enthusiasm, pacing up and down the tiny temporary office he still occupied on the Senate side of Parliament. Nothing infuriated him more than the suggestion, made in later years, that the tariff cuts had put people out of work. His exasperation got the better of him when he spoke at one of those joyless annual dinners given by the manufacturers' lobbies at the Lakeside Hotel in Canberra. I had prepared what I thought was a judicious speech that took account of the party's anxieties about a "structural adjustment", but Whitlam threw it away and launched into one of his characteristic, impromptu tirades against the "nervous Nellies" in the Labor Party who feared all change and wanted to prop up costly Australian manufacturing at the expense of consumers. It was an unfamiliar role for a socialist Prime Minister; in a real sense Whitlam was a more fervent believer in "free enterprise" than any Liberal minister.

The Industries Assistance Commission, a typical Whitlam creation, was



"I think it's about time we got ourselves a new figurehead, captain."

intended as the basic instrument of industrial reform. Whitlam had a deep respect for Sir John Crawford, the IAC's chairman, whose historic report on structual adjustment in manufacturing was produced in mid-1979. If ever there was a document to point the way towards economic reform in the '80s, this was it. The Liberal Government's response so far has been a catalogue of more committees, task forces and reviews to stall the report's essential recommendation for diminished protection and, consequently, greater competition.

The new industrial performers of the '80s will be the emerging Asian and South American economies like Korea, Malaysia and Brazil, who are repeating the Japanese trick of improving on western technology and harnessing the results to cheap local labor. Can Australia compete at all with such countries? The fear of cheap "coolie" labor was at the heart of our racist immigration laws for nearly 70 years. But the wage differences may not always be so great. Incomes in Asian countries are rising; real incomes in Australia have been gradually shrinking. And a lot of the hidden costs to consumers in Australia come from things like transportation and packaging which can probably be reduced.

According to Andrew Peacock, who could easily be the next Liberal Prime Minister: "If cheap labor was the key to Asian growth, there would be 120 success stories in the Third World rather than a dozen or so." Peacock became one of the first senior Liberals to embrace a new economic philosophy for the '80s when he gave his Robert Menzies lecture at Melbourne University last September. "Asia represents a threat only to those Australian manufacturers who have set their sights on maintaining their existing product ranges and defending their status quo. It is bursting with challenging opportunities for enterprising entrepreneurs. It intimidates the conservative but inspires the liberal."

Neville Wran believes that the 1980s will be one of Australia's best decades. And certainly there is a bright side to things.

During the '80s, coal production in Australia is likely to double to around 200 million tonnes a year, and coal mine investments worth more than $1000 million are under way or about to begin (most of them in New South Wales). In the next five years, Australia's aluminium smelting capacity will rise four-fold, with our share of world aluminium production going up from two percent to seven and a half percent by 1985. Aluminium smelters worth $3500 million will get under way in the next five years. By 1990 the New South Wales Electricity Commission will double its present generating capacity with an investment of $1500 million in new plant, most of it to supply power to the new aluminium smelters. The world market outlook for wool, wheat, coarse grains and meat in the 1980s is generally good. According to a survey by the Department of Industry and Commerce, more than $20,000 million of large-scale new investments will get under way in Australia by 1985, but how much of this will directly boost manufacturing and create new employment remains to be seen. Heavy investment in mining, oil exploration and tertiary industry like finance, shipping and insurance always looks good on paper and in official surveys, but it doesn't do much to reduce unemployment.

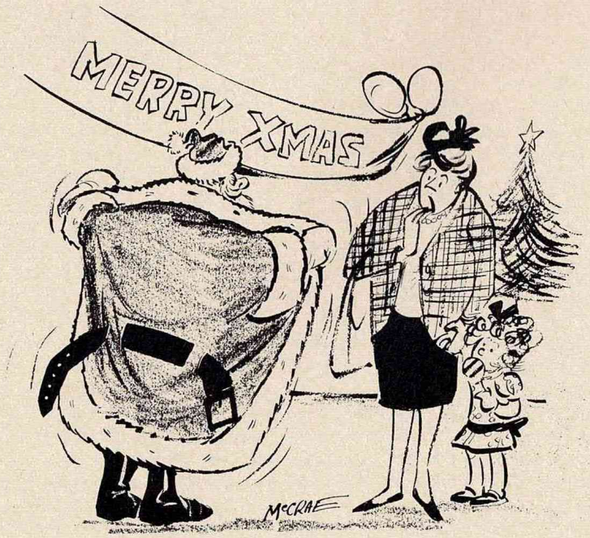
The great unknown in all these predictions is energy, both its cost and its supply. And here, Australia is on shaky ground. The problem is this: about half our energy comes from our own rapidly diminishing oil supplies. These will be running out in about seven years unless big new reserves are found soon, and, even if they are, we may lack the time and the capital to develop them. By the middle of the '80s, imported oil will be costing Australia about $3000 million a year (assuming no more drastic price increases) and these imports will be hard to obtain. It will depend on how much oil the Middle East countries want to produce to satisfy world demands. To develop alternative energy sources in the meantime – such as solar power or oil-from-coal (coal by itself is not enough) – would probably cost us $10,000 million at least, and we are still not sure if the technology exists to make alternative sources economical. Some States, like Western Australia and South Australia, will probably go ahead with nuclear power stations if coal-generated electricity from the eastern States cannot meet their needs. Charles Watson-Munro, head of the Energy Research Centre at Sydney University, believes that, by 1990, the price of petrol will have risen to about 45 to 65 cents per litre; cars will have become much smaller and lighter; petrol will be restricted; public transport will be overcrowded and short of capital for improvements; battery cars will have appeared in the United States; and private cars will be banned from the centre of all Australian cities.

There are precious few signs that Australians are taking the energy shortage seriously. Petrol consumption in 1979 actually increased, despite all the talk of an energy crisis (Mobil's total sales for the first six months of the year were 10 percent above projected levels), and oil company profits are booming as never before.

Nor are the oil companies doing much to step up exploration. Last year 52 exploration wells were put down in Australia; there were 7000 in Canada and about 50,000 in the United States. The real winner at the moment is the Federal Government, which is squeezing about 30 percent of its expected $2500 million increase in revenues this financial year from motorists through higher oil and petrol prices.

It is difficult to look ahead to the '80s without being influenced by our private hopes. To the extent that these have colored this account – which is not, and cannot be, wholly objective – I might as well acknowledge them frankly. Here, then, are some things I expect to see, and some other things I hope to see.

● *The return to public transport.* Above all other people on Earth,



Australians love their cars, but the '80s will see a resurgence of interest in public transport as the car outlives its usefulness. The motor industry will respond with new models and the era of the very cheap, very small and very serviceable car will begin in earnest. By 1990, electric cars will be common for commuting and suburban shopping.

● *A healthier society.* As the cost of health care goes on rising, there will be a swing back to preventive medicine (aided by large-scale government promotion) and healthier lifestyles. Joggers, fitness cranks, vitamin poppers and diet faddists will flourish as never before. By 1990, smoking will probably be banned everywhere but in private houses. (The demographer Professor W. F. Borrie has nevertheless pointed out that, while there have been controls of infectious diseases this century, there has been no real progress with degenerative disease like cancer, sclerosis and heart disease, "and until we get that we shall not push up the expectation of life".)

● *Much greater immigration, especially from Asia.* I agree with John Pringle, one of our wisest observers, that Australia, by any standards, is under-populated, and whatever the population problems of the world as a whole, they have little relevance to this country. Without a much greater population, we will never be strong enough to develop Australia's resources without sacrificing or compromising our independence. We will never be wealthy enough to sustain advanced technological research and development or a vigorous cultural growth. A very small population in today's world is a guarantee of continuing colonial or mendicant status.

● *A genuinely multi-racial society.* I see no future for Australia as an outpost of European, still less of British, society. The British connection has more or less run its course. European immigration has enormously enriched our country, but it will never provide the foundation for a distinctively Australian culture. Australia could easily become – and should aim to become – the first genuine multi-racial nation of real stature and importance in the world. The process should be a steady and continuing one, guided by a deliberate official policy, and with announced goals. I do not accept the view that racial prejudice among white Australians would make a multi-racial society unworkable. There is a growing affection for Asian people and customs in Australia.

On a superficial level, the growth of the Asian holiday industry and the astonishing proliferation of Chinese and Asian restaurants are signs of a new kinship with the countries and peoples to our north. Their recent economic achievements have much to teach us.

● *An Australian republic.* I think this is inevitable, and the sooner it comes the better. It should happen with a minimum of internal disruption and social trauma, which may be asking a great deal. I am not suggesting it will happen in the '80s, but the pressure will continue to build up, and the decision of the New South Wales Government to abolish appeals to the Privy Council will probably be followed by other States. By such reforms, the move toward a republic will gather strength. The final step may well be the result of events abroad. It is quite likely, for example, that Canada will become a republic in the next 10 years, leaving Australia uncomfortably isolated as an imperial outpost. In such circumstances, public opinion could change quite rapidly.

● *Economic and social change.* To a large extent, our economic problems are technical, and will be relieved or intensified by events beyond our control. We should, and probably will, think far more about human relationships, our links with nature, our history and our purpose as a nation.

I should wish, above all, for a calmer, less frantic, less greedy, less obsessive, less materialistic society in the '80s. Such attitudes would not be at all incompatible with a more creative and industrious community; indeed they would foster it. We seem to have forgotten that a certain simplicity, even austerity, in the pace and style of living is essential to the good life. We seem to have lost the kind of quiet idealism that built Australia in its early years. The period from Federation to the First World War was the most hopeful and progressive in our history. It is no coincidence that the pioneers of those days, despite their loyalty to a great empire, saw themselves as the proud builders of a distinctive and independent nation in a new region of the Earth.

For the affluent West, there has scarcely been a time since the Second World War when scientists or politicians were not warning us of some disaster around the corner. Yet we seem to have weathered them all. As a boy, I lived in genuine fear of nuclear war, and newspaper pictures of the bomb tests in Arizona or Monte Bello implanted in my consciousness a cold shadow of fear that still darkens my memory of the carefree '50s. By the '60s, the world's general apprehension about a third world war had been refined into a specific concern about *accidental* war and the genetic effects of nuclear tests. By the early '70s, ecological propagandists like Barry Commoner and Paul Erlich had persuaded us that the West would drown in rivers of uncycled waste.

Running through the history of post-war society has been a medley of other, more minor, themes: melting ice caps, epidemics of heart disease and urban neurosis, the population explosion, the tyranny of bureaucracy, the death of privacy, the threat of computers, the poisoning of the soil by chemicals, the hazards of plutonium. I am not suggesting that all these fears are groundless. I am suggesting that, in some way, they spring from a single psychological imperative: the need to come together to confront a common peril. At the heart of it, perhaps, is a yearning for some sort of international brotherhood. The simplistic verities of the hippie cult, the Beatles songs with their facile prescriptions of universal love, seemed to fill a genuine and widespread human craving in the '60s that may yet persist below the surface.

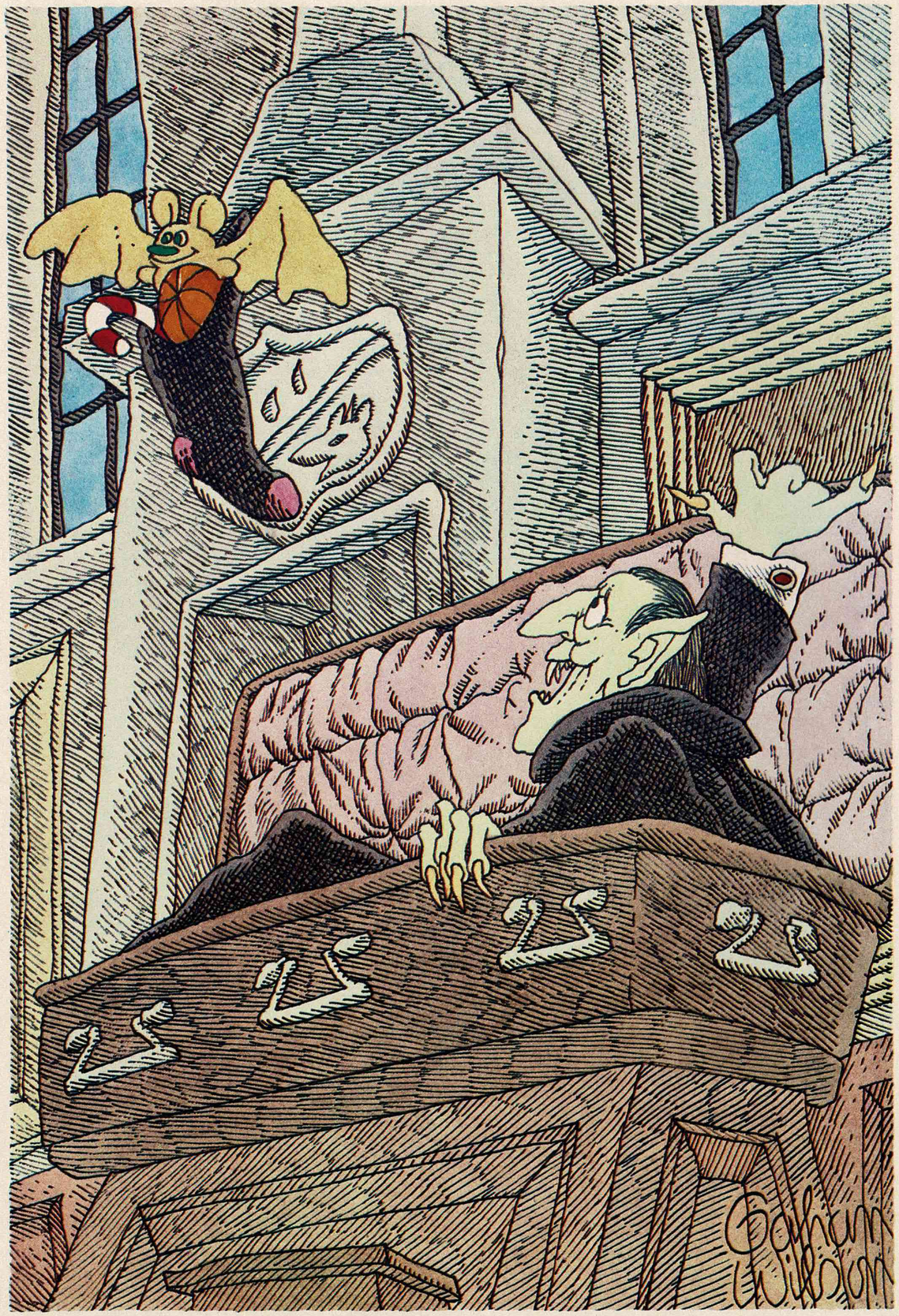
Today's doom-speculators have created a far more credible scenario for calamity than the various apocalyptic visions popular in the past. They have focused the holocaust on the hip-pocket nerve. People find it difficult to believe that aerosol sprays can destroy the Earth, but it is not at all difficult to believe that we may be heading for another depression. For one thing, it has happened before; for another, it may be happening now, and in an age when we are encouraged to believe that everything must be bigger and more spectacular than before, it follows that the next depression will outdo the last.

I believe that, deep down, the fear of economic disaster is another variation of the death-wish theme that has afflicted the west for so long. It happens to be a more persistent and persuasive bogey than some others.

And what if it comes to pass? Our answer can only be this: if there is one thing stronger than the death wish, it is the will to survive. There is no reason to suppose that a future recession would be significantly worse or more intractable than the three we have lived through already. And even if it is, the country will go on. Short of a world-wide convulsion, we still have our resources, our wealth, our people and our skills.

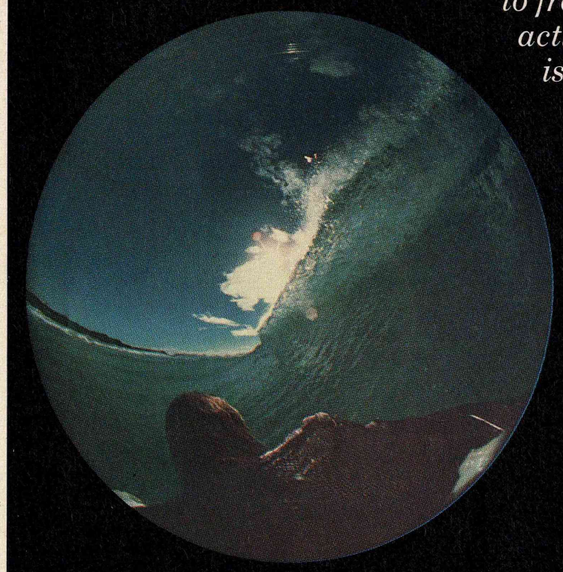
And who knows, a shake-up may help us in the long run. Alistair Cooke once wrote of Edward VIII that the most damning epitaph you could compose about the man was one that all rich and comfortable people should cower from deserving: he was at his best when the going was good.

It is a moral that may also apply to rich and comfortable nations.



Tubular Vision

he's a great surfer with the rest of them, but as a man who uses a camera to freeze the action, he is best



GEORGE GREENOUGH, the best water cameraman in the world, had been treading icy water off Bells Beach for six hours and wanted to get a few things straight. First, a physiotherapist would be waiting on the beach to rub him down and thaw him out; second, the camera reloader would reload quicker; third – and most important – the woman wrapping his sandwiches would find some plastic bags that didn't leak. The last lot had arrived soaking and mushy.

"Christ Almighty," screamed Channel Nine producer David Hill. "We can win a Logie but we can't wrap a bloody sandwich." Menials scattered in all directions. The bearer of the bad tidings, a wetsuited courier hired at 30 bucks a day to swim Greenough's tucker out to him, looked dazed and confused. "Have a breather for two minutes," said Hill. "Then get back out there with another sandwich."

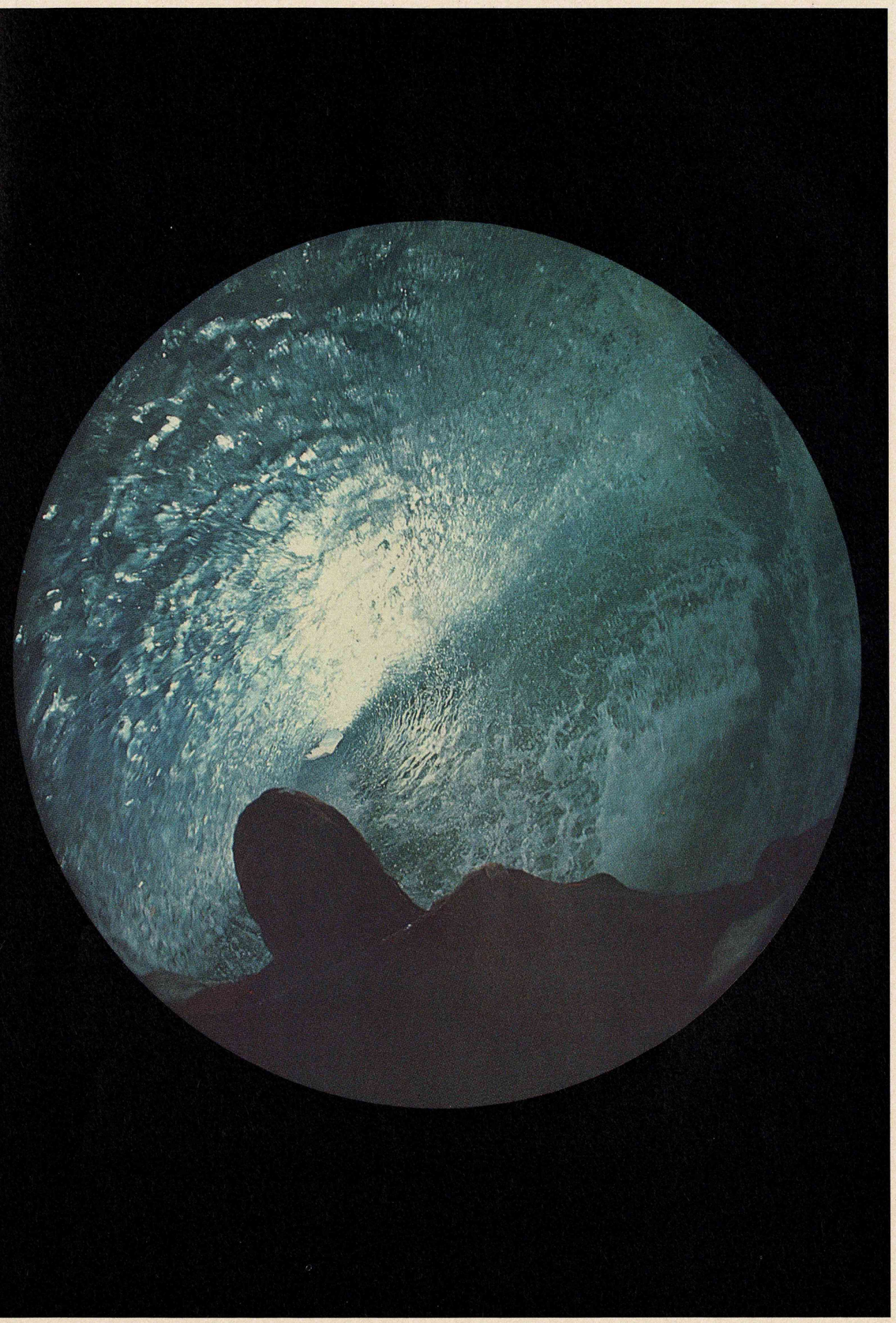
The producer pointed from the clifftop to a solitary figure bobbing up and down in the ocean swells. It could have been a dark and mysterious sea creature up from the Pole on a visit; but no, it was cameraman Greenough, badly in need of some food. The courier stuffed a well-wrapped salad sandwich into his wetsuit and took off down the track to the water.

It was a cold autumn afternoon at Bells Beach, a lonely outpost on Victoria's rugged west coast, and only about 100 people were on hand to witness the closing stages of surfing's biggest event, Surfabout; half of these people – surfers, judges, officials, sponsors, cameramen and press – had flown down from Sydney in six chartered light aircraft in a somewhat desperate bid to finish the world's richest surfing contest on appropriately spectacular waves. A few years ago, when surfing was struggling to find its feet in the world of professional sport, such an airlift would have been unthinkable. But now, with $180,000 of sponsors' money and a major television documentary series on the line, it was the only solution.

"I suppose you could say it was a desperate move," said Surfabout contest director Paul Holmes, "but it paid off and we may have established a pattern for surfing contests of the future." Holmes, a 29-year-old Englishman who has run the contest for the past two years, is one of three key figures in the extravaganza Surfabout has become. The others are television producer David Hill, who picked up a Logie award for Channel Nine's first Surfabout series in 1978, and George Greenough, the cameraman whose techniques have helped bring the series world acclaim.

Greenough, already a legend in surfing and fast becoming one in the high-risk world of action cinematography, is flown from California each year to provide what producer Hill calls "the spice" for the Surfabout coverage. For up to nine hours a day, he bobs up and down in the waves with the surfers, 20kg of camera equipment resting either on his shoulders or a canvas surf mat. His job is to capture every ride from an angle that previously only surfers ever saw, and the risks are as great as the discomfort.

Like the time he was filming inside the break at Cronulla Point, a treacherous reef south of Sydney, when he realised the surfer was only a metre or two away and still coming. Greenough dived and the turbulence smashed his cameras into the side of his head. Stitched and still groggy, he was back in the water the following morning. Last Surfabout, six long hours in cold water resulted in the worst muscle strain Greenough has ever felt. In addition, the impact of one wave dislocated his shoulder, and two weeks after filming had been



completed, he was still numb down one side and unable to turn his head. Although doctors advised six months' rest, Greenough felt he could surf himself back into shape.

•

Nearing 40, spindly, straw-haired and shoeless since about 1963, George Greenough is an unlikely surfing superman. He first came to Australia in 1965, a Santa Barbara surf bum with rich parents and some radical ideas about surfing hydrodynamics. Always a loner, Greenough had spent much of his youth experimenting with pliable plastics, looking for a way to build a board that would bend with the waves. When he finally came up with his prototype "spoon", which he rode on his knees, he settled on the NSW north coast as the best place to test it. After four winters on the north coast he had revolutionised surfboard design and pioneered a form of surfing which was later to become known as knee-riding.

Then, in 1969, he turned his hand to film-making. Using a waterproof camera housing he designed himself, he developed the art of water photography. His first feature film, *The Innermost Limits of Pure Fun,* was a success with the surfing cult but a commercial disaster. People couldn't relate to the water-splashed images. Few of those who saw *Innermost Limits* realised that the patch of blue in the corner of the screen was the sky, filmed by Greenough from inside the bowels of a breaking wave. And Greenough, convinced as he was that he'd made a major breakthrough in filming techniques, could hardly have realised that 10 years later these images would be paying the rent.

"The only comparison I can make is with Damien Parer," David Hill said of Greenough. "Parer (the Australian news cameraman who won an Academy Award for his footage of jungle fighting in New Guinea in World War Two) cared so much about what he was shooting that he'd get into critical, dangerous situations to film what people were feeling. Greenough does that with surfing." A buffeting from the waves hardly compares with the dangers Parer faced – and which finally claimed his life – but the point Hill was making is that Greenough is one of few living cameramen who will do anything for a good shot.

His work on Surfabout entailed the filming of every ride taken during 32 half-hour heats. To capture the feeling of taking off down the face of a big wave, Greenough positioned himself behind the surfers and caught the wave with them. Hamstrung with three heavy cameras around his neck, he simply plummeted to the bottom of the wave and allowed it to crash over the top of him. On one occasion at Bells, he warned the surfers of a giant wave approaching, filmed them paddling towards it then, having left it too late to get out of the way, was washed in to the beach.

Greenough shrugs off the suggestion that his line of work is dangerous. "It would be if you didn't know the waves. I know them like the back of my hand. I've spent my entire life studying them. Besides, I don't take real risks when I'm filming a contest for fear of getting in the way of the surfers. When it's just me and a surfer working on a shot, I'll get right in there and ride so close to him I can reach out and touch him."

This is, in fact, just what he did for the filming of the Hollywood surfing adventure, *Big Wednesday.* Armed with a special wide-angle lens (designed by Greenough, of course) that duplicates human vision, he travelled along the waves, in front of and behind the surfers, enabling many viewers to come as close to experiencing big wave surfing as they will ever want to be. Now he's working on surfing footage to be shown on the new "Eye-Max", or 180-degree vision screens. "I figure if I put a camera with a 220 degree lens on my board and keep it facing the wave, you'll be able to see the tracks where I've been and the smooth water where I'm going," he says.

In California he is regarded by many as a crank. Here he is referred to more commonly as a waterlogged ratbag.

Greenough is the complete eccentric, totally absorbed in his own ideas, incapable of conducting a light conversation. He has built surfboards, cameras, boats, wind generators, sound recording devices and bizarre home heating systems. (He once lit a fire on the floor of a friend's house, then knocked a hole in the roof to let out the smoke.) During a trip to Australia last year he introduced to the north coast the new sport of shark riding. Stuck for something to do one day, he borrowed a dinghy with an outboard motor, rode out to sea, netted a sizeable shark and allowed it to tow him around for the afternoon. So far the new sport has attracted few enthusiasts.

When George flies he is usually the only barefoot passenger in first class. In California he is regarded by many as a crank. Here he is referred to more commonly as a waterlogged ratbag, and only those who have worked with him or who understand the complexities of his kind of cinematography can add to those descriptions. "He's a cinematic genius," David Hill enthused. "Technologically, he's light years ahead of anyone else," said Hollywood director John Milius.

•

Seven days into the world's richest surfing contest ($28,000 in prizemoney) Greenough, like the rest of the contingent, had been doing more worrying than working. The contest had started in good waves at Sydney's North Narrabeen beach, but by the end of the second day the ocean had taken on all the characteristics of a millpond.

With two days left and still no waves, contest director Holmes phoned contacts on the Queensland Gold Coast and at Bells Beach. The man at Bells reported two-metre waves, likely to rise the following day. Holmes consulted the contest sponsors, Coca-Cola Bottlers and Sydney radio station 2SM, who agreed to finance the $10,000 airlift and thereby open up a whole new realm of possibilities for professional surfing. "Maybe next time I can talk them into sending us all to Bali," Holmes said later.

The six twin-engine prop jets chartered for the occasion took off from Sydney into a cold, grey, bleak dawn. George Greenough was the only one to shun shoes for the trip. By 11am the first heat was in the water at Bells, with three-metre waves stacked up all the way to the horizon, and by nightfall only the final was still to be run. Greenough, blue in the face and barely able to speak, was helped out of his wetsuit and taken away to recover. But the film was in the can.

David Hill stomped around the clifftop, licking his lips. In addition to Greenough's water footage, he'd had his land crew filming the action from every conceivable angle along the cliffs and on the beach. All he needed now was a hot final.

The following morning he got it. Young Bondi surfer Cheyne Horan eclipsed 1978 winner Larry Blair with a dynamic display of power surfing in waves twice his own size. Greenough, somewhat slowed by large doses of medication, still managed to keep his cameras rolling to the end.

After the flight back to Sydney, Cheyne Horan lashed out and hired a limousine to pick up his $10,000 winner's purse at the presentation party. George Greenough, never much of a partygoer, settled back on a comfortable couch with a bottle of painkillers and a camera magazine.

The BUTTERFLY

the beautiful women — mother and daughter — and their house seemed to come from another era, but donald was more at home than he could have imagined

ON THURSDAY, December 19, Donald Bundle left Lady Frensy's party in Rosemont Avenue feeling not so much the need of fresh air as the need of fresh company. After four robust whiskies Margot Frensy and her friends had seemed attractive enough; silly in their noisy way, but still attractive. After eight drinks and a couple of arguments of a nugatory nature they had become simply exasperating. They had murmured their condolences to Dickie Farskin who, with a dozen partners, had gone down in another stockbrokers' crash — one just short of scandal; they had screamed with delight over Tony Fewmet and Jeremy Flax who had looked in, on their way to someone else's fancy dress party, wearing nothing but diapers and sucking teated bottles of Dom Pèrignon; and they had begged to hear details from Ronette Blenching, the madcap daughter of General Sir Stenchley Blenching, who had crossed Sydney Harbor on a surfboard wearing nothing but knickers, the target of vulgarity from passing yachtsmen.

At the far end of the long drawing-room Angela Bundle stood, laughing and lovely, with Mr Justice and Mrs Aubrey Groin. She was by far the most worthwhile creature in the room, but Donald was too gloomily contrary to join her.

"An indication of that girl's inner beauty," he said, "is that she can not only be polite to, but appear to *enjoy,* the company of the most notorious bore in the Supreme Court and his wife, a person with not just a head but also the soul of a robber's dog."

"Junior bar passing judgment on eminent jurists these days, are they?" said Edward Spice, the psychiatrist. "To comment on a judge's wife is professionally questionable — to comment on the judge is socially indefensible."

"Oh, bugger the judge!"

Donald left his drink and walked slowly outdoors, across the garden and into the street. The night was hot and moist and still, and overhead the big old plane trees met in the silvery fluorescence of the street lights.

He walked down the uneven, bricked footpath, hands in his pockets, wearing a slightly sheepish, slightly smug, self-consciously boozy expression. "What we need," he said aloud, "is adventure of a new and different kind. Aha!" Directly ahead, set slight back from the avenue where it

fiction By Ron Saw

Illustration by Art-O-Mat

swung to the right, was a small, pretty house, its brickwork dim but its windows – two french downstairs, two dormer above – were shining golden and its front door stood open. From somewhere inside came the sound of jazz. No. It was, incredibly, ragtime.

Donald walked up the short path and through the door.

"What this party needs," he said aloud, again, "is new blood."

He walked down a short corridor, past rooms to left and right and down two steps; and found himself in a wide – as wide as the house – sitting-room. Ahead were more, wider french windows opening to a softly-lit garden. To left and right, indeed almost everywhere he looked, the walls were hung with paintings. On a sofa sat a woman of remarkable beauty.

She might have been, he decided, for it was in his nature to get such things established, the scenario laid out neatly, she might have been anywhere between 30 and 40. She wore a light, summery frock, obviously expensive but having nothing of fashion about it; seeming, with its high neckline, narrow shoulder-straps and deeply-scalloped hemline, to be more of the 1930s.

She smiled at once and straightened, then stretched her arms sideways, the palms turned up, fingers bent down.

"It's about time I woke up. What was someone saying about a party?"

"Bundle," said Donald. "Bundle in person and full, living color. Bundle, Donald Wentworth. Barrister at law, all-round good chap, first-class party-goer and incomparable dealer-with of drinks having to do with a goodish slug of gin, and appropriate parts of ice, lemon and tonic."

"Then you should mix two." She pointed to a sideboard modestly burdened with bottles.

Donald looked for but could not find the labels of Gordon's and Beefeater. Few of the bottles were even vaguely familiar. There was a Johnny Walker red label; and Tolley's brandy; but the gin was Vickers, which he could not remember ever having tasted, and there was a squarish bottle, with a green cap, opaque, labelled "Niblick Cocktail". Beside the bottles there were cocktail glasses of black lacquer, with golden insides, and thin, black stems. They put him in mind of short back and sides, with Brilliantine; he wasn't exactly sure why. She brought ice and tonic, apparently from the kitchen. It encouraged Donald. He had begun to feel foolish.

"I have just come," he said, "from one of Margot Frensy's more appalling parties. Anyone giving haven to a refugee from the Dowager Frensy quite possibly qualifies for a humanitarian award. I shouldn't be at all surprised if a few more drifted in. It's good that you've plenty of gin."

"Margot Frensy? I don't think I know her."

"EVERYbody, no matter how hard he tries, knows Lady Frensy."

Donald, gathering up the drinks, looked curiously around the big room. It seemed to have sprung entirely from another period. The furniture was part comfortable, chintzed, overstuffed, part art-deco of hideous aspect. What must have been, once, a large, squarish brick fireplace and mantel had been rounded off, plastered, painted cream and given a trim of green and gold. From the ceiling hung light fittings of glass and chrome, shaped like ringed planets. Around the walls were pieces of furniture that were unidentifiable. The overall effect was comfortable with touches of awful. The carpet, patterned in sharply geometrical shapes of maroon and grey, was too frightful for words.

Donald handed his hostess her drink. She sipped, and smiled at him over its rim. Her eyes were very dark and her hair, coiled in a chignon – he thought it would probably be called a bun – was darker still, and shining.

"Well, merry Christmas."

"Chin-chin."

He laughed. "You're too good to be true. Okay, chin-chin, er . . . "

"Julia. You'd better call me Julia. Everybody else does. And if this is a Christmas party, where's the music? It seems to have switched itself off."

She looked to an overbearing piece of furniture, fretsawn and varnished, in, obviously, a place of honor beside the fireplace; an old radio, he saw, with a lifted lid and a turntable with a heavy arm. On the mantel above it was a stack of records in paper covers – heavy old 78s. He re-started the record already on the turntable, fumbled with the curved arm and began the thing at the middle:

His ukelele, daily, don't he strum,
Rum-tum-tum.
Rampin', stampin',
Then he hollers: "Black Bottom!"

"Oh, no! Not that again. That thing's beginning to get me down."

"Sorry. Let's try this one. At least the title's promising: *Chin-chin Cheerio."* He switched records. An English voice recited:

Here's a chorus for boozers, good honest men
Who all like a drop of the stuff now and then . . .

"So-ho," said the remarkable woman on the sofa, "we like rude Ronald Frankau, do we?"

"I suppose so." Donald had heard of neither the name nor the song. He sat back, half-listening, his attention drifting to the crowded walls of the sitting-room.

"And I see *you* like rude Norman Lindsay. Good lord, you've two, three, four, five of them!"

"Not counting those in the bedrooms, and in the dining-room. Altogether there are more than a dozen. It's easier to sell them from here than messing around with galleries and dealers. He hates that sort of thing, I don't quite know why. He's a frankly commercial painter but he pretends to wash his hands of the whole sordid matter of money."

"He?"

"Lindsay. Norman Lindsay. These aren't mine, they're his. I just help him to sell them – or, more accurately, I help Rose to sell them."

Donald frowned. The relentless posturing, the contrivance, whatever the reason for it, was slightly childish. Lindsay was long dead, his paintings now selling steadily for high prices, many of them finding their way back to the rambling old Lindsay house, now National Trust gallery, in the Blue Mountains – which, he felt sure, was where he had seen at least one of the paintings on these walls. Its title was the only one of Lindsay's he ever remembered: *Court of Venus.* It was a watercolor, and he remembered it only because, among the usual cast of characters – steatopygous nymphs, leopards, peacocks, leering rakes – there was what seemed to be an hermaphrodite; a penis, vestigial but still indubitably a penis, in place of the usual plump pubis. He pointed to the ornately-framed painting.

"Always thought of that one as the *Court of Penis* rather than of *Venus.* As a matter of fact it's always unnerved me a bit. One or more of those nudes could be my grandmother. She used to model for him. Bit of a hussy in her day and . . . well, no respectable chap likes to think that his grandmother might have come equipped with a penis."

"Would you like to see some more paintings? I don't think I can do you any more penises along those lines, but . . . come on."

Carrying their drinks they climbed the stairs. Behind them, Frankau blithered on:

Chin-chin-cheerio, and here's success to crime.
So fill up your glasses, you blithering arses
And let's have a jolly good time.

There were three bedrooms and a bathroom, separated by a gallery running the depth of the upper storey. In the gallery was yet another familiar watercolor: a crowd of breasts and thighs, of leering, wolfish pirates, some in armor, some in plumes and velvets, some drunk, some lusty, some mad, none of them up to any good.

"Now that's what I call a party. But I know I've seen that one before. In the New South Wales Art Gallery, surely."

"I shouldn't imagine so. Those idiots will never buy his paintings. They say they're indecent."

"Well, they used to say that. But they relented. They've got two or three of them tucked away . . . Oh." He remembered. He saw that they were back in the '30s again.

She led the way to the smaller of the two front bedrooms. Above a brass double bed hung an oil, a nude, of a young, dark-haired girl lying in a bed of – what? daffodills? jonquils? – one hand protectively cupping her loins. The artist had given her eyes of almost electric blue.

"That's Jenny, of course. He did that last year."

"Jenny?"

"Jennifer. Oh, I'm sorry. I somehow had the idea that you knew her. My daughter. Isn't she beautiful?"

"She is."

"She was only 17 then. She's even better now. Anyway, over here we have what I still try to think of as the pride of the collection." She crossed to the opposite bedroom. "Another of your shameless hussies."

Lindsay's portrait of Julia, also over the bedhead, was perhaps half life-size. He had posed her unusually; naked, but lying on her front, on a green bedspread, one leg bent back, dark hair spread theatrically over a green bolster, the suggestion of a full breast, a superb Lindsay haunch, and a smile, half lusty, half triumphant.

"He did half a dozen sketches that day, and this and one other got on to canvas. He didn't like the other one, but I thought it was the better of the two. I was lying on my back. Very much the hussy. Rose says she's going to get it framed when and if she can sneak it away."

They went back downstairs and more drinks were poured. They danced, slowly – Paul Robeson singing St Louis Blues – and Donald felt his mind growing misty at the edges. Once he ran his hands over her back, her flanks, her breasts, and she made a small, sighing noise and pulled in close to still his fumbling. He said, owlishly:

"If this is Christmas and if this is a Christmas party, whatever happened to my Christmas present?"

"Bold." She dropped her hands to his sides, slowly stroking the outsides of his thighs, lightly moving against him. There was no urgency, yet nor was there doubt. Presently Donald said: "Bed." He walked to the stairs, wandering rather more than necessary, and climbed to her bedroom. A few minutes later he heard her switch off the music, heard her muffled footsteps on the stairs.

•

He awoke to early light, coming through the eastern window, and to the throbbing of his head. Julia lay beside him, on her back, on the green bedspread, as Lindsay must have painted her, and even as the thought stirred him, even as he compared the same lusty half-smile with that of the painting, he was fascinated by the blemish: on the right side of her belly – probably, he realised in a moment of irrelevance, right on McBurney's Point – there was a birthmark.

It was pink, and butterfly-shaped, like two broad-based triangles joined apex to apex. He reached over and brushed his palm over it and down, and, murmuring, she turned to him again in her sleep.

She was still asleep as he dressed, but as he turned at the door to look at her, she was smiling the wanton, triumphant half-smile, and:

"Merry Christmas," she said.

•

Angela Bundle said: "What on earth happened to you?"

"Oh, I must have wandered off from the beautiful people when they got too beautiful for me to stomach. I woke up in one of Margot's sewing-rooms, or whatever she calls it."

"I thought you must have. I was going to start a search for you, but Margot said to leave you be. Can you manage breakfast?"

"I don't think so."

"That's just as well. I want to get away early. I think I've found the very Christmas present for you."

•

Many times in his 32 years, either as a criminal barrister or as a philanderer, Donald had acknowledged the folly of returning early to the scene of a crime or an infidelity. Yet now, driving into town, on impulse he swung into Rosemont Avenue. He was both surprised and annoyed that he could not find Julia's house. He had placed it, in his recollection, between Rosemont, the old Lloyd Jones property, and the house recently bought and renovated by John Laws, the disc-jockey. But where he had seen it there was now only a sandstone wall, topped with white brick, and the gate of what was probably a right-of-way to Rosemont, and nowhere else in the winding, leafy avenue was there anything vaguely familiar. He had, obviously, walked, or staggered, more than he'd imagined.

But on his way home he called in to see Lady Frensy, to remind her that he had spent the previous evening in her sewing-room and to help her with two of the remaining bottles of Krug; and as he looked back down the avenue there, in the green-shaded lamplight, was the house, precisely where he had imagined it to be, precisely where it had not been 11 hours earlier.

When he knocked, Julia answered at once. She was wearing a long housegown of apricot satin and nothing else, and her hair hung damply to her waist. She took him by the hand and led him to the sitting-room and drew him down to the sofa.

"We've been missing you all day."

"We?"

"Me and my butterfly." She parted the gown and made a coy performance of stroking the pink birthmark. And: "Merry Christmas," she said later, half-laughing, from the sofa as he wandered dazedly into the night.

•

But the house wasn't there again on the Saturday morning, causing him no little confusion; nor was it there on the Sunday, nor on the Monday. Yet the memory of his two encounters with Julia gave him enough fright to make him call Edward Spice and ask if they could meet at their yacht club.

"You mean you've had this hallucination more than once?"

"I've had it twice. And it's no hallucination. It can't be."

"Well, whatever you call the result of seeing things when you're pissed. It's by no means unusual, you know."

"I wasn't pissed on Friday. Thursday night maybe, but not Friday."

"No booze at all?"

"Oh, I had a couple on the way home. As a matter of fact I had a bit more champagne at Margot Frensy's."

"Good god. Did *she* see this house?"

"No, of course she didn't. I was there making my story good. I was reminding her that I'd spent the night in her sewing-room."

"But of course you hadn't. You'd imagined the sewing-room and really experienced this woman in the vanishing house."

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Edward."

"Hmm. Look, I believe that you believe in what you saw. But, seriously now, is it possible that somebody's slipped you a mickey of some kind? LSD, for instance, can have effects remarkably like those you describe. Lasting effects."

"Who would give me LSD?"

"Well, could Margot Frensy . . . ?"

"Oh, balls. And besides, how would I have this remarkable recall of all those old records? Edward, I checked up with the musical history people. There WAS a record called Voh-Vodee-oh-Doh."

"As I understand it, half the population of the United States was bawling

voh-vodee-oh-doh during the '20s and '30s."

"And Paul Robeson *did* record St Louis Blues."

"God almighty, even I knew that."

"And what about Ronald Frankau and the boozers?"

"Well . . . "

"Exactly. He was big-time in the 1930s. Risqué songs and so on."

"All right, Donald. What I still want to ask you, though, is: have you never, ever, had a dream that has produced all manner of people you've sworn you've never heard of – only to find they're real? If you haven't, you're unusual. The human mind is a wondrous delicate thing, sonny-boy."

"So be smart-arsed. But just for the hell of it, come and have a look know."

•

When they got to Rosemont Avenue the lights were shining, warm and friendly, from Julia's house.

"And this place vanishes by day?"

"Either that or I lose my way, which I don't, or I'm crazy. Tell me, do you recall ever having seen it before?"

"No, I don't. But, then, I don't spend a lot of time counting houses in Rosemont Avenue."

"Well, commit this one to memory."

•

Julia said: "So there you are. We've been waiting for you."

"We?"

"Ah-ha! No butterflies involved, Boldy. No, somehow I thought you might be bringing a friend, and you have, and that's splendid because Jennifer's here."

The girl, as the painting had showed, was a slightly fairer though no less beautifully proportioned version of the mother. Donald made introductions, feeling foolish for being able to give only the first names of the women. It was a form he detested.

Edward Spice said: "Julia er . . .?"

"That's right, Julia. And this is my Jennifer. Now, who's drinking what?"

They played Robeson's St Louis Blues, and Whistlin' Rufus and Steamboat Bill, and they danced to The Chapel in the Moonlight; and Jennifer said: "I really must see if I can get I'll See You Again. We saw *Bitter Sweet* at Her Majesty's a few weeks back and I've been meaning to get the records ever since."

"Bitter Sweet? I thought they were doing *Annie."*

"Annie? I don't think . . . "

"It's another musical," said Donald. "It doesn't compare with Noel Coward, though."

"I'll see you again," sang Julia,

"Whenever spring breaks through again . . . "

She held up her arms to Spice, and they waltzed, swooping and dipping around the sitting-room. Donald sat with the girl.

"Mummy's such a goer. In our set they think of her more as my sister than as my mother."

"Yes. Though of course that can work both ways."

"How?"

"Well, they can think of you more as *her* sister."

"If they're older, I hope they do. You know she's one of Norman Lindsay's favorite models?"

"Yes. So are you."

"Oh, no, not like Mummy."

"Not a whole lot unlike Mummy, either. My grandmother used to model for the old boy, too. Well, so they say. It's a firm legend in our family, but to tell the truth I've never seen her in any of the results."

Julia flopped, panting, into an angular armchair. "Time for a spot, I'd say. Ice, please, gentlemen."

In the kitchen Edward Spice said: "Well, they certainly leave no stone unturned. Old Court whisky, Abdulla cigarettes on the table. And the old tabloid *Bulletin*. And look at this, for Christ's sake!"

From the refrigerator, a rather small Frigidaire, he took a tall, hock-shaped bottle, not of wine but of Resch's Pilsener.

"How in God's name would they have dug up something like that?"

"Search me. They bottled the stuff like that in the '30s, did they?"

"I suppose they must have. If they've been thorough enough to dig up *Bitter Sweet* at Her Majesty's, and Abdulla cigarettes, they wouldn't invent a bottle. And you're telling me all this vanishes with the night, too?"

"Why not see for yourself? I'll meet you here at 8.30 tomorrow. Well . . . out in the street, anyway."

"And the house won't be here?"

"Unless I'm crazy. Frankly, I hope the bloody thing *is* here, but . . . well let's see if I've snapped my twig or not."

Presently, Spice took his leave; and Donald, for what seemed to be reasons of propriety, left with him. He sat in his car, listening impatiently to the radio, until the lower house lights, then the light in Jennifer's room, went out. He went back to the house, feeling no surprise at finding the front door unlocked; he walked softly upstairs. The doors of both front bedrooms were slightly ajar but, as he watched, the door of the darkened room closed slowly but firmly, and clicked. He walked into Julia's bedroom.

She lay, naked again, on the green bedspread; hands behind her head and buried in the soft, dark tumble of her hair. She moved her hips gently, somehow accentuating the butterfly birthmark, and smiled at Donald, this time entirely wanton.

"Merry Christmas," she said softly.

•

And next morning the house had gone. Donald arrived well before 8.30 to find Edward Spice already there. He stood with his hands on his hips, grinning self-consciously and staring at the tall wall of Rosemont.

"Either we've both been doped or we're both crazy."

"You think there's no other possibility?" asked Donald.

"What manner of possibility? You mean we're faced with some kind of time and space affair? That your house – our house – is some kind of vehicle of vitality? Even a UFO?"

"I'm not sure I'd go as far as that. But we *were* both here last night, in a house that's not here now, talking to two people who, presumably, aren't here either."

Spice scowled suddenly. "Look, let's just make absolutely sure of this. We know our house was roughly there." He pointed to the wall. "But not really precisely there. Let's see what we've got now. That's John Laws' place, right? Then there's a gate to what's obviously a sort of right-of-way to Rosemont and the Lloyd Joneses. Then a stone wall six, seven feet tall, with about another eight feet of brick on top of it. None of this suggests some sort of movable stage set. Yet somehow a substantial house got in there." He slapped the sandstone. "One of us could imagine it, or see it while drunk or under the influence of some drug. Two of us, at the same time – no way."

"So what on earth did we see? Spooks?"

"Possibly. I mean, theories on alien personalities among us – or alternate realities, if you like – well, they're as old as Socrates and . . . and Paracelsus and as new as Von Daniken; or even newer. As new as the psycho-physical researchers in the Soviet Union. I haven't read particularly widely on the subject, though of course I should have. No psychiatrist these days can afford not to. But I have struck a number of plausible philosophical arguments that say – putting it briefly – that in the light of all the evidence we just can't maintain that only one theory of existence is real.

"Again: all we ever hear about in that context is the manifestation of intelligence or, occasionally, physical presence – ectoplasm and so on. But there's no philosophical reason why the space-time continuum shouldn't involve something as commonplace as a house. Though why shouldn't it be as apparent by day as by night?"

"Wait a bit!" Donald felt a new excitement. "I *was* here in daylight, the first time I was here. I woke up. In bed with her. I remember the morning light coming through the window. I could see her by daylight."

"And what happened then?"

"Well, a rather wild sex act, that's what happened. There was nothing philosophical or para-psychological about that, matey."

"And then?"

"Well, then I got dressed, walked out to the car and drove home."

"Did you look back, so to speak? I mean, as you left, did you actually see the house?"

"I suppose not. I just walked to my car and got in and drove home. I didn't come back down this way."

"Hmmm. Well, we will have to come back here tonight."

"Better still, why not come back this afternoon, before it's tonight? That way we can wait and see if the thing appears."

"I can make it by 5.30. I'll rub out a couple of neurotics."

•

At 5.30 pm the house was there. There was as much of the massive wall of Rosemont as there had been nine hours earlier, and as much of the back garden of the Laws' house. It was as if both had been moved apart to make room. And in the front garden, Julia and Jennifer were cutting huge, deep-blue hydrangeas from beds along the white picket fence.

•

"So there you are! Mummy *said* you'd come. She even went into town and bought a *Bitter Sweet* record. I'll See You Again on one side and Tell Me, What Is Love on the other. Come on. Dance time."

"You don't think it's a bit early?"

"Good lord, no. Come on."

Donald could hardly remember when he had last danced a waltz, and he had never waltzed as fast, nor as breathlessly as he waltzed to Coward's Tell Me, What Is Love? Yet it was easy. Jennifer danced almost at arm's length, at fingertip distance, skimming lightly around the sitting-room, over the awful carpet; so that the color rose to her cheeks and her eyes flashed and her hair flew; so that, when the music came to an end, she cried out with delight and fell to the sofa, pulling Donald down with her, contriving, with a quick movement, to wrap her legs about his waist, to strain against him, to tremble violently, her eyes squeezed tight, her mouth wide.

"Hey . . . you little . . ." He looked guiltily to the front door, then to the girl beneath him. Her eyes were wide now, and she was grinning. "Don't worry. Nothing happened. A bit more of that beautiful waltz and it might have, though."

"God almighty! And you but a slip of a chee-ild."

"Believe it or not, I'm well past the age of consent. And strong enough, as they say, to carry a couple of buckets of water."

But he was relieved when she released him, and he stood up and walked to the french windows. He looked at the big wall of Rosemont.

"Do you see much of the Lloyd Joneses?"

"No, they're a bit grand for us."

"And what about John Laws?"

"Who?"

"Your neighbor on the other side. John Laws."

"I don't know . . . "

"He's right there, next door. John Laws, the disc-jockey."

"The what-jockey?"

•

Edward Spice said: "They don't know anybody else who lives in Rosemont Avenue."

"No. Jennifer's never *heard* of John Laws. She didn't even know what a disc-jockey was."

Julia knows all about Rose Lindsay though, or Rose Soady, which was her maiden name, and she also knows Hugh McCrae and Kenneth Slessor and Jack Lindsay and all that Lindsay lot. If this is a put-up job it's a bloody well-researched one."

"And an entirely arcane one. Why would it be put-up in the first place? How would anybody stand to gain from it?"

Spice looked thoughtful. "I still don't know what this is all about, but somehow I feel a compulsion to go along with it. It's got to end somewhere. Come on, they're playing that bloody Vodee-oh-Doh again."

•

At some time in the night, Donald awoke on the sofa with a wretched taste in his mouth and pins and needles between his ears. He pushed himself drowsily to his feet and climbed the stairs to Julia's bedroom. She was lying, as usual, naked on the green bedspread – as usual except for the fact that her eyes were closed. She still smiled. Edward Spice, ridiculous in his nakedness, lay asleep beside her.

Donald was rather pleased, rather excited, to discover that he felt no anger. He turned and crossed to Jennifer's bedroom, and even as he undressed, she looked up at him and whispered, almost in anguish.

"No, please."

"Sssshhh. Never mind about No."

"Donald . . . please . . . No. It's wrong." He drew the light sheet slowly down, and she turned on to her face, clutching her night-dress about her.

"No, please don't."

He took the neck of the flimsy garment and ripped its length; and quickly she turned to him, the defensiveness gone, and drew him down, seized him, wound herself about him with a strength and a passion that began where earlier the dance had finished, and as the fury mounted there was a sound in her throat that was less a cry than a mounting, strengthening growl.

Later, how much later he had no idea, as he climbed from the bed, she fought to hold him, sobbed to make him stay.

But, then, as suddenly as she had been aroused, she fell back, and even as he left her, she was asleep. And as he left her bedroom there came a familiar voice, softly, mockingly from across the gallery.

"Merry Christmas."

Half delighted, yet half aghast, he hurried down the stairs, and as he walked out into the avenue it was still in green-roofed darkness. But when, remembering suddenly, he turned and looked back, there was no sign of the house at all.

Nor was there any sign of it next morning, nor at any time that day, which was Christmas Eve; and when he called Edward Spice he was told, to his confusion, that the psychiatrist had been in Melbourne *since the 20th of the month* and was not expected back until well into the New Year.

•

On Christmas Day Angela Bundle said: "Darling, wake up. Come on, wake up. I can't wait any longer. Here's your present."

Donald turned on the pillow and scrubbed the sleep from his eyes and sat up. She was beside him, holding a large, oblong, gift-wrapped parcel, and after he had kissed her, as he unwrapped, she chattered excitedly:

"You know how you've always wondered whether your grandmother was really a model for Norman Lindsay. Well, I did a bit of research, and sure enough she really was. And – the most marvellous luck – Rudy Komon found me an original. Incredible . . . he doesn't even *like* Lindsay . . ."

He stripped away the paper.

She lay on her back, on the green bedspread, arms behind her head, buried in the dark tumble of her hair, her expression half lusty, half triumphant; and low on the right side of her belly the winged butterfly glowed.

His wife said: "For some reason he called it 'Julia'.

"Merry Christmas."

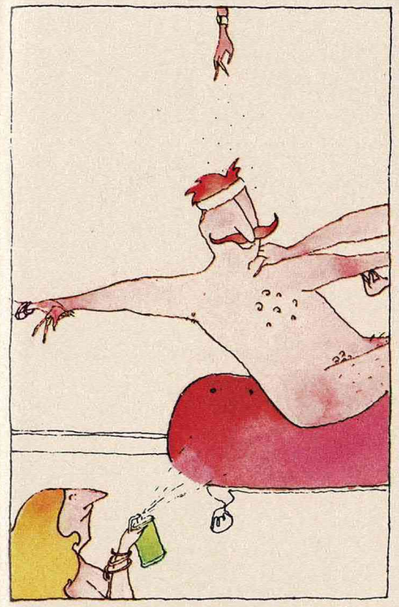
My Fantasy, by T. Watson (advertising exec.)

cartoon by Victoria Roberts

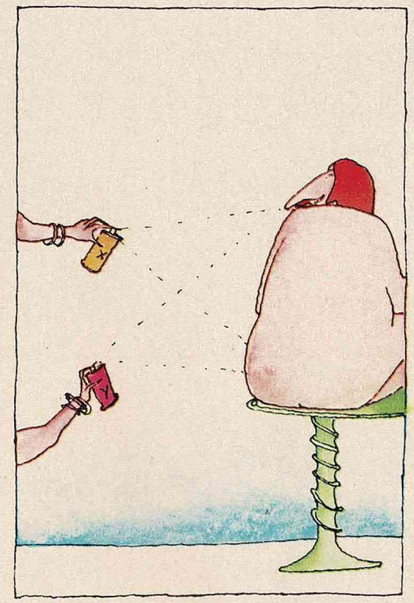
I work with advertisements all day. At home, I want to be entertained, but not challenged; amused, but not riveted; surprised, but not too much.

When I come home, I watch TV, and, during the ads, I fantasise. It all starts with beautifully manicured hands. They beckon me into the set.

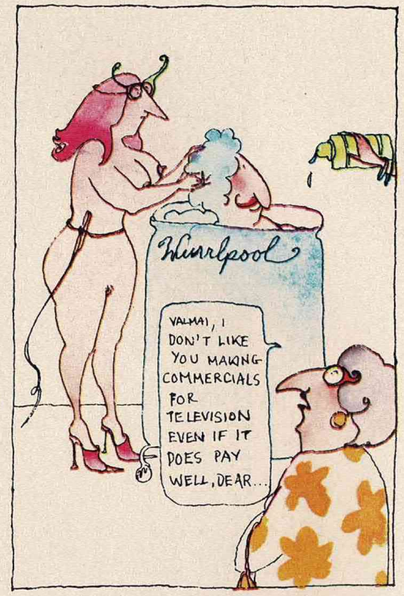
The beautiful hands are owned by beautiful women who insist that I am the Marlboro man. I deny this. They do not believe me. We leave it at that.



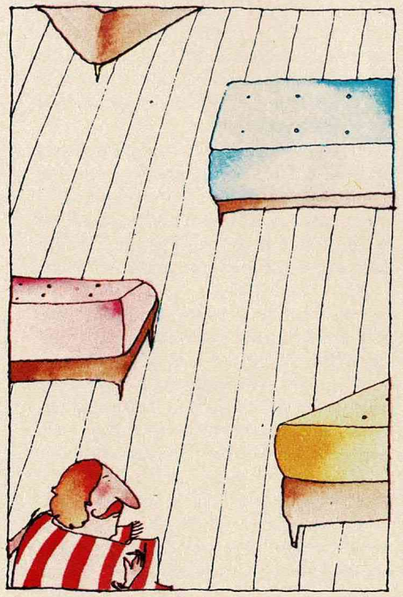
They are deciding whether to soak or spray me. They try each method on me beforehand, then ask if I noticed the difference.



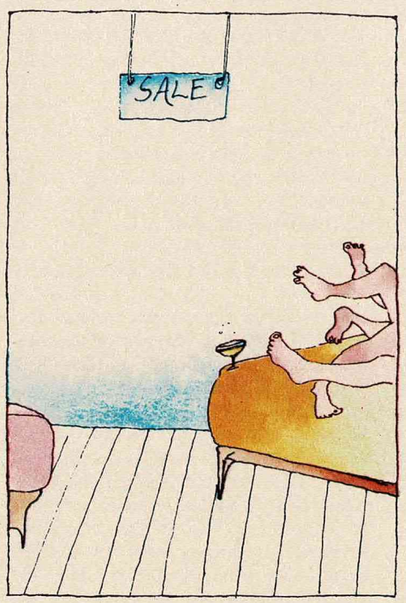
They have decided to spray. I sit on a rotating platform and they all have a go at once.



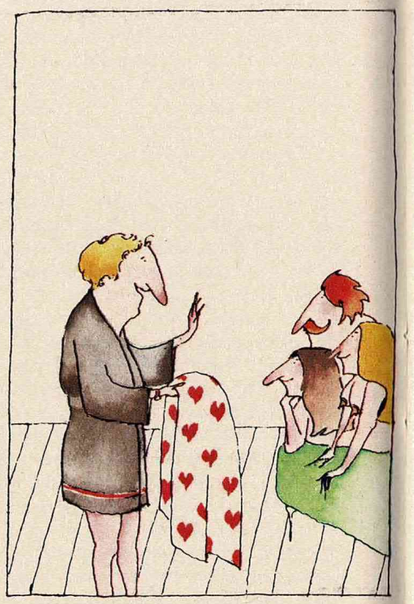
They put me into a machine, which is like a jacuzzi.



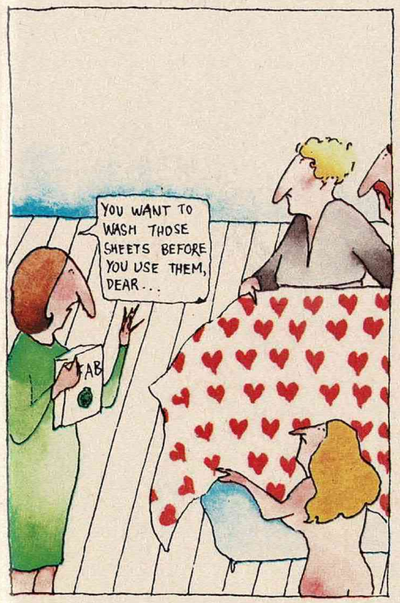
When I am as white as Dwight Eisenhower, they take me to my room. There are 28 mattresses in the room.



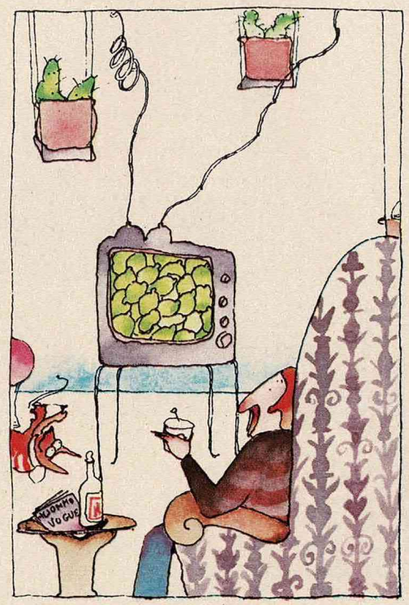
We test each one in turn, each time with a new and improved method. I realise what is meant by the capitalist incentive.



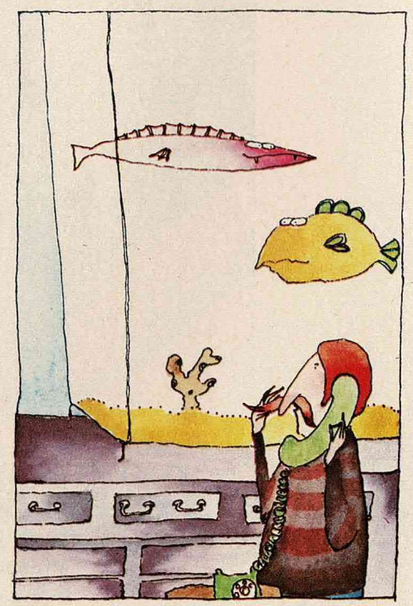
We are quite exhausted and about to give Michael Boddy a ring when a lovely blond man in a silk bathrobe offers to lend us his sheets.



We are taking a break, making a bed with the help of the lovely blond man, when a very familiar woman appears.



There is an unfortunate explosion of lemons, but I am back in my chair. I am glad that that is not one of my advertising accounts.



The phone rings. It is my daughter phoning home from Bermuda. Reverse charges.

QUEEN OF HEARTS

BRONWYN Parker is not a young lady to trifle with. Many men have tried and most have lost their shirts. As a dealer trained in the hard school of Sydney's once high rolling gambling dens, Bronwyn has the fastest hands in the business. No matter whether she is shuffling the pasteboards at the blackjack table

"Any sexual relationship should be a two-way thing right down the line. I give myself completely and I expect my man to give his all as well."

Photography by Rico Mettbach

or rolling the dice, Bronwyn is a proven house winner. Fluttering those baby blues that would melt the best intentions, Bronwyn says: "There is nothing I can't do with a deck of cards. Not that I have ever hustled at the gaming tables. There is no need. The odds are always in the house's favor." But away from the tables, Bronwyn is a lot gentler on her men. "As long as they are not competing with me, I adore men — some, naturally, more than others," she says. And it has been that way as long as Bronwyn can remember. Boys were more absorbing than

"The body is a precious thing and I respect people who take care of their bodies. I detest people who abuse their bodies with too many drinks, with drugs and food."

books when she was growing up as the oldest child in a Double Bay family of four and bussing to and from Sydney Girls' High. She also found the young residents more interesting than the patients she tended as a student nurse at the Prince of Wales Hospital. But, befitting a lady with such abundant charms, Bronwyn sets high standards in the romantic stakes. Her kind of man must be trim and athletic, light on the body hair and loaded with personality, wit and, preferably, money. "Any man who has looked after his body and who can stimulate me with his intelligence and

"I find a hard game of squash stimulating but not against men. I prefer my men in bed. They're too damn aggressive on the squash court."

humor is half way to winning me," she says. "If he has got money and is generous, that helps." And in return, Bronwyn? "I can be generous, too. I don't consider myself a women's libber. I have never thought burning bras very helpful. I am a feminist with very strong convictions. When women become equal with men, they lower themselves – men are inferior to women, but I love them for all their faults." Allied to unashamed admiration for male bodies beautiful, Bronwyn admits to being a fitness freak. Sport turns her on, both as a participant and as a spectator. Several hours a week on the squash court keep her toned, and nothing excites her more than to see a football game. The Olympic Games, too, fascinate her and she will be in Moscow next July when the Russian trumpets stir the gladiators. We are delighted to give you a preview of what may well be Australia's greatest attraction in the Moscow body parade.

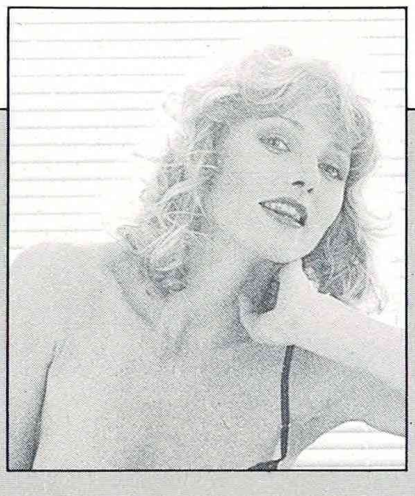
"Kids are beautiful – my favorite people. They are so honest and trusting. You have to respond to that kind of beauty."

"I like my men to be fit and athletic, with more muscles than hair. I can't stand body hair."

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Bronwyn Parker



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Bronwyn Parker.

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'2" WEIGHT: 7st 7lbs SIGN: Virgo.

BIRTH DATE: 31.8.54 BIRTHPLACE: Sydney.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Anna Karenin, Penmarric

FAVORITE MOVIES: Star Wars, Annie Hall
The Maids

FAVORITE ACTORS: Laurence Olivier, Katharine Hepburn
Bette Davis, Woody Allen.

FAVORITE FOOD: Fish, lobster, chicken, smoked eel.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Doug Parkinson, Mark Kennedy,
Jimmy Hendrix, Frank Sinatra.

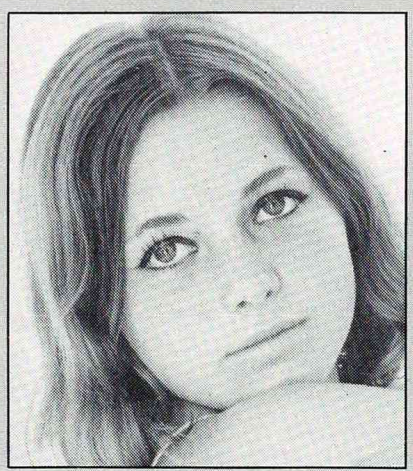
RELAXING: Sleeping, squash, sailing & sun.
following the Olympics.

TURN-ONS: Smell of men, athletic bodies
extravagant & generous people

TURN-OFFS: Hairy bodies, meanness, violence

GOALS: To live on my own islands, to devote
my life to pleasure.

18 months - can't wait to start



14 - boys begin to notice.

18 - men begin to notice

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The building site foreman was perplexed to see a penguin waddle on to the site.

"Paddy," he called, "take it to the zoo. And be back as soon as you can."

Paddy left, with the penguin on a leash. Two hours later the foreman was even more surprised to see Paddy and the penguin walk past the site.

"Didn't you take him to the zoo?" asked the foreman, hurrying after them.

"Indeed, I did," answered Paddy. "In fact, he enjoyed it so much that I'm now taking him to the cinema."

A middle-aged woman told her doctor that she had an unusual problem: every time she sneezed, she had an orgasm.

"How long have you had this problem?" asked the surprised doctor.

"Two weeks," the woman replied.

"And are you taking anything for it?"

"Yes, pepper!"

Every man on the bus came to attention when the blonde got on. She was a knockout – tall, beautifully built and wearing a micro-mini dress. As she walked to the rear, the bus lurched, throwing her off-balance. She reached out her hand to grab a seat, missed, and smacked a man across the face.

As she got to her feet, she apologised profusely to the man.

"That's okay, honey," he said. "For what I was thinking, I deserved it."

How much?" the man asked the hooker.

"Twenty, 40 and 100."

"Why the difference in price?"

"For 20 you do, for 40 we do and for 100 you just hang on."

The difference between a good vacuum cleaner and an Admiral in the Swiss navy is that one sucks, sucks, and never fails.

Three women were discussing their husbands.

"I call my husband Jamaica rum because he's dark and strong," said one.

"My husband makes me light-headed," said the second, "so I call him champagne."

"I call my husband Curacao," said the third.

"That's a fancy liquor," said the second wife.

"That's my husband," said the third.

There were two small children, a Jewish girl and a Catholic boy. They were playing together near a creek when they decided to go for a swim. They went behind separate bushes to take their clothes off. When they appeared, nude, the boy looked at the girl. "I knew there was a difference between Catholic and Jewish," he said, "but this is ridiculous."

A priest at Mass one day asked his congregation: "Who of the men has sex every night?" About 10 stood up.

"Who of you have sex once a week?" Nearly all the remaining men stood up.

"Is there anyone I have missed?" asked the priest.

"Me, you missed me," said an excited man, standing up and waving his arms.

"How often do you have sex?" asked the priest.

"Once a year."

"Then why are you looking so happy?"

"It's tonight!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *puberty* as a hair-raising experience.

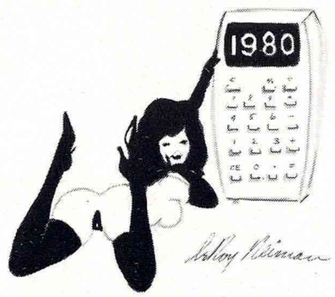
A honeymoon couple from Keyes
Tried it one night on their knees.
With a clever erection,
He guessed the connection
And had her with consummate ease.

A bull escaped from a remote farm in South Africa and, in its wanderings, met a zebra. After eyeing one another cautiously for a moment, the zebra said: "What are you?"

"I'm a bull," came the reply.

"And what do you do?"

"Take off those fancy pyjamas and I'll show you."

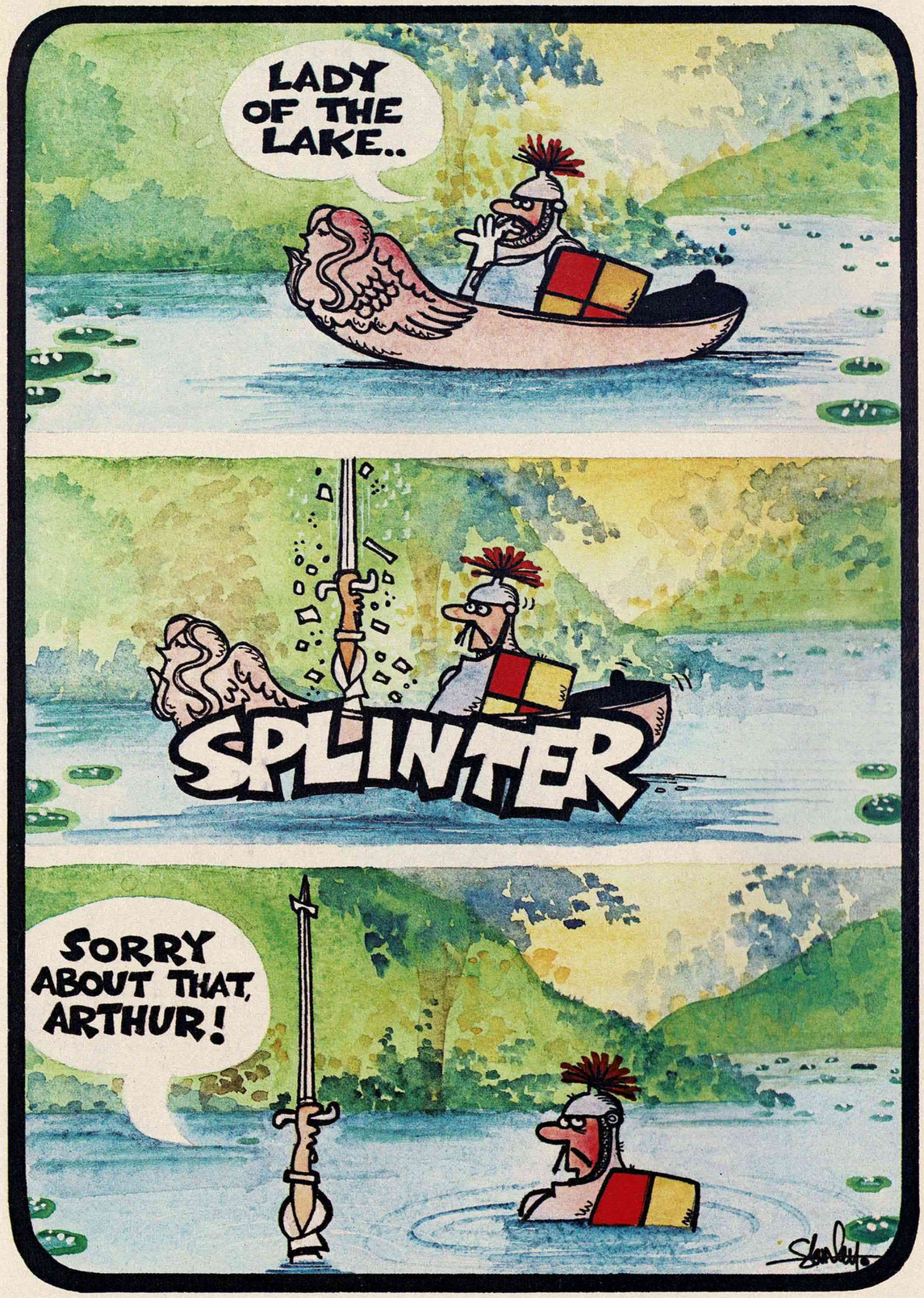


A farm boy got off the school bus in a foul mood. On his way through the yard, he kicked a cow that was in his way. Further along, a chicken crossed his path and he kicked that, too. As he reached the back door, he stumbled over a pig and kicked it. His mother met him at the door.

"I saw what you did," she said, scolding him. "For that, you'll get no supper. No milk for kicking the cow, no eggs for kicking the chicken and no meat for kicking the pig."

Just then, the boy's father walked in, slammed the back door and kicked the family pussy cat. The boy turned to his mother: "Well, are you going to tell him, or shall I?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



80 WAYS THE '80s WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE

from memory pills and synthetic blood to the return of halley's comet – have we got a decade for you!

REMEMBER 1970, only 10 years ago? John Gorton was Prime Minister. Watergate was an office complex. There was a war in Vietnam. Cigarette packages didn't carry warning labels. Clocks had dials. Jumbo jets were news, the smallest computers you could buy were the size of bread-boxes and cost $12,000 and there was no such thing as a pocket calculator.

Now, 10 years on, no one can say what truly radical technological changes the next decade will bring, because breakthroughs aren't predictable. But much that will come in the '80s is already in production, or on the drawing boards, or, at the chanciest, looks plausible, given a few breaks. And here, for your amusement and possibly awe, in no particular order, are 80 of the '80s' best shots.

GOSSYPILL

Gossypol, a pigment isolated from cottonseed, is undergoing extensive testing in the People's Republic of China as an inexpensive, effective male birth-control agent. Twenty milligrams taken daily for two months produced infertility in more than 4000 men at an efficiency of 99.89 percent – as good as the female Pill, which is the best of all existing methods of contraception. Gossypol isn't a hormone; it acts locally on semen precursors in the testis, dropping the sperm count to zero. Side effects are minor.

FEAST OF FUNGI

The French National Institute of Agronomic Research has successfully cultivated the elusive French black truffle, the fungus *Tuber melanosporum*, and from a pitiful 25 tonnes in 1979 expects the French crop to increase to 250 tonnes – joyous news to truffle-fanciers everywhere. At the same time, American research is approaching commercial production of a rare, delectable and little-known mushroom, the morel, which will expand from a wild crop picked in river-bottoms two weekends a year to rival the supply of ordinary white mushrooms available in supermarkets across the land.

POCKET PAL

The personal computer of the next decade will be notebook-sized, with a flat-screen graphic display – but it will

weigh in with as much computing power as the most powerful computers of today. It will be capable of three-dimensional graphic simulation, extensive data storage and individual programming. By the end of the decade, it will understand speech and will talk. It will affect your life at least as much as television and the telephone do. You'll program it to your personal and professional needs. It will do your shopping, keep your finances up to date, and even organise your social life.

NEW RECORD

North American Philips Corporation has introduced the pilot model of what will be the future sound reproduction system: a pocket-sized disc 12cm in diameter that carries on its surface, stored in digital form, one hour's worth of recorded sound of such high fidelity that it is effectively the same quality as the original master tapes. The disc is read out by low-power laser and its information is converted to a sound signal that can be fed into existing amplifiers. The converter is no larger than a cassette player. There is no distortion from dust, fingerprints, scratches or wear. There's no rumble from the system, no wow or flutter and stereo channel separation figures are extremely high. This small wonder will gradually replace the LP.

WALL TV

Non-projection wall TV – a flat screen probably 1.5 metres square – will be in volume production in the '80s. Small flat-screen video displays already exist in prototype. The new systems will display images in full color with much higher detail than tubes. Small units will sell for less than $20.

FAST TRACK

Harvard University in the US introduced the world's first "tuned" running track in 1977. Its synthetic surface, attached to a wooden substructure, acts as a spring to propel runners in comfort at optimum speed. The track gives an average speed advantage of 2.91 percent, improves comfort and dramatically improves safety. When outdoor tracks are tuned, Harvard designers predict a seven-second improvement in the world record for the mile – for starters.

GOOD OFFICES

Factory productivity goes up with automation, but office productivity has dawdled far behind. In the '80s, the numbers will change. Automated equipment – copiers, computers, word processors – will move into the office at an annual increase of nearly 20

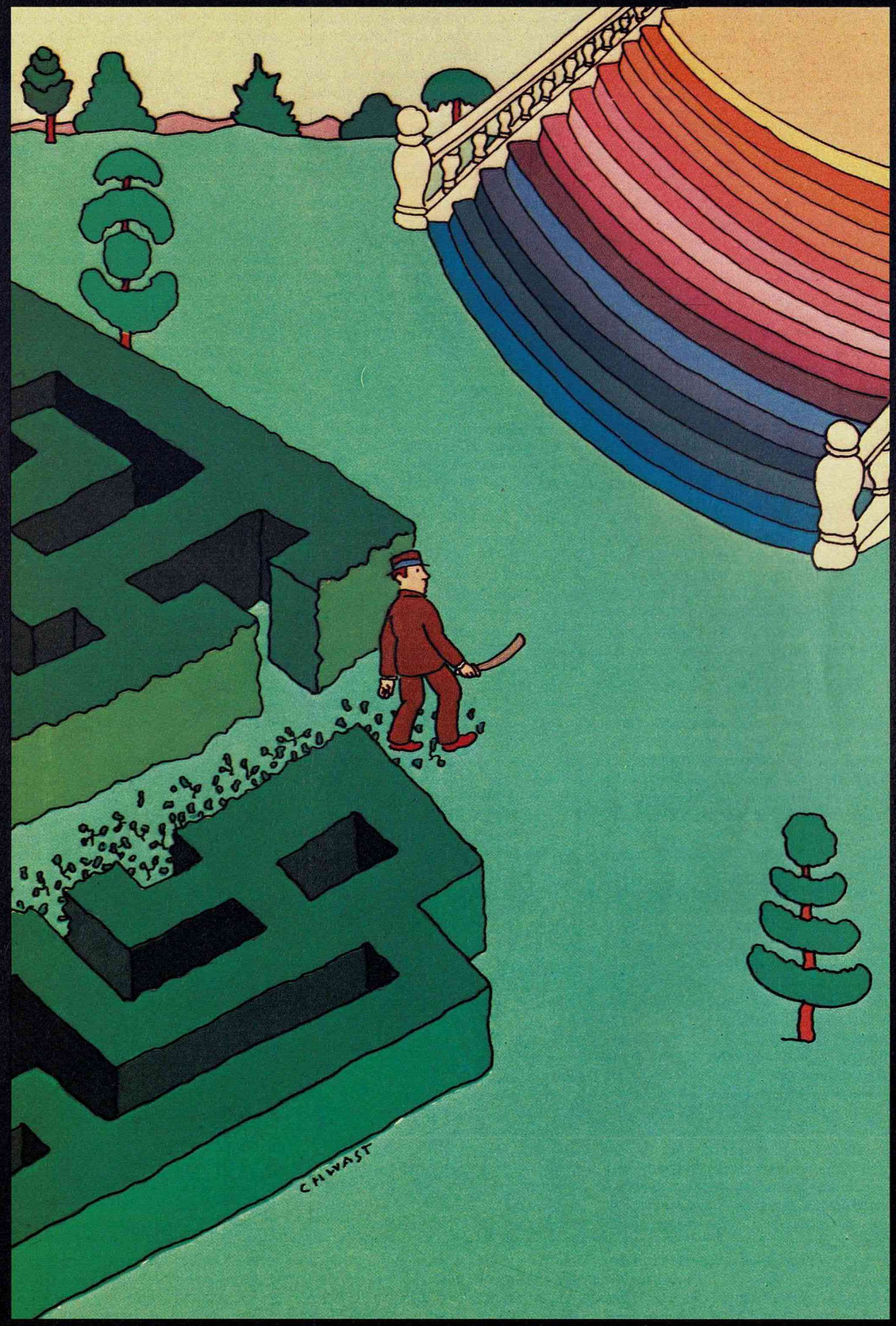


Illustration by Semour Chwast

percent. Desk-top video displays will pop up everywhere to supply business data from central company computers. Next will come computerised workstations. One system, by Xerox, is called an Advanced Multi-Function Workstation, and it links a computer terminal to a copier to edit letters and documents electronically, to store information, to design graphic displays, and then to print out finished hard copies. By the end of the decade, office workstations will understand speech and speak when spoken to.

LONG LENS

Contact-lens wearers can look forward to lenses they can wear for up to two months between cleanings. With more research, a lens is likely for normal cosmetic wear. Another type of lens under development would make soft contacts available for correction of astigmatism.

HIGHLIGHT

In 1981, General Electric will introduce a better light bulb, an octagonal bulb with built-in electronics that will burn for five years and save at least $20 in electricity. It's a scaled-down version of the metal-halide lights that turn night into day at sporting arenas.

PLASTIC VENDING

Vending machines that accept major credit cards will be on line in the early '80s. Buy complete meals, buy oil for your car, buy wine, buy almost anything solid enough to store behind a slot. Since reliable microprocessors will run the machines, you won't have to kick them as often.

HIGH-PROTEIN JUICE

Developed by Coca-Cola, Samson is a soft drink with a difference: it supplies one-third of an adult's daily vitamin and mineral requirements and 10 percent of basic protein requirements – in flavors like orange and mango. It's already on sale in Mexico and Brazil, adding nutritional value to the pause that refreshes.

HAPPY HOME

Another major microprocessor fix: the Australian home. With suitable sensors, and probably working through your electrical wiring, the microprocessor can open and close garage doors, turn lights on and off, adjust heating/air-conditioning to any sequence of pre-set levels or in response to outside temperature changes, run the stereo, TV and kitchen equipment, collect and deliver messages, control security, and almost anything else you can think of that can be plugged into a wall. The first such automatic houses are already in operation. Obviously, they cost a bundle. The cost will come down as demand grows.

WHOLE CLOTH

Fabrics will do more for you than fabrics do today. Wrinkle-free 100 percent cotton is already coming into use. Specially-treated natural fibres begin looking good again as the cost of artificial fibres based on oil goes up. The textile industry expects to create cloth that changes color – an offshoot of the same liquid-crystal technology that gave us mood rings.

BLUE-COLLAR GERM

Recombinant DNA is a technology for tricking bacteria into doing useful work. Scientists insert DNA – the material of genetic instruction – from various kinds of cells into bacteria. When the bacteria reproduce, they follow the instructions of the guest DNA along with their own, and manufacture whatever they're programmed to make. Think of a miniature Xerox machine. Bacteria factories will produce human insulin, growth hormone, clotting factor and other scarce or expensive medical substances in plentiful supply and at reasonable cost.

TELEPHONE TALK

Phones will be smaller, lighter and as various in shape and color and function as designers choose to make them. Picturephones will become available for residential use in some major cities. Your phone will become your computer link, and through it you'll be able to control home systems, send and receive mail, call up a vast variety of information, vote, order someone's phone number by punching in his name, and, probably, bank and shop directly. Eventually you'll have a national phone number and a portable pocket phone.

JESUS WEPT

In the interest, presumably, of energy conservation, and after long labor, *Readers Digest* will unveil a 40,000-word condensation of the Bible.

DRY MARTINI

Powdered drinks are coming, via micro-encapsulation. The flavoring's a dry coating outside; inside is the liquid booze. Water makes it a beverage again. Look for powdered wine, bloody mary, screwdriver, daiquiri and Irish coffee as soon as the Treasury figures out how to tax it.

TOUCH AND GO

A solid-state switch that senses direction is already at hand. Touch its surface and slide your finger and it detects the motion. It will make possible solid-state controls on your stereo, solid-state dimmer switches, electronic games, equipment controls – solid-state controls wherever there's a dial or a slide today.

HOME TAPE

LVR – longitudinal video recording – will overwhelm the video cassette recording market. Toshiba has announced a new generation of LVRs. Kodak is known to be working on an LVR system of its own. LVRs use a 1.5cm tape and a fixed recording head; they have two-thirds fewer moving parts than VCRs, they use less power, they're lighter and more portable and they'll cost half as much.

SPACE TRUCK

The space shuttle, scheduled to fly in the '80s, is no one-shot program. It's more like a near-Earth truck service. No fewer than 487 missions are scheduled between 1980 and 1992. After that, a private corporation will probably buy the used shuttles and keep them going commercially until they wear out. While NASA's flying the shuttles, it thinks it might take a few private citizens along for the ride when there's a spare seat.

SWEET PEAS

Sugar snap peas, the hottest new vegetable sensation going, will be marketed commercially. An accidental mutant discovered in a pea patch, sugar snap peas are delectably sweet and have tender, edible pods.

ASTHMA CURE

Swedish researchers recently identified the substance that causes bronchial tubes to contract and choke off air to asthma victims. Now they are working out how to inhibit it.

WAR CLUB

The US, the USSR, Great Britain, France, the People's Republic of China, India and probably Israel presently have nuclear weapons. In the next decade, the nuclear club is likely to expand to include Argentina, Brazil, South Africa, Pakistan and Taiwan, dramatically increasing the risk of nuclear war. Some senior military analysts consider war likely between the USSR and China before 1984.

DIGITAL EXERCISE

Britain's Microwriter Ltd is currently producing, but not yet selling, a new five-key writing machine based on microprocessor technology that makes it possible to "handwrite" typing. Your fingers on a keyboard, hardly moving, will imitate roughly the shapes of letters, numbers and punctuation marks; the machine does the rest, displaying the text visually for editing and then printing it out finally on a line printer.

HALLEY'S COMET

The best and brightest of all the comets will make its last 20th-century appearance beginning in 1985, with perihelion (when it's closest to Earth) on February 9, 1986. Its head is luminous and spherical and as bright as the brightest star, its spectacular tail two-thirds as long as the distance from the horizon to overhead.

LAID-BACK LOBSTER

Researchers in aquaculture at California's San Diego State University have discovered that tasty lobsters descended from the best New England stock grow up to three times as fast in warm-water cultivation, and cost less to produce.

ACCESS

A phone/home TV/computer data link is in the works. The system is already being used in the UK and France. The software costs about $100, the telephone carries the information and it's displayed on the TV. British customers have access to up to 250,000 pages of data – weather, news, plane schedules, sports results, TV schedules, price lists, you name it.

SELF INFLATION

Plastic foam that remembers its shape will form the basis of highly-portable self-inflating furniture in the '80s.

SAFE MEAT

The US Army Research and Development Command thinks it's close to proving the safety of irradiated meats – meats dosed with high-energy radiation enabling them to be stored without refrigeration for long periods because the radiation kills all bacteria that might decompose them. Irradiated meats aren't much yet for taste, and the Army's working on that problem. If the health authorities approve, irradiated bacon, sausage, ham, pre-cooked chicken and turkey, corned beef and other meat products will appear on supermarket shelves in the mid-'80s. They'll be safe and storable, and they'll no longer be dosed with sodium nitrite, presently used to prevent botulism, which can transform itself in cooking into a potent carcinogen. Sodium nitrite used to be known as saltpetre.

HOME MOVIES

Video tape and disc systems already make it possible to watch recent-vintage motion pictures without interruption at home. As the number of units increases into the millions, film production companies will begin making feature-length films for home release. Theatres won't fold, but increasingly they'll be reserved for high-priced extravaganzas on the *Superman* scale.

CELLULOSE CELLS

Wood, straw and cotton waste are all made of cellulose, which is a long chain of glucose-sugar molecules. People can't eat it, but yeasts and bacteria can when it's properly treated. And 1000 kilograms of yeast growing on treated cellulose can produce 12,000 kilograms of yeast babies – 6000 kilograms of single-cell protein, SCP – in one day. That's animal feed, tonnes of it, growing on sawdust or straw or old newspapers, and that's one of the answers coming up to increase the world's protein supply and hold down the prices you pay for beef, pork and other meats.

CAVITY FREE

Dental scientists continue to pursue methods to prevent tooth decay. It's now known that dental caries is an infectious disease caused, in susceptible individuals, by a bacteria named *Streptococcus mutans*. Eliminate this organism from the mouth by innoculation, deprive it of the nutrients it feeds on, or harden the teeth against its acid attacks, and you eliminate caries. (*S. mutans* is spread by kissing, by the way . . .)

STEREO TV

Japan added multi-channel sound – stereo sound – to its television broadcasting system in the autumn of 1978. It's four or five years away here. Sound quality is said to approach the quality of broadcast FM stereo. The second channel of sound can also provide a second language channel for dubbing foreign-language films, or a second, audio-only program such as broadcast music or sports coverage.

SATELLITE MAIL

The US Postal Service is testing an overnight international message service via Comsat to London, Paris, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, Brussels and Buenos Aires. It's only for banks and

corporations now, but as more satellites go up and transmission costs go down, it may become available for private use.

BEST BEEF

Genetic engineering advances more rapidly in animal science than in human; in the '70s, cattle breeders routinely implanted fertilised eggs from prize cows into "carrier" grade cows and increased the prize cows' lifetime average number of offspring from five to more than 40. We can now expect cattle breeders to clone their highest-quality animals and grow the clones to birthweight in carrier cows – making high-quality prize beef routinely available in quantity.

ORGANISED

Reliable organ transplantation is a major medical blessing predicted for the '80s. It depends on breakthroughs in understanding the body's immune system that haven't yet come, but that researchers believe are tantalisingly near to discovery.

SPORT INFLATION

Texas inventor Byron Donzis's inflatable sports equipment will sweep the field. Donzis is designing gear to replace existing padding with inflatables. The US National Forest Service wants inflatable firefighter suits, and Donzis expects to outmode goose down (the inflatable stuff is warm) and to expand to inflatable luggage and clothing. His inflatable running shoes can be adjusted at heel and toe with valves.

EVERYMAN FLIGHT

AeroVironment's *Gossamer Condor* won the Kremer prize for man-powered flight in 1979. In 1979, Bryan Allen pedalled an improved *Gossamer Albatross* of Mylar film and Kevlar fibres across the English Channel. Further improvements will reduce weight and wing drag until only a quarter of a horsepower keeps a Gossamer flying. Any athletic bicyclist who can afford one will be able to pedal himself aloft and stay there two hours at a time.

SOLAR SOLUTION

A limit on the possible self-sufficiency of rooftop solar-cell electrical generation has been the problem of where to store the electricity that isn't needed, so that it can be used at night when it *is* needed. Texas Instruments has solved the problem in the laboratory. TI's system collects sunlight and converts it into electricity with new, lower-cost solar cells, then uses excess electricity to split an electrolyte into fuel – hydrogen gas – that can be stored and drawn off later to power a fuel cell which will convert it back into electricity.

Z-TABS

The body produces a chemical called the sleep factor to induce sleep. It has been isolated and it's under study. It will become available for medical use, and that's great news for insomniacs.

ENERGETIC ALGAE

Plant material could provide 60 percent of Australia's energy needs by the mid '80s. According to the CSIRO's Dr Cyril Curtain, the natural oil can be extracted from plants such as sugar cane, cassava and wood. He also advocates farming 12 million hectares of swamps to grow fuel-producing algae.

CANCER MISS

Some food dye might cause cancer, right? Right, but only if it's absorbed into the body. New technology coming will leash small-molecule additives such as food colorings and anti-oxidants to large-molecule inert polymers so that additives won't pass through the intestinal wall. They'll do their work of coloring and preserving without increasing the load of carcinogens we all carry.

B1 BOOZE

Two US physicians have proposed fortifying all alcoholic beverages with thiamine – vitamin B1 – as a practical and money-saving example of preventive medicine. Alcoholics with diets short on thiamine often contract a nervous-system disorder called the Wernicke-Korsakoff syndrome that leads ultimately to chronic psychosis. Victims have to spend long periods in hospital.

SIGN HERE

Your signature will be safe from forgery with a new machine recently invented by scientists at IBM. The system involves accelerometers – solid-state devices that measure acceleration – built into the writing surface and a pressure sensor in a special pen. You write your signature; the machine compares pressure, speed and direction against a reference pattern you've left on file. Your writing style is automatic and can't be forged. Until voice pattern recognition, probably in the early '90s, the IBM invention is likely to be the standard personal identification system for banks and for access to computers and records in business.

STILL COLD

A solid-state portable cooler that will plug into your car's cigarette lighter and keep food cold or frozen is already on the market. Coming are solid-state refrigerators, freezers and home air-conditioning systems. A process known as thermionic energy conversion produces electricity by boiling electrons off a vacuum-faced metal plate. A collector plate across the vacuum harvests the electrons. But injecting electricity into the system produces another effect: the metal plate draws heat from the air.

TOOTHLESS DRIVE

An automobile transmission without gears cuts friction and saves fuel – up to 20 percent, some researchers think. It's on its way. It uses rollers and needs a special transmission fluid, one that lubricates moving parts but also keeps them from slipping. The Monsanto company has developed the unlikely fluid. It turns into a solid under pressure – between the rollers, for example.

SYNTHETIC FUEL

Gas and petrol production from coal will be with us in the '80s. The Germans developed the process in World War Two. It involves cooking up coal with steam, the steam adding hydrogen to the coal. The resulting goo can be refined much like oil, and synthetic gas is a by-product. Fill up, and pretend you're Rommel. The catch: synthetic petrol exhausts smell like rotten onions.

DRUG DRAW

Technology has developed drugs packed in magnetic microspheres. Injected into the blood system, the drugs can be drawn to a treatment site – a tumor, an abscess – by applying a magnet to the body surface over the site. Held in place for 24 hours, the drug matrix dissolves and delivers the dose only locally, and so more potently than if the entire body were pervaded. Using this method, undesirable side-effects are minimised.

FAT ATTACK

A research professor in the US has proposed that not cholesterol, but a by-product of the body's protein metabolism, homocysteine, causes arteriosclerosis – hardening of the arteries – the leading cause of death by stroke and heart attack in Australia. If he's right – and the evidence is building that he is – then there's a simple preventative available: vitamin B6, taken daily in a 10-milligram dose. It changes the deadly homocysteine to another harmless compound.

SOLID CASE

The attaché case of the '80s will carry more than lunch: clock, calculator and telephone will also be inside, built in and run by a single microprocessor chip powered by a tiny battery.

HOME HOLOGRAPH

White-light integral holography – laser photography – makes possible short 3D holographic movies like the one R2D2 projected of Princess Leia in *Star Wars*. One enterprising New York photographer now offers holographic portraits. They come as film cylinders which you look through as you walk around them. The subject of the portrait appears in miniature, in 3D, in motion inside the cylinder. Great for weddings.

READ TO ME

Computer software manufacturers are actively working on designing a scanner that can read printed text. The software people will combine the scanner with a sophisticated version of a solid-state voice-simulation system to produce scanners that read aloud.

DIRECT DIAL

The United Nations is devising a 17-digit universal telephone numbering system, to be installed worldwide, that will make it possible to direct dial anyone almost anywhere on Earth. The UN expects phones to increase to about one billion by the end of the decade. Nearly all of them will be interconnected world-wide.

ROACH CLIPPED

After 30 years of research, scientists have finally synthesised a female cockroach sex excitant. It drives male roaches crazy. They mount anything in sight, including each other. In the next decade the hormone will be used to reduce roach populations by sowing confusion and so preventing mating.

MEMORY PILLS

More than 12 drugs are presently known that improve alertness and memory, some of them dramatically. They're hung up on medical research politics, but one or more of them may pass Go in the '80s. They'll have dramatic effects on 50-plus memory decline and on senility. If you can just remember to take the damn things!

HOME BURIAL

Expect to see increasing numbers of underground homes as soaring fuel costs encourage innovation. A metre underground, the temperature is the same from season to season. Underground homes are dug into hillsides or sunk in flat ground with dirt mounded over them. Properly designed, they're not damp. With interior courtyards and skylights, they're as bright as surface houses, and they save from 40 to 80 percent of energy costs.

VIRUS FIGHTER

Medicine has a cure (really a prevention) for the common cold. It's called interferon, and it's a substance naturally produced in your body. The catch is that it's expensive. Every cold prevention would cost you thousands of dollars. Interferon has more serious uses: combating secondary infections associated with cancer treatment. It's being tested on virus-induced cancers and it can cure chronic serum hepatitis. Workers are trying to synthesise it to bring the cost down.

SHOCK CAR

General Motors in the US is working on an electric commuter vehicle that would carry two passengers back and forth to work at reasonable cost on one battery charge. GM's not alone. A few such cars have already gone on sale, but they use standard lead-acid batteries that don't meet GM's stringent standards of mileage per charge and long battery life.

FM QUAD

The Federal Government will be taking a close look at American developments in quadraphonic FM broadcasting. The technology is available to transmit four signals instead of the two required for stereo. But whether we follow the US into quadraphonic FM will eventually be decided by demand.

PRACTAGLANDINS

Prostaglandins will be the wonder drugs of the '80s. They're a class of hormone-like substances that the body manufactures in bewildering variety to direct many of its functions; they're called prostaglandins because they were first isolated from sheep prostates. In the '80s, PGs will control high blood pressure; protect the stomach from bleeding and prevent ulcers; dissolve blood clots and therefore improve the chances of survival of heart attack and stroke victims, possibly even prevent heart attacks; induce therapeutic abortion and labor; and replace the Pill with a single capsule – already in use in hospitals in the US – to be taken two or three weeks after a missed period. It induces menstruation and averts pregnancy.

SOFT TRANQS

Beta blockers are a class of experimental drugs that prevent adrenalin from working on cells to produce the high-speed jitters of nervousness, stage fright and stress. They've steadied string players with shaky hands, for example, in one experiment. Beta blockers don't dull the brain because they work directly on body cells, but they do have a variety of side effects and need more study. Look for soft tranqs late in the '80s.

FAST FILM

Color film speed – the chemical sensitivity of the film to light – has been doubling every 10 years. Kodak introduced 400 ASA film late in the 1970s; in the '80s, you can expect color film of at least 800 ASA, making the flash bulb a thing of the past. Film industry spokesmen also expect to develop a universal film that will simultaneously produce projection transparencies and prints.

AUTO-MATION

Speeded by fuel shortages and pollution-control standards, the computer-controlled automobile is coming up fast. Microcomputers will control your car's ignition and fuel-injection systems, shift gears, balance cornering, govern speed, monitor security, adjust heating and air-conditioning and monitor systems and performance. Its instrument panel will be digitalised, reading out numbers and alerting you to problems.

UNCHEQUED

Your bank will send you a computer printout showing your cheques in miniature, complete with a facsimile of your signature to verify that you wrote them in the first place, in place of your usual statement.

WARM MILK

Non-refrigerated milk will gain popularity in Australia. Ultrapasteurisation keeps it sweet; you can store it in the cabinet with the corn flakes for weeks,

which means you don't have to run to the supermarket every three or four days. Non-refrigerated milk tastes different from pasteurised, but you'll get used to it.

SAFER FLYING

Flying will be much safer in the '80s with the introduction in airports of the Interscan aircraft landing system. The brainchild of the chairman of the CSIRO, Dr Paul Wild, Interscan is a microwave system which allows aircraft to approach airports along curves instead of stacking.

MERRY OLD SOL

Solar power will come of age in its most important immediate application: space-heating of commercial buildings and homes. Active and passive home solar heating systems already make long-term economic good sense. Their advantage will improve as fuel costs go up in the next decade.

SYNTHETIC BLOOD

The Green Cross Corporation of Osaka, Japan, has developed synthetic blood. It's made of starch, egg-yolk fractions and perfluorochemicals. It carries more oxygen than good red blood; rats survived replacement of 90 percent of their blood with the synthetic mixture and regenerated the lost blood within two weeks. Unlike real blood, the synthetic stuff can easily be stored for a year.

HEATED EXCHANGE

Home heat exchangers that extract heat from waste water, clothes driers and hot-water-heater exhausts, and use the heat to warm your living quarters, could cut energy bills by 40 percent in buildings heated electrically and by 80 percent in buildings heated with natural gas.

SOLAR COLDING

Solar powered home air-conditioning will be marketed in the mid-'80s. NASA developed the system in conjunction with other research labs: a solar-heated fluid turbine drives a conventional compressor to deliver 36,000 BTU per hour.

GRUNT GADGETS

The microprocessor revolution will reach even the lowly foot soldier in the next 10 years, arming him for warfare on a scale the infantryman has never known before. One system already in production allows him to work as a forward observer with a hand-held laser to target incoming rounds or missiles. The system supplies real-time computer calculation of the point of origin of the ordnance, and digital launching of smart missiles or shells to destroy the enemy launch systems on the ground or in the air. The system has a 90 percent kill rate.

TEENY TV

Large-scale integrated circuit computer chips will make possible shirt-pocket television sets with coin-sized screens. By the end of the decade, Chester Gould's two-way wrist TV should be a reality. With mass production, the TVs should be essentially throwaway, costing less than $20 per unit. Remember, you saw it first in *Dick Tracy*.

PAIN CONTROL

The Chinese have progressed in understanding acupuncture scientifically; the West has progressed in testing naturally-occurring painkillers. One or both approaches will give medicine new and effective methods of controlling pain in the decade to come. Chinese doctors are replacing mechanical needle twirling with applications of low-voltage electricity, and they've identified drugs that enhance acupuncture's relief.

CLAP CURES

The several varieties of herpes simplex afflict many of us – cold sores for some, venereal infections for others, blindness for the unlucky. A compound patented in 1977, AIU, permanently blocks the reproduction of herpes simplex viruses. It has to clear the health authorities. Maybe in the '80s.

STEREO AM

FM went stereo more than a decade ago, but AM continues to lag behind and, with few exceptions, is still using mono. Now stereo AM radio systems are available. Why stereo AM? Greater range for high-fidelity programming than line-of-sight FM, better quality car radio, more choices on more stations for all tastes.

MINI TRANSLATOR

Texas Instruments introduced a talking translator for international travellers recently. You punch in your native tongue; the translator speaks the French, German, Spanish equivalent. With the development of computers that understand speech, at the end of the decade you should be able to buy a shoulder-bag device that translates back and forth, hearing you in English and speaking to your listener in whatever language he understands.

FILMFEST

For all the new home entertainment technology of the '80s, filmmakers intend to draw you into cinemas with major productions. Due in the early part of the new decade: James Caan in *The Texas Rangers;* a Warner Brothers production of *Mad* based on the magazine; Peter Sellers as *Fu Manchu; The Apple,* a sci-fi rock opera; Shirley MacLaine in *Consenting Adults;* Paul McCartney in *Band on the Run; Paul Bunyan* with John Dykstra special effects; *The Serial; Superman 2; The Man with Bogart's Face; All Quiet on the Western Front; The Thorn Birds; I, Robot; Alley Oop; The Postman Always Rings Twice* for the fourth time, this time with Jack Nicholson in the lead; William Friedkin directing *Cruising,* about a homosexual killer; and that's only the beginning. When in doubt, flick out.

WHOSE FAULT?

Chances of a major earthquake along the San Andreas Fault – past Los Angeles and out to sea at San Francisco – increase every year. The '80s will be riskier than the '70s. Unfortunately, reliable earthquake prediction isn't likely before the early 1990s. Estimated deaths among Californians if a big quake hits: 60,000 or more.

SOLAR BALLOONING

No more hissing propane and limited two-hour flights: silent, all-day ballooning is here. Frederick Eshoo of Iran developed the solar balloon and flew it successfully in the United States late in 1978. It is half transparent lens, half black and silver collector (black inside, silver outside). A curtain inside adjusts the collector area. Small battery-powered fans on the outside walls rotate the balloon. When more collector area is exposed to sunlight, the balloon rises; less area and it maintains altitude or sinks. Eshoo packs a small propane burner for emergency lift, but he sails hour after hour in sunlit silence. In the '80s, so will you.

PLASTIC CASKET

Will you spend eternity in a plastic coffin? They're coming into use, and they'll displace metal on the low end of the undertaker's casket line.

CLOVE ENCOUNTERS

article **By RICHARD BECKETT**

YOU KNOW everything about garlic, don't you? You know that if you eat a lot of garlic it comes out under your armpits. You know it's beneficial to your sex drive. You know your Anglo-Saxon mother-in-law hates it and everyone in southern Europe uses it to excess. You also know it is the trade mark of those little French restaurants that have sprouted in every Australian city. And that a string of it around the house keeps off vampires. But you probably don't know that garlic is a sure cure for the bite of the dreaded shrewmouse, that its smell drives away serpents and scorpions and that as a poultice it will heal instantly "the wounds made by wild beasts". The renowned Roman naturalist Pliny

Photography by Colin Stead

said it wasn't half bad for madness attacks. But Indian holy men during the 19th century ruled that members of the Brahmin caste should never eat it because garlic had grown originally from blood sprayed on the ground by Lord Asuras when he was beheaded by the Holi Ianardana and, because it came from a corpse, it must be inedible. The same 19th century gurus said the corpse-growth was the cause of the distinctive smell.

The final legend in this little medley is that followers of the one true prophet, Mohammed, believe garlic grew from the spot where the Devil first set foot on the upper world when he emerged from Hades. Thus all true believers are forbidden to use it (which will come as a surprise to anyone who has sampled Moslem food). Actually, those who interpret the Koran claim the real reason for the garlic ban was that the prophet disliked it personally. They add that the ban has been broken down to the general order forbidding those who insist on eating garlic from entering a mosque for at least four hours afterwards.

In this, the followers of the Prophet have something in common with several American States which still have on their statute books ordinances forbidding people from using public transport within two hours of consuming a piece of the "stinking rose".

All that aside, garlic as a cooking aid has been used at least since 5000BC and references to it abound among the cuneiform clay tablets of the Babylonians and even in an inscription on the great pyramid of Cheops at Giza. The Phoenicians and Vikings carried it in their vessels on long sea voyages, as both a food and a medicine.

The origin of the common garlic, *allium sativum,* also known (apart from its most common name of "stinking rose") as "camphor of the poor" and "rustic's treacle", is somewhat obscure. But from the most ancient times the cloves have been attributed with unusual powers. The original garlic is believed to have come from the Kirghiz desert in Siberia. It found its way first to Babylon, then to Egypt; then across country to India, Southeast Asia, China, Korea and Japan. At the same time it marched the trade routes to Europe, where it found great favor with the Serbs, Russians and Spaniards. Apart from common garlic, there are several other varieties, notably ransomes, which is related more closely to the lily (of which family true garlic is a member) and the giant, less pungent garlic known as rocambole, sometimes called cloveless.

Australians use two types of garlic. Both are *allium sativum,* but the pure white variety is local and is available generally only in late summer. The one we use in winter is the purple variety, Mexican garlic, which actually is imported from Mexico.

As for its properties, all the nutritionists and doctors will say is that it appears to have some antiseptic properties and that it aids digestion. But if you tear several cloves of garlic to pieces you come up with allicin, an amino acid. Allicin is believed to have great germicidal power because of its ability to oxidise sulphur. It also helps to break down the B group vitamins, especially vitamin B1, and combines with meat proteins to make them more acceptable to the stomach. As well, garlic provides gluthathione, which contains sulphur; a large amount of vitamin C; vitamin B2; nicotinic acid; a trace of vitamin A; and a substance called germanium, which is a known oxygen carrier.

Leading the garlic faddists are two Japanese. One is named Tadishi Watanabe, who wrote a book entitled *Garlic Therapy;* the other is Yoshio Kato, who wrote *Garlic, The Unknown Miracle Worker.*

Kato San seems definitely to be the crazier of the pair. He has patented a garlic spray, which would seem to guarantee that he will be shunned by almost everybody on God's earth. Watanabe, on the other hand, just advises eating a lot of garlic – about two heads every day, raw and without any dressing. He sneers at those who, weak in spirit, like to pickle the stuff in a little vinegar or soy sauce.

Watanabe claims that garlic is good for improving the stamina, stimulating the sexual powers, preventing colds, relieving stomach complaints, preventing insomnia, helping in the cure of TB and cancer, assisting in the control of diabetes, relieving constipation, and climacteric disorders and expelling parasites from the system.

The ancients also believed garlic was a worm expellant for people and animals, was good for wind and boosted sexual stamina. Both the Egyptians and the Romans (who worshipped the flower in one of their innumerable minor temples) believed it was a magic herb; a belief that turned up later in Middle Europe where the peasants used to bury a suspected witch, vampire or werewolf, sometimes alive and sometimes not, surrounded by masses of garlic cloves. Garlic, being the Devil's stamping place on earth, was believed to have the ability to return such nasties to the other world.

A few more historical points. In Greece, to this day, garlic is used to ward off the Evil Eye and is placed on stones at crossroads to make sure that Hecate, the queen of the underworld witches, stays there. Horace, on the other hand, claimed that it was more poisonous than hemlock.

During early outbreaks of the plague in Europe it was believed that a person who carried a clove of garlic in his or her garments would be safe from the Black Death. Belief in this hypothetical quality grew until it reached its peak during the great plague of Marseilles in 1722. Four thieves, arraigned before a city magistrate for robbing corpses, were asked how they managed to keep healthy enough to commit their crimes. They said they had taken a stone jar, half filled it with crushed garlic cloves and then topped it up with vinegar. They would drink a glassful before setting out for the night and used to carry rags soaked in the vinegar-garlic mix.

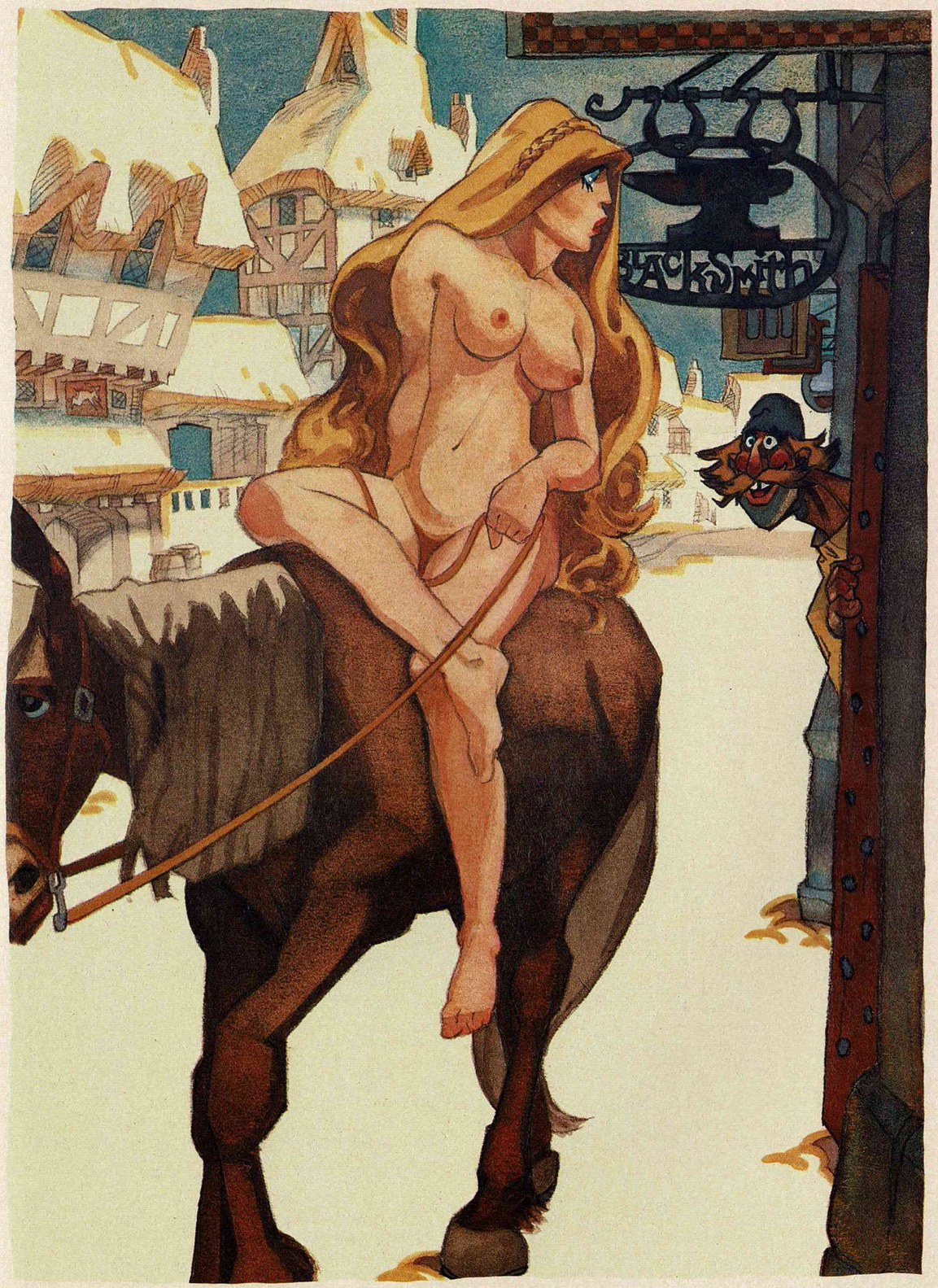
Plague prevention aside, garlic lovers know that garlic tastes good. And in using garlic in food, they disregard all those recipes that state in a nervous fashion that garlic is optional. The stinking rose is never optional. If you don't like garlic, don't take the option – make something else.

On that point, there is one special recipe that practically no cookbook will give, as it appears to verge on wretched excess. If you are game, be warned – the dish should be eaten in the company of a true garlic-loving friend, preferably on a long weekend to allow some time for the after-effects to wear off. It should not be eaten if you are considering spending the next day travelling in crowded and airless lifts. You won't be thanked and may actually be stoned to death. The dish is:

Tranche de Mouton à la Catalane

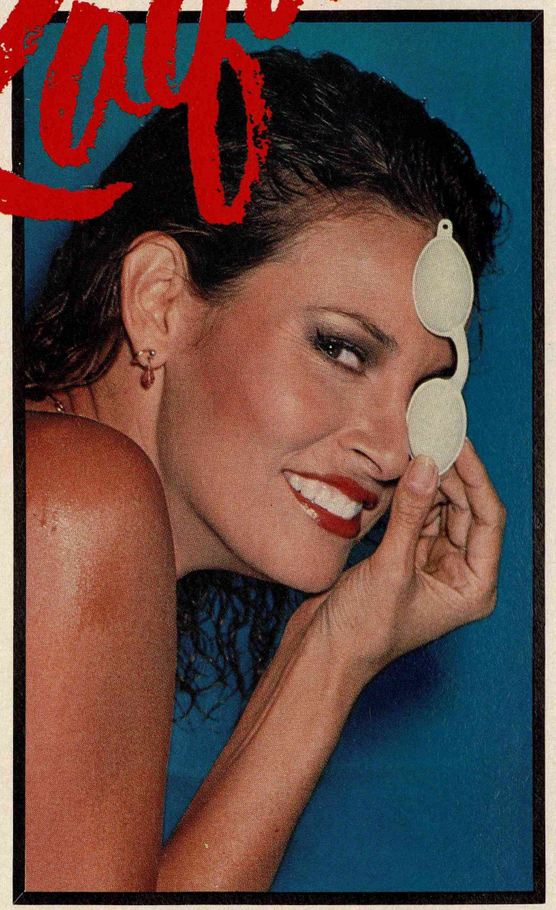
Take a thick fillet of leg of mutton, some olive oil, a little tomato puree, pepper and salt, a touch of flour and 30 cloves of garlic, peeled and slightly crushed to release the volatile oils. Get a lidded pan that will hold the mutton slice, which should be at least 3cm thick. Heat the oil and brown the meat on both sides. Sprinkle with a little salt, pepper and flour. Place the slightly crushed garlic cloves around the mutton. Mix the tomato puree with slightly more than half a cup of water (substitute white wine if you prefer). The quantity of tomato puree is up to you, but about a large tablespoon should be enough. Cover the pan tightly so no steam escapes, and cook extremely slowly for an hour.

The result is, shall we say, interesting. Some of my friends have made vicious references to disinfectant and the smell of a tiled public bar when the pan is first opened. But others have doted on the dish. What if you do lose a few friends over it? If they don't like garlic, they're not worth knowing.



"It's none of my business, your Ladyship, but I'd say your horse is about to throw a shoe!"

Raquel



a dazzling photo tribute to the most desired woman of the '70s – a playboy exclusive

THE GODDESS

THE ARGUMENT that I am proposing is simply this: icons do not submit themselves to paraphrase. Poetry loses in translation; no mere words can do justice to an athlete's best performance.

So how should we attempt to turn into language the photographs that you are undoubtedly looking at? Certainly not by trying to ring some changes on the press agents' worn-out themes of sex symbols, images, superstars, etc.

Clearly, the reason millions of us have spent millions of dollars and millions of hours in large, dark rooms, fixed to our seats, following the adventures of Hedy, Rita, Harlow, Bardot, Marilyn, Sophia and, yes, Raquel, has little to do with our brains. Where does that leave us? Let's consider another lady with only one name, perhaps the most famous of them all. The story is from the *Iliad,* and Homer told it better than I.

Helen was kidnapped by Paris from her husband, Menelaus, and carried off to Troy. The Greeks pursued and, in a violent, bloody 10-year war, butchered everyone in sight. One day, near the end of the slaughter, Helen (who is nowhere in that great poem physically described) was walking on one of the battlements of the walled city. Several extremely old men of Troy were standing below. They looked up, squinting against the sun, at the woman whose existence was the cause of the destruction of their city. One of the old men, perhaps with the keenest vision, turned to the others and, with a shrug, said quietly: "Well – I guess it was worth it."

– BUCK HENRY

THE STAR

There is no pinpointing exactly what it is about her, but you are sure that whoever it is that hammers together girls decided, "This one gets to pick up all the marbles" and stamped her face 40 percent extra.

– BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN "The Definitive Chickie", *Esquire,* '65.

IN 1967, she strode across the screen wearing a doeskin bikini in *One Million Years BC.* The human race (at least its male segment) was saved. We – men – no longer floundered aimlessly in a sea of unfocused hormonal urges. Raquel was a *cause célèbre,* a cure for the blahs, something to shoot for, a reason for being. Not bad for an actress who had spoken only three or four words in an entire movie. *One Million Years BC* was a cinematic event simply because she was in it. A few moderately successful films – unmemorable except for her presence – a couple of thousand magazine covers and a starlet named Raquel was crowned by *Time* magazine our "number-one sex symbol".

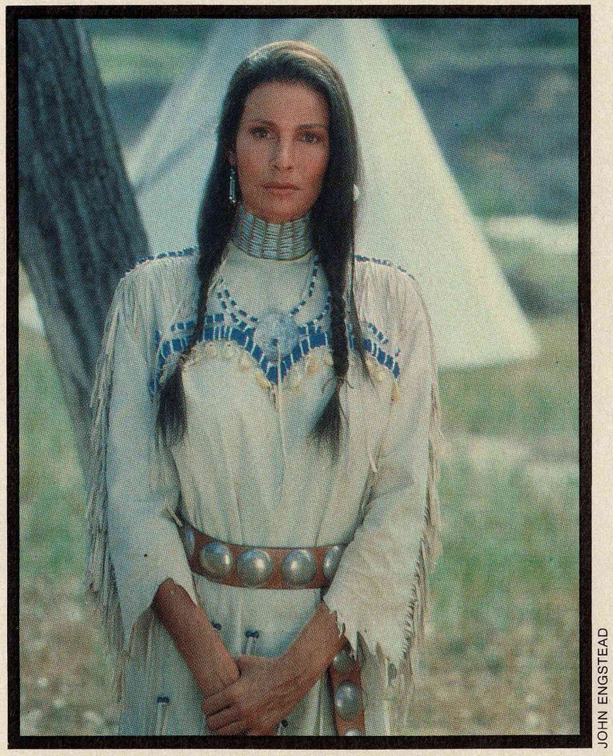
But, with all due respect to *Esquire,* chickie is not an act that lasts. Nature makes its periodic withdrawals from the account, and that is supposed to be that. Chickie is a sprint, and sex goddess is a marathon.

So consider – Raquel has been with us, the foremost object of desire, for more than a decade. That is no sprint. The media, believing that they alone define reality, are comfortable with their stereotypes, and so continue to try to force Raquel into a mould then, now and for ever. But

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM
ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY KENT

For these PLAYBOY photos, Raquel worked with photographer Chris Von Wangenheim. His women are sensuous, self-reliant and sure. They carry guns or are accompanied by doberman pinschers. His photos show the dangerous side of beauty. He says: "I wanted to go beyond the Raquel everyone knows, to show her as the woman she is."

HAIR STYLED BY MAURY HOPSON
MAKEUP BY SANDRA LINTER



JOHN ENGSTEAD

Raquel in her dramatic television debut — a three-hour film entitled *The Legend of Walks Far Woman.*

Raquel has fooled them all. The moves have been clear since the difficult action role she took in *Kansas City Bomber*. After that, she went to comedy, and won a Golden Globe best-actress award for her part in *The Three Musketeers*. She learned French to star opposite Jean-Paul Belmondo in *L'Animal* (as of this writing, a hit in Europe but still unreleased in Australia) and created and starred in a spectacular night-club act that wowed Las Vegas and made a successful transatlantic crossing to Paris.

Leave aside the matters of the flesh (how does she manage to look so damned good?) for a second and think about this purely in terms of style. The line has to be drawn from that girl standing there in the prehistoric bikini in *One Million Years BC* to the woman gleaming out of these pages. It seems inevitable now, just as the best way to draw a line through a maze is backward: we may not know where we're going, but we usually know where we've been.

What it all adds up to is that PLAYBOY wanted to celebrate Raquel in a manner befitting the person who has been called "the world's most beautiful woman", so we proposed to Raquel that she select the photographer or photographers with whom she'd most like to collaborate. She chose American expatriate Tony Kent and the legendary fashion photographer Chris Von Wangenheim. The results: you see them here.

•

Recently, Raquel has been shooting a film in mid-western Montana. For the past couple of years she has turned down film roles that relied on chickie clichés, until she came across an idea that she liked — about an Indian woman liberated before her time. She pushed until it got made — a three-hour, made-for-TV movie called *The Legend of Walks Far Woman.*

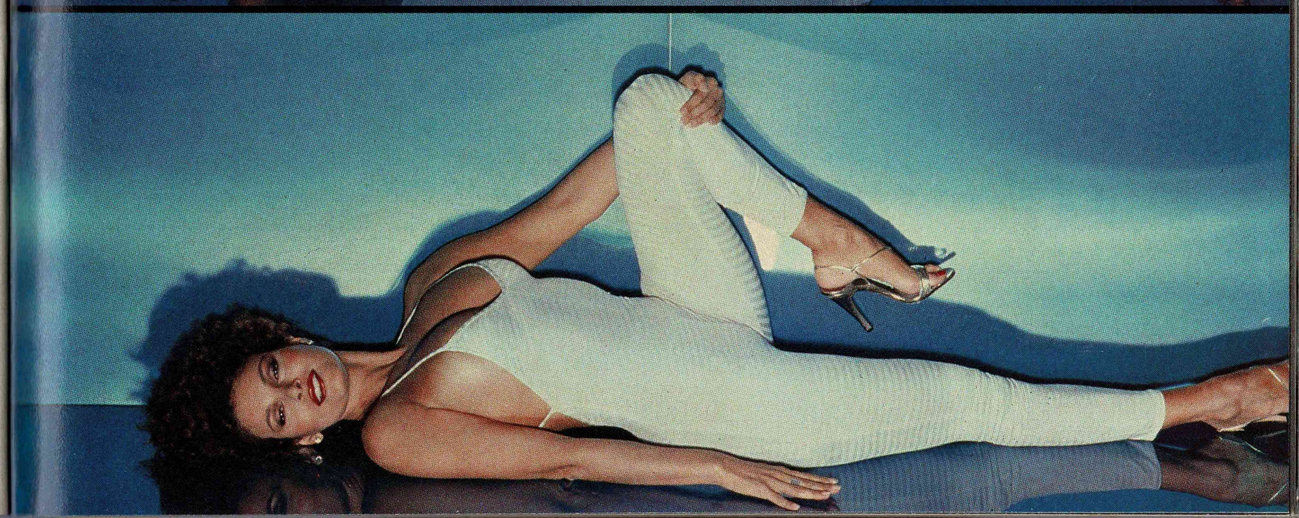
Billings is the largest city in Montana, but that isn't saying a whole lot. With 61,000 people, it's the size of the Sydney suburb of Woollahra, or Launceston in Tasmania. If you're sitting there in some big city or endless slurb, dreaming the dream of a romantic small town, 61,000 probably sounds terrific, especially since the few licence plates that come from Montana proclaim it to be BIG SKY country. Small town, big sky, what could be bad? Except that Billings is ringed with smelting and refining operations that spew into that big sky the odor of hydrogen sulphide (rotten eggs to you and me; the smell of money to the chamber of commerce).

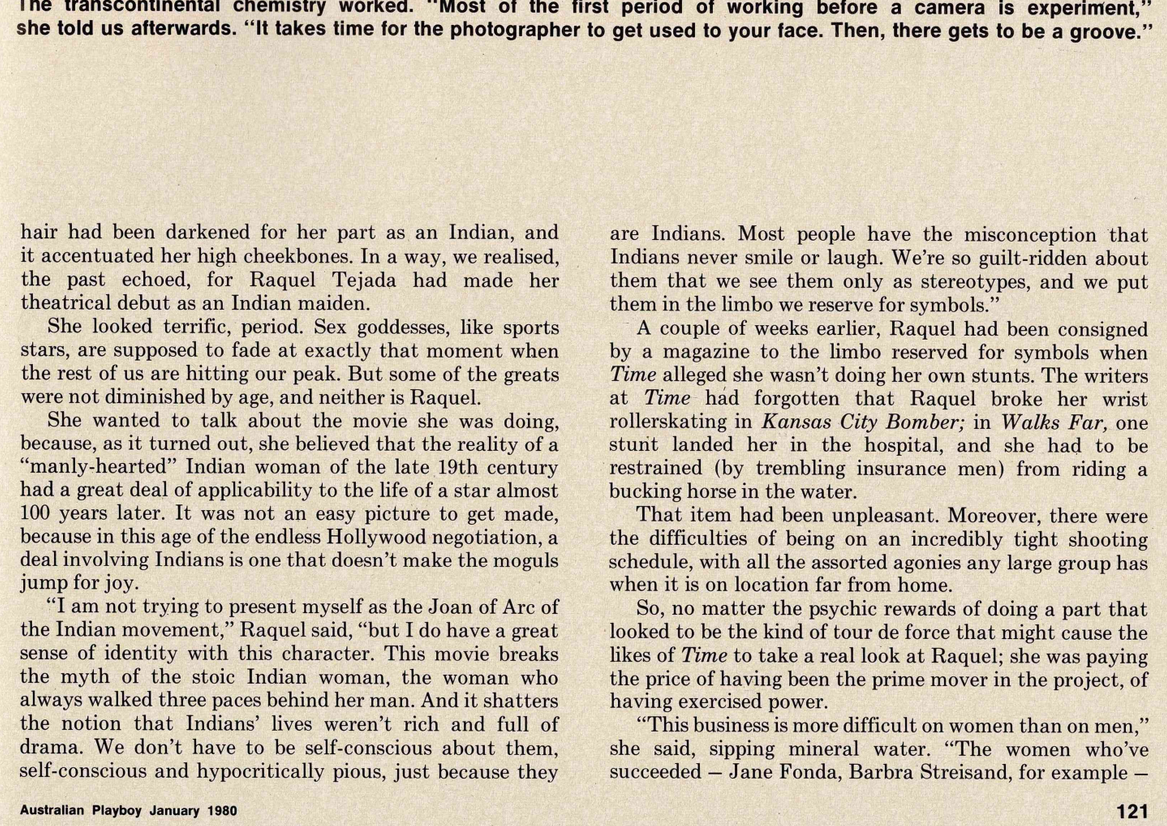
The point is that Billings is not some wonderful vacation paradise, and Raquel was stuck there for eight weeks with her cast and crew, while everyone in town bubbled over the fact that she was there. When we arrived at the car-rental desk at the airport, the girl looked up and said: "Raquel's here. You gonna see her?"

We went to the Northern Hotel and made our way to the door of the Governor's Suite, where a rent-a-guard was stationed. The hall outside Raquel's door had become a camping ground for fans: kids wanting autographs, as well as members of minor-league baseball clubs playing in Billings but wanting — nearly as much as a trip to the first division — to get a glimpse of her.

Raquel's secretary, a man named Sterling Clark, answered our knock. The Governor's Suite, huh? Not too, uh, big, or splendid, by big-city standards.

Suddenly, Raquel walked in: 168cm, *those legs* in worn Levis, a French-cut T-shirt, no bra, *that body.* Her





Tony Kent, an American expatriate photographer who lives in Paris, shot these pictures of Raquel on a Mexican beach. The transcontinental chemistry worked. "Most of the first period of working before a camera is experiment," she told us afterwards. "It takes time for the photographer to get used to your face. Then, there gets to be a groove."

hair had been darkened for her part as an Indian, and it accentuated her high cheekbones. In a way, we realised, the past echoed, for Raquel Tejada had made her theatrical debut as an Indian maiden.

She looked terrific, period. Sex goddesses, like sports stars, are supposed to fade at exactly that moment when the rest of us are hitting our peak. But some of the greats were not diminished by age, and neither is Raquel.

She wanted to talk about the movie she was doing, because, as it turned out, she believed that the reality of a "manly-hearted" Indian woman of the late 19th century had a great deal of applicability to the life of a star almost 100 years later. It was not an easy picture to get made, because in this age of the endless Hollywood negotiation, a deal involving Indians is one that doesn't make the moguls jump for joy.

"I am not trying to present myself as the Joan of Arc of the Indian movement," Raquel said, "but I do have a great sense of identity with this character. This movie breaks the myth of the stoic Indian woman, the woman who always walked three paces behind her man. And it shatters the notion that Indians' lives weren't rich and full of drama. We don't have to be self-conscious about them, self-conscious and hypocritically pious, just because they are Indians. Most people have the misconception that Indians never smile or laugh. We're so guilt-ridden about them that we see them only as stereotypes, and we put them in the limbo we reserve for symbols."

A couple of weeks earlier, Raquel had been consigned by a magazine to the limbo reserved for symbols when *Time* alleged she wasn't doing her own stunts. The writers at *Time* had forgotten that Raquel broke her wrist rollerskating in *Kansas City Bomber;* in *Walks Far,* one stunt landed her in the hospital, and she had to be restrained (by trembling insurance men) from riding a bucking horse in the water.

That item had been unpleasant. Moreover, there were the difficulties of being on an incredibly tight shooting schedule, with all the assorted agonies any large group has when it is on location far from home.

So, no matter the psychic rewards of doing a part that looked to be the kind of tour de force that might cause the likes of *Time* to take a real look at Raquel; she was paying the price of having been the prime mover in the project, of having exercised power.

"This business is more difficult on women than on men," she said, sipping mineral water. "The women who've succeeded – Jane Fonda, Barbra Streisand, for example –

Von Wangenheim on Raquel: "It is very difficult to photograph personalities. An actress has a presence on screen that does not translate to stills. It's like playing a Bach concerto on a banjo. But Raquel is believable. She is a gutsy woman. She is still a mystery."

have had to have an incredible edge to accomplish what they have accomplished. And while I admire that, I sometimes resent having to have that sharp an edge. I wish there were a way to get what you need as an artist without sometimes having to appear strident. But if they, or I, or any woman, have been strident, it's because we've had to be.

"Being forced to show strength is debilitating. What is important is collaboration between artists, so that the burden of pushing something forward can be shared. Of course, there's a reluctance on some people's part to collaborate if you're a woman, especially if you're a sex symbol. Then you may have to step back to position number two and let someone else be the figurehead."

Much earlier in her career, it was easier, in a way, to be controlled than to control: "If you're at the focal point of things, you take all the heat, and for a woman, that has not been a natural position, because a woman's natural position has been one of nurturing. So you have to choose – to take the heat, or to search out someone to take the heat for you. But then they tell you what to do."

Now nobody tells Raquel what to do. When we tried to float the subject of sex, she turned it into the Hindenburg when she said, calmly: "I think people talk too much about sexuality. I think we all know what it's about, and it's different for every person. I know that articulating it is an important thing for a magazine like PLAYBOY, but it's not so important for me."

Well. But these photos are not exactly asexual, even if they seem more European than American. They are sultry, not static. "I'm not the fluffy cheerleader type – I'm a grown woman," she said.

"I'm what my yoga master calls 'over-energied', so I have to do physical stuff. It's very cathartic for me. Back when I did *100 Rifles,* I was sandwiched between Burt Reynolds and Jim Brown, and they could do all those stunts, falls and tuck-and-rolls, and I wanted to get out there and do them, too.

"It's as attractive for a woman to do physical things as for a man, but I have to admit that I never do anything sporting until I'm in front of a camera. I do yoga, but I don't jog or play tennis or swim; none of it.

"I used to run when I was in Paris a couple of years ago. The problem with running is finding a nice place to do it. In Paris, there was a park with lots of leaves on the ground, and I could start out walking, watching them, and then begin to run. It was beautiful, and there were no motor fumes. But in Los Angeles, everyone is out there in their jogging suits and looking serious. What a drag!"

The conversation drifted from fitness to junk food (Billings is loaded with franchise restaurants). "The decline of American civilisation can be traced to the invention of Pop Rocks. Food that makes noise! Doesn't taste! It just explodes in your mouth and makes noise! The first time I saw that on television, I said: 'Hold on, guys. That's it!'

"I think that if I weren't in show business and someone gave me the choice, I'd like to live in a small village in some place like Cyprus. Those villages are the kinds of places where you know everyone, and so you can go to the market and talk to your friends and buy fresh vegetables and go home and cook real food.

"Sometimes I wonder if the women's movement hasn't been very much the outgrowth of technology. We've got TV dinners we can pop in the oven. We've been liberated from the kitchen. But if the ethic is that two people have to work instead of one to earn more money, is that so very liberating?"

That seemed to us to be the "serious" Raquel talking.

"I think," she said, "that there's a misconception about me wanting to be taken 'seriously'. That word is also a label, and when you use it, it implies that I'm not. Maybe the problem is that I'm hard to pigeonhole, and that's what people like to do. It's easier for them to say, 'Oh! She's just the poster girl from *One Million Years BC*' than to have to deal with the fact that I'm an eclectic person.

"Most of the stuff that's written about me tries to do one of two things: either reinforce the stereotype or try to break the mould, because the writer thinks that's what he should do. So he talks about how terrible it is to be victimised and bear the crucifix of being a sex symbol. And it's all so predictable. What is 'serious'? What is 'sexy'? Don't they meet somewhere? I don't know anyone who laughs during orgasm. Do you? Have you? Sex is serious. On the other hand, I'm not saying that foreplay is serious."

And she turned back to comedy, for she has always admired Katharine Hepburn, and after her own success in *The Three Musketeers,* she's planning to make another comedy soon. When she was reminded that Hepburn had Tracy to play against, she thought about the available male talent and laughingly wondered if Jack Nicholson weren't someone "who could cut me down to size".

As if to illustrate the pigeonhole Hollywood tries to stuff her in, Raquel recalled that, whenever she's asked to present an Academy Award, "they call me ahead of time and tell me not to dress in anything too revealing. I told Howard Koch (producer of the Oscar telecasts) that if I'm ever *nominated,* I'll be there to collect in the nude.

"I said to one guy during one of those calls, 'You have to stop treating certain actresses as if they were stepchildren in the industry. In fact, you could even go so far as to honor one of them. You could give Dietrich or Rita Hayworth a special award for her contribution to film. Maybe they didn't do *The Grapes of Wrath,* but they certainly made a contribution to film history and culture that hasn't been repeated by anyone else.' And he said: 'That's a self-serving remark,' and I said: 'Aha! You noticed!' "

The afternoon was gone. One of the conventions of journalism is that you don't physically attack your subject, even if it is Richard Nixon. But when we had told people that we were going to see Raquel, we were treated to so many nudge-wink-leers that we felt like a bad joke at a men's-club bar. Everyone seemed to believe that we were going to tear off her clothes. (How can you be that close to a sex goddess and not tear off her clothes?) However, Sterling Clark – slender but clearly trained in the martial arts – had never left the room. Quivering like a doberman under restraint (or was that only our imagination?), he had contented himself with cashews and Perrier water rather than going for the throat of the visitor.

"Write good," she said.

"Walk far," we said. We shook hands and went out, past the guard, who followed us down the hall and around the corner and waited until we got into the elevator. The big-city paranoid reporter – used to the shoot-first, explain-later LA cops – didn't comprehend what the guy was up to until later. Of course! All he wanted was a few words of gossip about Raquel that he could take home to his family.

•

Anyone who has spent time in Hollywood understands its imperfect mesh of fantasy and earnestness. The fantasy is the body, and that is separate, in Hollywood terms, from the use of the mind. Hollywood treats its beauties one way, its actresses another. Sex sells tickets; acting is art.

Raquel has sworn to bring these two elements together, and only a fool would look at the progression of her work, and at her sensuous power in this powerful pictorial, and make a bet against her. – LAWRENCE S. DIETZ

"Okay, now walk the plank."

THE PIRATES OF POP

spin-off operators net millions

article **By NEIL JAMESON**

THE EMCEE's clichéd introduction faded . . . "The hottest rock and roll act in the world – Mr Bruce Springsteen!" And in came the opening riffs of Springsteen's Badlands, as the Jersey Jiver springheeled it towards the centre stage, growling: "Word's out tonight. There's trouble in the heartland . . ."

There's trouble in the audience, too. If the sound system and audience reaction wasn't so loud, one might be able to hear the simultaneous click of at least a dozen tape machines being stabbed on to "record". In a few months' time, some of the illicit recordings will find their way into catalogue listings that shape up as the sales arm of a covert side of the business called bootlegging. It operates on a worldwide scale and spells trouble for the recognised recording industry, now somewhat bloodied by the nonstop broadsides of the whole pirating business.

In real terms, bootlegging is just the tip of a mighty illegal iceberg

Photography by Colin Stead

which is ripping a Titanic-size hole in the side of the industry merchantmen.

Captains of the industry fleet have a very good reason to be worried; pirating is costing the Australian record business 20 to 25 percent of its annual market – or an estimated loss of $50 to $70 million per year. At product level, the illegal item just can't compare with the Real McCoy, but when the calculator-punchers did their sums last year, the results had the industry directors choking on their Havanas. The cost worldwide to the industry for 1978? $850 million!

The practice is loosely called pirating, but it actually falls into four distinct categories of hijacking, all of which steer the profit end of the deal away from artists, writers, publishers and record companies.

Bootlegging is obviously one of the most cheeky, but by comparison it drives only a small wedge into the market. Ostensibly innocent, but by far the most damaging (for the companies) is domestic piracy, which is simply the home taping of a commercially recorded product. Everybody who owns a cassette recorder has probably done it by borrowing a friend's album. But it is illegal, and the big companies in Australia estimate that it's costing more than $50 million in lost sales each year.

But the two forms of illegal duplication which send blood pressure counts climbing right across the recording spectrum are commercial pirating and commercial counterfeiting. The first is the unauthorised duplication of a commercially released recording plus the copying of genuine artwork excluding the genuine trademark and catalogue number. Commercial counterfeiting goes one step more by including trademark and catalogue number. Highly illegal and somewhat ulcer-inducing for the legit industry.

•

John L. Hayes has a cheery disposition which belies the amount of weight he carries as executive director of the Australian Record Industry Association and general manager of the Phonographic Performance Company of Australia Limited. The piracy problem sits heavy on his shoulders. His Sydney office is the receiving point for piracy samples from all parts of the continent and he never ceases to be amazed at the diversity of the pirated product and the buccaneering gall of the producers. He scatters some examples on his desk – bootleg albums of Rod Stewart and the Young-Stills Band in concert, plus cassette duplicates of Abba, Olivia Newton-John, Peter Frampton and Queen.

"They've even lifted K-Tel compilations and I've now got a sample that includes C'mon Aussie, C'mon and other obvious cuts," he says. On face value the cassettes look more than slick enough to fool the average buyer. But when matched against the originals, the flaws become obvious. Olivia's *Totally Hot* cassette falls into the commercial piracy category. It has no trademark or catalogue number, the artwork is fuzzy and the tape includes some cuts which are not available on the original recording.

Since 1976, concerted efforts by ARIA and its members and Commonwealth Police have forced the piracy game semi-underground, but cheapo tapes can still be bought in markets, service stations and newsagents. While bootleggers are very much up-front with their marketing approach, the operative word for the sale of both the duplicated and forged tape products is "dupe".

"It's fairly obvious that the intent is to fool the buyer into thinking he's getting the genuine article at some-

The sly tape and record runners are sidestepping customs duty, sales tax, income tax and royalties to artists, publishers and the songwriters.

thing like half the price," says Hayes. His criticism of the quality of the illegal product is understandable when many buyers believe that they've purchased a commercial production. "In the case of cassettes, the recording is not taken from the true master tape. Instead, an ordinary commercial record is used as the master. The quality of cassette tape is usually poor, with the result that it deteriorates rapidly, stretches and often breaks. It might sound okay first time through, but it will never reproduce that quality. On top of all that, there is a strong chance that a bootleg tape will damage your playing equipment."

But Hayes' concern goes beyond that. "The real danger for the industry in this country is that Australian artists, who must have an established home market as a springboard, are finding that market being chewed away from underneath them. If that market is eroded by 25 percent or more, it starts to become very hard to recoup costs. And that is bound to have serious repercussions right through to consumer level."

In legal terms, pirating breaches a host of copyright, trademark and Trade Practices regulations. This year the Commonwealth Government added more armor plates to the Copyright Act to make piracy a less attractive pursuit. And with good reason. The illegal importers and retailers are dodging so many revenue agencies that everyone, from the ARIA through to the tax department, is screaming for their guts. The sly tape and record runners are sidestepping customs duty, sales tax, income tax and royalties to artists, publishers and the songwriters. It makes for keeping prices down but, by the same token, the profit margin is outrageous.

The situation might almost be excusable if it were simply a straight Little Guy versus Big Business story, but in this case it is the consumer getting the sloppy end of the stick because the product is so bad. Importers and manufacturers now face six-month jail terms or $10,000 fines under the Commonwealth Government rulings. The tougher laws mean that, if offenders are hauled before the Federal Court of Australia, not only will they stand a strong chance of winding up in the can, but the court is likely to order the destruction of all illegal stock and equipment.

That will help to take care of most aspects of the illegal game, and Hayes hints that the industry's think tank might soon have something to foil the home tapers. Technicians have been experimenting with ideas to make records copy-proof, but the concept which organisations such as ARIA are more likely to be able to plug is the tape royalty claim.

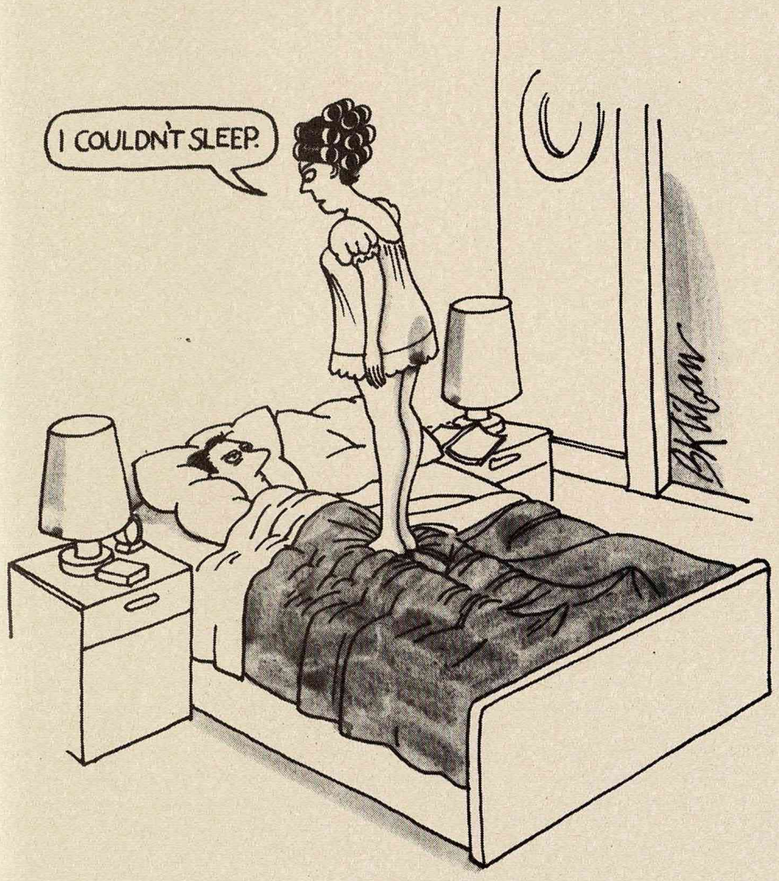
It is quite reasonable to assume that most blank tapes are bought for the user to make a recording from a legitimate product. "If a royalty were charged on the blank tape," says Hayes, "it would be a quite straightforward procedure for us to handle the collection and redistribution of royalties according to sales figures and other data." And naturally, the wisdom is such that the increased price of the blank tape would encourage the consumer to buy the original recording, instead of doing all the work, and perhaps turning out an inferior copy.

It is a vast problem for the industry to tackle, but when Hayes relates stories of walking into a hi-fi store to buy a complete music system and listening to the salesman devote more than half of his pitch to the recording qualities of a cassette recorder, it becomes obvious how the direction of the market is steering profits away from the record business. If the atmosphere was really as gloomy as all that, industry chiefs might be resorting to cleaning out the booze lockers and oh-deeing to the wrist-slashing refrains of (genuine) Leonard Cohen. Instead, however, they gleefully cite some of the more notable sinkings of pirate vessels and work tirelessly at spiking the guns of current operators. In the US, the FBI set up a retail outlet in a major city and for 22 months went through the motions of operating as a record store on the whisper that they were interested in bootleg and pirate stock. When they had the operation suitably wired, they swooped and confiscated more than $100 million worth of illicit stock and equipment.

There have been at least a dozen notable killings on the Australian front. Recently, the Commonwealth Police cleaned up on one major operation in Perth, and the authorities are convinced they've cleaned the fake record and tape peddlers out of Sydney's Royal Easter Show after swooping in 1976 and 1977. Checks in 1978 and this year revealed no sign of illicit operations at the Sydney Show. These sorts of shut-downs spell bad news for the people who produce a lot of the stock in Singapore, Hong Kong and some European cities.

Meanwhile, the bootleggers dislike being dumped in the same pirate ship as the counterfeiting agents. John Hayes' collection included a 228-page bootleg catalogue called Hot Wacks, plus a number of pamphlets. All of the listings are available through mail order, and the range and diversity is quite sensational, with most samplings being harvested from live concert performances. Rock takes up 99 percent of the listings, but even a few classical performances are included among the impressive array of talent.

The bootleggers reason that, because their product is not listed in the official company catalogues, they are not taking any business away from the recognised industry. Nor, so they say, do they attempt to dupe customers by claiming their products to be anything but what they are listed as. Two efforts sampled were the Rod Stewart (backed by The Faces) live album and the Neil Young-Steven Stills concert compilation called *For What It's Worth*. Technically, it wasn't worth the vinyl on which it was pressed. But bootleggers claim that their products should not be evaluated in the same technical context as the commercial product. The Stewart effort (called *Afterhours)* carried a small cover warning that the centre label might not match up with the cover titles. Sure enough – it didn't. The label billed a Bruce Dillon and a dozen obscure songs, but the actual recording was Rod and the boys. So what's the idea of the mismatch? Some clever copyright dodge or legal lurk? "No," says Hayes. "It's just the stamp of a shonky operation."



Shonky operation or not, bootlegs do sell. Most pressings are limited to just a few thousand, but there are a number of industry legends. Pink Floyd's *British Tour '74* allegedly sold 150,000 copies in Europe, and *Cashbox* magazine reported that Floyd's 1972 tour album had gone gold. Figures are hard to come by as far as bootlegs are concerned, but the obvious Beatles, Stones, Dylan and collectors' items have notched up impressive sales.

Many artists hate the bootleggers because they supposedly steer some of the cash flow away from the royalties net and do not have the technical clout to present the performers in the best light. But you'll get the odd artist who is more than happy to defend the musical moonshiners. Even Bruce Springsteen, currently in hot demand for his dynamic concert deliveries, has prefaced a song with: "Bootleggers, roll your tapes, 'cause this is a good one!" In an interview with *Sounds* magazine, Springsteen reportedly said: "You find out most of the time that, number one, they're fans. I've had bootleggers write me letters saying 'Listen, we're just fans'; that's their story. And the kids who buy the bootlegs buy the real records, too; so it doesn't really bother me. I think the amount of money made on it isn't very substantial; it's more like a labor of love."

However, ARIA is convinced that bootlegging will take on a stronger commercial image with the opening of Australia's FM airwaves. Stereo radio means that the bootleggers will be able to make quality transfers of concert broadcasts and other long-play works with ease. And what better primer for their task than to be given suitable warning via the program listings?

If that sounds like a warning to the recording industry that the piracy war is about to enter a new phase, then you can bet they're already stocking their arsenals with new deterrent devices.

BUBBLING BRISBANE

actions speak louder than words when it comes to queensland's most popular pastime article

By HEATHER BROWN

QUEENSLANDERS don't like to make a song and dance about it, but below that sleepy surface, sex is alive and well. To admit this outright may sound to them a bit too clinical and a bit too Southern, but call it anything else – the more colloquial the better – and the whiskers quiver and the long rabbit ears begin to twitch. Sex, better known as "it" throughout the State – "Yer been gettin' any of it lately?" or "She likes a bit of it" – is practically the official State sport. Queenslanders worked out a long time ago that while football, cricket and horse racing have their seasons, sex is here to stay. And, although they would like to believe that nobody can play it the way they do, it's the only major pastime that thrives without publicity.

Queenslanders are quick to remind you that theirs is a conservative State but, although it takes them a little longer to admit it, they like their sex in liberal quantities. Conservatism and promiscuity are not meant to be good bed partners, but they've been sleeping together since they met in the Victorian era. And Queenslanders have maintained a fairly complicated system of special standards to keep everyone happy, including themselves. But if you judge the pace of the State by its capital, Brisbane, you could be fooled. Queensland is the only mainland State in Australia in which most of the population live outside the capital city. Ten of our country's 24 biggest cities are in Queensland, and Brisbane is just a bigger version of the State's provincial centres.

Photography by Colin Stead

Although Brisbane has grown in recent years, boasting shiny new skyscrapers and a bridal lacework of freeways, it's still, in many respects, a big town: the big town that stockmen and miners and publicans from places with names such as Banana and Dingo and Gunpowder come down to for the show, to see a doctor or just to play up. It's as far south as most of them ever bother to venture. Brisbane is a big, easy-going place that swings banners across Queen Street announcing dates for the races, the trots or when *Hansel and Gretel* is on for the kids at a local theatre. And Rock 'n' Roll George still cruises Queen Street in his honey FJ Holden complete with scarlet foxtails and advice for all young girls to "Go 'orn and git home". It's now a booming city of one million people. It's hot and straightforward and, in typical Queensland fashion, it's honest to the point of bluntness. Except when it comes to sex.

Queensland's conservative climate demands a standard of difference and one exists. There are no sex shops in the State ("No worries," guffawed one eminent Queenslander, "our Northern men don't need splints.") and no nude beaches. Brothels and massage parlors operated for the purpose of selling sex are illegal, as is homosexuality.

So, on one hand Queensland is a State that, according to its legislation, community leaders and public figures, is moral, clean-living and conservative. And on the other hand – the one it keeps behind its back – the State has the highest proportion of teenage illegitimate births – 30 percent higher than the national average. The incidence of venereal disease is twice that

of Victoria, and the position is deteriorating. And it is the only Australian State that has no sex education program in schools, although that is in the process of being changed.

But no matter how hopelessly pure and simple Southerners may consider Brisbane, the old girl has enjoyed a pretty bawdy past and she hasn't given up easily. Ronald Lawson, in his book *Brisbane in the 1890s*, points out that the city had a recognised red light area. Prostitutes solicited quite openly and drove in style to their weekly medical examination, compulsory under the provisions of the 1868 Contagious Diseases Act, which in fact gave their profession legal recognition.

As well as the commercial sex, there were reports of flagrant immorality among young people. Certain groups drove the stipulated distance to the suburbs in order to drink legally on Sundays, and as soon as they arrived they retired to the privacy of the scrub. Although one publican had "cut down a group of wattles to prevent young people from going among them . . . now he finds a couple behind every log in the paddock". The newspapers of the time were filled with carefully worded advertisements for abortifacients, birth control and cures for "nervous debility" and "private diseases". The clergy loudly deplored the detailed publication of criminal and divorce evidence in newspapers, but it was bought and read eagerly by the public. The new Sunday newspaper *Truth* featured a column called "Wicked Brisbane".

And the puzzling set of standards came to the fore when a certain Mr J. H. Dunsford, Labor MLA for Charters Towers, was named as co-respondent in a divorce case. Although there was an outcry from the clergy and many calls for his resignation, he not only received a tumultuous welcome on his return to Charters Towers, but also was shielded by his fellow party members in Parliament and re-elected at the next election.

In any case, mangoes and cyclones aren't the only things that ripen quickly in Queensland. Women are one of the State's best resources. Whatever else Southerners might say about Queensland, they agree that its women are beautiful. They are usually taller and bigger-breasted than average, with the fantasy look of suntans and bare flesh. They also have a spontaneity and a naïvety that make Southern gentlemen want to take them home.

•

It is fairly easy to buy sex in Brisbane. It is, of course, meant to be underground, but it's only as far away as a newspaper and a telephone. You can find massage parlors and home visiting services listed in the *Sunday Sun*, the *Gold Coast Bulletin* and various other tourist newspapers on the Gold Coast. The largest selection of all is found in Brisbane's *Courier Mail* under the Health and Beauty section, which often runs beside the Livestock and Equipment columns.

There are also several male prostitute services listed and Bob, the proprietor of a 24-hour home visiting massage service, has a stable of four bucks aged between 19 and 32 who not only love their work but also maintain a regular weekly clientele. Bob describes his bucks as "just right – not too fat and not too skinny".

There are 28 female-staffed massage parlors in Brisbane, although the figure used to be around 40. Including the escort and home visiting services, the sex-for-sale industry in Brisbane grosses more than $100,000 a week, and almost all of it tax free. The 18 members of the Police Licensing Branch check the parlors daily and any parlor girl can expect to be charged about once every three weeks. The girls accept the prostitution charges as part of their jobs and the fines as overheads. According to those in the know, the safest, cleanest and best sex is provided by the home visiting services, operated usually as freelance businesses from home telephone numbers.

•

Joanna is 24, small and dark haired. She is married with two small children and laughs a lot. She also runs the best home visiting service in Brisbane. She employs a staff of four and earns personally about $1400 a week for the two hours a day she manages for favorite clients. All her customers are regulars and almost all are professionals – solicitors, doctors, graziers, politicians and senior public servants. "Most of them turn to us because their wives are out of touch. They'd rather go to a charity luncheon than stay at home and ease their husbands' business pressures, so it's left up to us."

Joanna is proud to be a Queenslander. "I walk down Queen Street and people smile at me and I think, God, how lucky I am to live in a State like this. We all have so much going for us, and we're just so lucky to have a premier who is so good for this State." In any case, Joanna is convinced that Queensland men are the best lovers in the nation. "Because," she says, carefully choosing her words, "they like to do everything so slowly. You get a client from the South and all he wants to do is rush, rush, rush!"

Joanna goes to church regularly and believes that religion is the final component a man needs to make him fully content. Sometimes, after she has helped a client to Almost There, she will talk religion in bed to see if he would like to go Further. If he is interested, she will contact a religious group and give them his address.

Joanna is quick to stress that she is very moral in her "other life" and says that she is shocked by the picking up she sees in discos and bars. "Brisbane girls have no morals at all," she says.

There is, of course, a fairly healthy market for morality in Queensland, and there are several lobby groups active in Brisbane, including the Campaign Against Regressive Education and the League of Decency. Mrs Rona Joyner, the First Lady of Morality in the State, declined to speak to PLAYBOY but her husband took the call. "What does your organisation stand for, sir?"

"Decency. Does PLAYBOY?"

Sometimes there just isn't time for conversion.

•

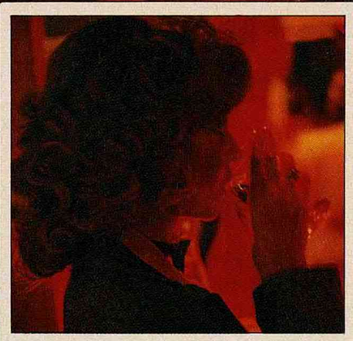
Brisbane's homosexuals have ventured a little out of the cane closet, but homosexual relationships still are illegal in Queensland and there is considerable anti-gay feeling. Upper-income gays prefer to stay at home, retaining their privacy and avoiding confrontation with the law. According to a gay who refused to be named, the scene in Brisbane is not good or, in gay parlance, not "gala". A good deal of the activity centres around the two universities and the Homosexual Information and Advice Service in George Street in the city. The service has a clubby atmosphere and a coffee and games room.

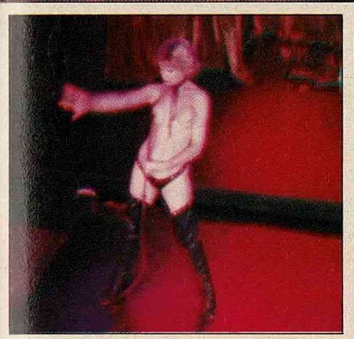
The only gay discos in Brisbane are the Silver Dollar in Fortitude Valley and Old Rowes Restaurant in Rowes Arcade in the city, both of which hit peak action on Friday and Saturday nights. Bars are still the main meeting places and the lower bar of the Hacienda Hotel in the Valley has been a favorite for a long time. The Thunderbolt bar at the Treasury Hotel and Sybil's bar at the Alliance Hotel attract a strong following.

If the scene looks dull for gays in Brisbane, it's even worse on the Gold Coast, where the only recognised meeting place is the Top of Ten restaurant on the Esplanade at Surfers Paradise. Most gays say they "survive" in Brisbane and "go South a few times a year to really break out and have a gala time".

•

It would be safe to say that striptease in Brisbane is almost non-existent. The World by Night is the only strip club in the city, and it attracts men from the office, boys in bucks' parties and a few girls brought along for a bit of a giggle. One of the acts is a woman wielding a bullwhip. Every time she cracks that big whip





At the Penthouse disco on the Gold Coast (top), the atmosphere is ritzy and the dance floor is red hot. But for real class in Brisbane, it's hard to go past the Underground. The gentlemen at the door look for class (left). If the singles scene is your kick, the Garden Room Restaurant (centre) is the place to go. The crowd is cheek to cheek and the decor tropical. And for a bit of good old-fashioned stripping, it has got to be the World by Night (right), where Madame Lash warms up the cow cockies by wielding a bullwhip.

she brings out the boys' frontier instincts and has them whistling and stamping in the aisles.

Other establishments have come and gone like a tropical storm in the night, including a popular topless bar on the Gold Coast. Brisbane relies on the occasional visiting revue, although these tend to head more towards the Gold Coast to capture the tourist trade. Purple Falcons still cruise the Esplanade at Surfers telling the folks to "come and see the show, yes, sir, 24 glorious bare breasted maidens . . ." and most visiting revues are booked out for the season.

•

Swinging is the new boom sport in Brisbane, partly because it is probably one of the best behind-the-scenes games offered in a city that prides itself on being "nice but naughty". According to Dr Paul Wilson, a leading Australian sociologist who lives in Brisbane, the suburban hotbed of wife-swapping is Kenmore, the upper-income trendy area of town. It's notable for Spanish mansions, gold Mercedes and housewives heavily into signature handbags and social pages. Amazingly enough, although swinging is becoming very passé in the Southern States, it's still the rage in Brisbane. "If the vogue is dying off in the rest of Australia," Dr Wilson says, "you can bet your bottom dollar that it's on the rise here."

Swingers advertise through the personal columns of local newspapers, and there is a branch of Swingers International listed under clubs in the Yellow Pages. A highlight of the swingers' social calendar in Brisbane recently was a swingers' wedding. The happy couple met at a swingers' party, swapped lust for love, divorced their respective spouses and decided to get married. With traditional Queensland hospitality, they threw a swinging reception. All the guests swung their hearts out and said it was the best wedding they could remember.

•

Of course, a city can't maintain these standards without evolution, and Brisbane is no exception. It is the home and training ground of the species quabbit. Quabbits are Queensland rabbits and they're fairly easy to recognise. They wear big hats, talk slowly and have a terrible weakness for stubbies and cottontails. Quabbits meet in vegetable patches with drinks and pretty lights, swap small talk and hop back to the warren. After all, even a quabbit has its standards.

Most of the action starts after work on a Friday afternoon at a few favorite patches. The Embassy Hotel and the Criterion Tavern share the same ownership, the same crowd and there is standing room only. They attract professionals, their secretaries and a lot of ladies hoping to join in the exchange. The Milano Restaurant is the second home for Brisbane's Establishment, and it always has retained elegance and charm. It's worth having a meal there on a Friday or a Saturday night, but the trick is to get there early when some of Brisbane's classiest women drop in.

The disco scene has taken off in Brisbane and the social pages have switched to filling their columns with breathless descriptions of ladies seen in "imitation tigerskin tights worn under a layer of purple lurex . . ." Although new discos are appearing constantly, the best ones are already established.

The Underground is the classiest disco in town and, in the best Studio 54 tradition, it's not an easy place to get into. The gentlemen on the door seem to look for a little class and it has become the stamping ground for the young professionals. The dressing is chic and the décor magnificent. It's the kind of place you can take an overseas visitor along to without apologising for being in Brisbane.

Prostitutes up from the South on working holidays have to return home because they can't afford to pay the rent.

The Garden Room Restaurant is probably the only real singles bar in town. The crowd is cheek to cheek, the décor is tropical and the disco is in the best John Travolta tradition.

Top of the State is something of an institution in the city. The band is excellent and it alternates with a disco, usually led by such name performers as Belinda Green, Kim Wran and PLAYBOY centrefold Kareen Michele. General Jacksons, another disco for the younger crowd, is low-lit and packed.

The Rugby Union Club at Ballymore is the bastion of the private school élite in Brisbane, and most matches prompt the biggest cocktail parties in town.

•

The Gold Coast is probably the biggest cruise ship that never sailed. Everyone is dedicated to having at least one shipboard romance before heading home again, tired but happy. Prostitutes up from the South on working holidays have to return home because they can't afford rent. They say "there is too much free stuff around", and one prostitute even said the only men who had to pay were "diseased, decrepit or dying".

Cavell Avenue Mall and the Surfers Paradise beach area remains the best jungle to try out your predatory instincts in daylight. You can sit in the sun with a coffee outside Tamaries Bistro, which has to be one of the best grandstands in the country, and watch the field strut by. It's a sight that every red-blooded male should experience. A lot of contact sport starts over drinks in the Surfers Paradise and Broadbeach beer gardens on Saturday afternoons. There are plenty of Norms in T-shirts and bare feet planning the evening's activities with an evil glint in their eyes, and a parade of girls slink past trying to look coy in string bikinis.

Although the Coast has a multitude of bars, discos and restaurants these days, there are a select few which are renowned not only for their excellence and style but also for their action. Twains is becoming recognised as a status-symbol club for the superset, and people like to be identified as part of the Twains "set" – the millionaires, overseas visitors and social set of Brisbane and the Gold Coast. The disco is first class, the décor sleek and the women chic. What's more, the tiny red velvet lap-laps worn by the waitresses have to be the sexiest uniforms around.

The Penthouse always has been one of the best disco/restaurants on the Coast. It is operated over several levels, each with a different theme, from an à la carte restaurant to a red hot disco and a superb new slow dancing floor where the décor is chocolate and brass, the band two-piece and the mood ritzy. There is also a low-lit piano bar where everybody gets it together over drinks.

Julianna's in the Surfers International Hotel is cranberry-cream smooth in a magnificent room with a superb disco floor. It is filled usually with the preen-and-be-seen set, but it lacks a certain atmosphere that keeps regulars coming back.

•

When all is said and done, there's a lot to commend the good old below-the-surface activity preserved so well in the tropics. Hot climates feed the imagination as well as produce decay, and Brisbane is no exception.

Once you realise that a bit on the quiet is the norm, it becomes much more interesting. All of those dull, wholesome people suddenly become terribly titillating, so that Mrs Nell Uptight-Jones down the street may turn out to be Nellie the Neighborhood Nympho. And heaven only knows what those Citizens for Chastity get up to.

They must go down to the seas again...

with thoughts of the fastnet disaster in their minds, blue water racers are preparing for battle in the annual sydney-hobart classic

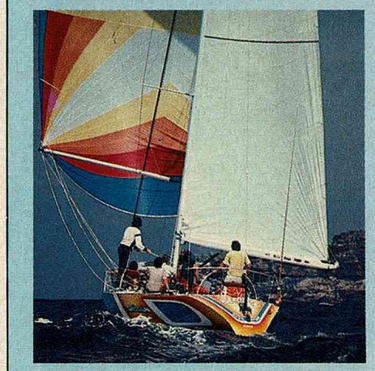
sport

By Neil Jameson

GLAMOR! What glamor? There's certainly no thought of it now. Only 160 kilometres from Hobart and a smashed rudder has wiped all hopes of finishing under sail, let alone grabbing handicap honors – a prospect that had looked a possibility the previous night. There's something a bit ego deflating about having to motor to the finish line while the others are still slogging it out for glory in a torrid tacking battle up the Derwent. What a waste! Almost a year of race trials, refitting, pulling the boat out of the water, stripping back the hull, painting, more refitting. Week upon week spent on working on crew unity and teamwork until the whole operation ran like a computer. And, finally, to be let down by a bit of equipment only hours away from a possible share of the laurels and loot.

Looking at the faces of the crew, you wonder if it's worth it. It was a hard one – and the Sydney to Hobart has had its share, but this was harder than most. The boys are tired and the circumstances of the withdrawal have knocked their morale flat. Red-rimmed eyes and six days of stubble tell the story. The sou'easter hit

Photography by Sandy Peacock



ABOVE: The crew of the storm-tossed 10-metre sloop Aztec hang on as their navigator takes a bearing during the 1976 Sydney-Hobart. Cold weather gear is a must for the crews when they battle the heavy winds and seas around Bass Strait.

LEFT: The colorful 13-metre-long Shogun is a relative newcomer. She is given an excellent chance.

BELOW: Salacia loses a spinnaker during a recent race with Gretel. Both yachts will be all-out to capture the blue water prize.

just off the southern coast of New South Wales, and three and a half days of smacking into that Antarctic-driven swell had meant little sleep, no regular meals and a lot of hard work. Three days and nights of eating nothing but Mars Bars, twice getting knocked flat by huge waves, and most of the crew being more wet than dry. Yes, it would have been nice to finish in one piece.

Giving it all away did cross the mind, but it is in the pub on New Year's Day that the decision is made to have another go next year. Some wit, years ago, tagged it the Quiet Little Drink, but the post-race rort which takes place on New Year's Day has traditionally put more than a dent in the supply of Cascade beer of the particular pub chosen for the swill. It's a different pub each year and, while some publicans deem it an honor to host the bash, others dread the year when their number comes up.

It is somewhere between the fourth and fifth hundred-dollar shout of the day when a Queensland skipper's post mortem lament goes something like: "I'll have a lot more sail next year." And you find yourself saying: "And I'll have a rudder that's made of something more than paper-bloody-maché!" And you know there and then that you'll be back next year.

The ensuing year goes too fast and at times you have your doubts about making it to the starting line. Business isn't so healthy and the prospect of raking up the cash for a $45,000 refit doesn't look too good. But you manage it with the help of the crew, who desperately want to have another go at torturing themselves over 1000 kilometres of ocean instead of spending the Christmas-New Year holiday period at home, watching cricket on TV or lazing on the beach.

Then, only four months away from the Sydney to Hobart start, a freak storm, 20,000 kilometres away, just about sinks your campaign and at the same time creates the biggest yachting story of all time. It's since become known as the Fastnet Disaster and it cost the lives of 15 crewmen in the famous Fastnet race – the final event in the Admiral's Cup series off England. The stories filter through: "Storm Smashes Yacht Fleet – Two Dead". But that is only the start. The tally mounts up from one screaming headline to the next till the count stops at 15. You learn that included on the early "missing" list are three Australian yachts, and on one of them is your sail master and, on another, one of your most experienced crewmen. Within 24 hours they are all reported safe.

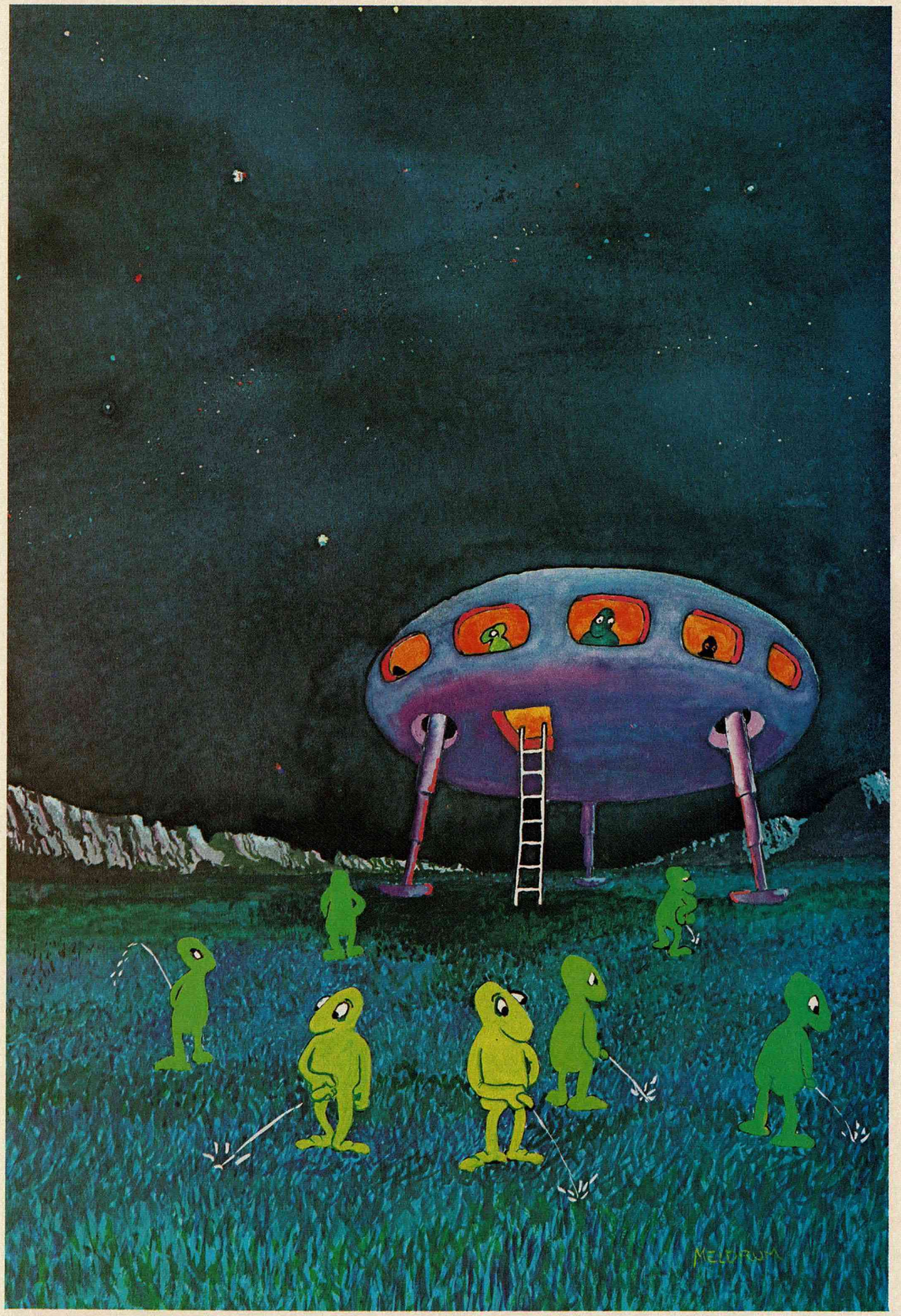
•

"We hardly got any warning at all." It's early September and the sail master is back in Australia with his version of the Fastnet race. "One or two of the British team guys had been talking about a couple of depressions out in the North Atlantic which could cause a bit of bad weather, but there was no way we could have counted on anything that sudden. The weather warnings came too late. We were getting force eight wind warnings on the radio and they were already force 10 – howling around 130 kmh. By that time, we were around Fastnet Rock and heading out into deeper water, clear of the worst of it. It was the little guys still working up to the Rock who copped it. It's still a solid piece of continental shelf there, and the water is reasonably shallow. The waves were around 15 metres high and, when they struck the shallow water, they really powered across the surface.

"On the return run from the Rock, we were flying a storm jib and with the wind so strong we were hitting about 18 to 20 knots. That meant that we were travelling faster than the waves, which were moving along at a fair speed. We had to get the storm jib down because the risk of surfing down the face of one wave and burying the boat in the back of the next was just too great."

•

The irony of the whole event was that the Australian Admiral's Cup crews on the team yachts Ragamuffin,



Impetuous and Police Car were hoping for something stronger than a good stiff breeze to give them a chance of winning the series. They came through the storm virtually unscathed to win the trophy in circumstances beyond anyone's imagination.

Could it ever happen in a Sydney-Hobart? You tell yourself: probably not. But, then again, only a few months before, nobody would have thought it possible in the Fastnet. The fleet was 306 strong, which is considerably larger than the 180-odd which enter for the Australian classic. While nobody takes the Bass Strait crossing as a holiday jaunt, the 1977 and 1978 Fastnet events had been sailed in such light conditions that many casual competitors decided to tag along for what some of them thought was nothing more demanding than a long picnic race. A great picnic. In fair conditions, ocean racing is sheer sporting thrills. In a stiff breeze it can put the adrenalin meter on high. In a blow like the Fastnet hammering, it is only for the steely-nerved, strong-stomached experts.

The post-race accounts of the Fastnet race depicted the true weight of the mauling dished out by the sea. The British entrant, Trophy, had hove-to alongside a disabled competitor when a huge wave turned her over. Trophy's crew took to the liferafts only to receive a fearsome buffetting from the raging seas. Three of the eight-man crew died before help arrived. There was the share of snapped masts. When the tree comes down in such conditions, the skipper's hopes of keeping the boat pointing into the weather and taking the brunt of it on the strongest point – the bow – are reduced. A boat left to wallow about in the troughs will soon break up in a storm of such ferocity. Even the maxi-yachts did not get away unscathed. Kim Kilroy, aboard the 24-metre Kialoa, smashed ribs when a huge wave flung him against a winch, and other skippers reported broken gear. Aboard the 25-metre Condor, it was a roaring, roller-coaster ride to the line at speeds of 53kmh as they smashed the race record by more than seven hours. One of the strongest-built boats in the fleet, Condor cranked on every bit of cloth that could be flown in the conditions as she raced against the beam-on belting served up by the ocean on the return to Plymouth.

Most of the Australian crews were of the opinion that such a disaster could never happen in the Sydney to Hobart. Others were wary enough to "touch wood". At least in the 1977 Sydney-Hobart storm, the radio monitor vessel Hitachi was able to pinpoint the exact position of every yacht in the fleet. In the Fastnet race, the search for missing yachts was spread over 30,000 square kilometres of ocean because many of the yachts did not carry radios.

•

There must be some weird attraction in the sport to keep men going back to test themselves and equipment against the sea, especially when the risks are so cruelly illustrated. But there is a certainty that the latest Sydney to Hobart fleet will be as big as, and more expensive than, ever. The Montague Island race in October gives you a good look at some of the opposition, and Margaret Rintoul is looking good on handicap, but the opposition is pleased to note that her regular skipper, Graeme Freeman, will be aboard the brand new Bumble Bee IV for the Hobart event. There's additional comfort in knowing that even the most sophisticated outfits come unstuck, and that's exactly what happened to Bumble Bee. The John Kahlbetzer-owned maxi-rater had been in the water only a short time when a design fault poked a considerable hole in Mr Kahlbetzer's even more considerable budget. During a preparation race off Sydney, competitors could not pick up the sea mark, and most of them just came about and headed for home. As Bumble Bee came on the wind, the spar section gave out, and over the side toppled $100,000 worth of aluminium mast.

In yacht basins and marinas throughout the country, crews of enthusiastic amateurs on hired contractors are working on a couple of hundred million dollars' worth of ocean racing's finest. Shortly before the Boxing Day start, they'll undergo self-righting tests – yachting's equivalent to the old sink-or-swim routine. The tests are carried out in Sydney Harbor under the supervision of the Cruising Yacht Club. Huge slings are looped under the boat and it is lifted out of the water. The top of the mast is then weighted and the yacht set down horizontally in the water. The weights pull the mast under, thus upending the yacht. A crane retrieves the weights and the boat is expected to right itself. Any boat which fails the test is ruled ineligible. Every man who has sailed in a stormy ocean race, and especially those who were in the Fastnet, will appreciate the merits of the self-righting rules. In last year's Sydney to Hobart, the tiny Queensland-owned Klinger, a fixed-keel half-tonner, performed a nice bit of acrobatics when caught up in a 100kmh blow which smacked at the tailenders. Klinger was knocked over by a big wave and, before she could bob up, was tipped right over by another wave which got underneath her. All the crew members were below decks and could do nothing as the boat stayed under for about 25 seconds while performing a neat 360-degree barrel roll. All hatches were secure except for a small opening in the companionway through which gushed about 140 litres of water.

•

It's 20 minutes before the starting gun. Boxing Day, Sydney Harbor and 180 of some of the world's best yachts – from the little nine-metre guys up to the maxis – are milling around in a couple of square kilometres of water behind the starting marker. It must be a brilliant spectacle, but you haven't got time to take it in. Dodging the opposition along with the spectactor craft, you prime crew and vessel for a well-timed approach to anticipate the gun. You need eyes in the back of your head for this business because not only is there a risk of running over someone else in the charge to the line, but also you might get stampeded from behind by the big guys who make their runs from way back. Those boys have got 20-odd metres of yacht underneath them and there's no chance of them changing direction at short notice. There's a lot of prestige in being first through the Heads and the competition is on well before the gun. Tension is running like static right throughout the fleet and you can sense the eagerness of the crew. You're glad you made the decision to have another go this year.

Your mind flashes forward. Nor' easters expected for the run down the coast and who-knows-what when we reach Bass Strait. You know she'll hold together this time. The rudder is as strong as they make them and that flat spot under the forward station that copped such a battering last year has been strengthened. If this offshore breeze holds up, it could mean a kite run down the Harbor – that'd be nice. The crew have been together for nearly two years now and they are working better than ever. Just think, we'll be in Hobart in four or five days.

If everyone gets there by New Year's Day, we should be able to settle into the Quiet Little Drink right on time. Ha! I can see it now, Pumpkin doing his best to dodge a shout and Angus jumping on the bar to recite Masefield for the 50th time:

"... and the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking."

Maybe those same ladies from last year will drop around but, then again, maybe they've discovered that we didn't win the race after all. Not to worry. There'll be others.

Seven deadly sins

chances are you'll find yourself somewhere in the next nine pages . . .

WRATH: vehement or violent anger; intense exasperation or resentment; deep indignation.

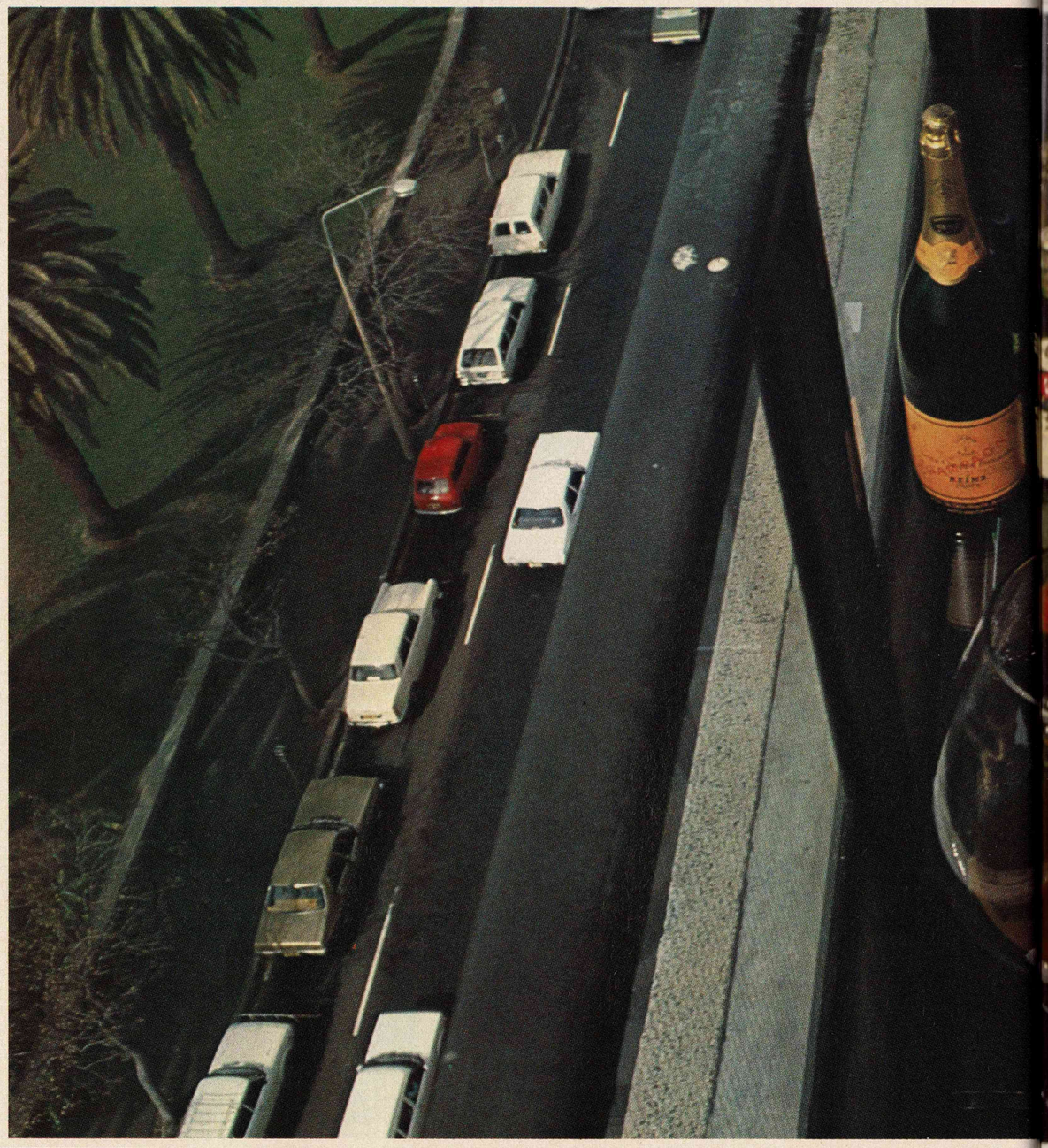
Her 18ct. gold bullet and gold twin-strand necklace: $900 and $895 respectively (subject to fluctuating gold prices) from the Australian Bullion Company in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart and Darwin. Her Hans Hansen 18ct. gold bangled bracelet and his Hans Hansen sterling silver bracelet: $4000 and $850 (approximately) from Jorgen Jensen, Sydney; Toorak Entertained, Melbourne; Robert White, Brisbane; Wendts International, Adelaide; Graham V. Whitehouse, Perth; Flair, Canberra; Bill Stevenson, Newcastle. His black leather trousers: $144.50 from General Pants Company, 239 Pitt Street, Sydney. Pierre Cardin double keyring: $36 from David Jones, Sydney; Seymour Furs, Melbourne; Piaf Perfumery, Adelaide; Just Men, Surfers Paradise. Black leather boots: $97 from Gentry Cobbler, 396 George Street, Sydney. Whip: $46.20 from saddler and riding outfitter John Brush, 87 Clarence Street, Sydney. Honda XL250S trail bike: approximately $1595 from Honda dealers.

LUST: desire, appetite, relish or inclination for something.

Karma Sutra Bath Potions For Pleasure: $35 from manufacturers Australian Biotechnics Group, 60 Dandenong Street, Dandenong, Victoria 3175. Kosmos 1 Biorhythm computer and calculator: $49.95 from Myer. White rhythm meter: $9 from Cartrician Health Agency, 555 Princes Highway, Kirrawee, NSW 2232. *Bilitis, Rude Food* and *Erotic Art of the Masters* books: $14.95, $8.50 and $35 from Angus and Robertson. Pierrot doll: $85 from Matchbox, Melbourne; Martinvale, Sydney, Ninety-One, Brisbane; Designa, Perth and Roma Barrett, Launceston. Jonathan Sceats sunglasses: $29.95 from Brolly 'n Shades, Sydney; Sillitto, Melbourne; Circus, Brisbane; Helen's World of Fashion, Adelaide; Ketch, Perth. Gold-plated dish: $35 from David Jones. Red satin sheets and pillowcases: $79.95 a set from Junelle Satin Shop, Sydney; Bedmates, Geelong, Victoria; MacLeod's Boutique, Adelaide; Barbarella Lingerie Salon, Perth; J.B. Young, Canberra; Manchester House, Hobart.

ENVY: a longing for someone else's advantages.

Stevens suitcases: $199 and $189. Both from Hunt Leather, Sydney and Melbourne. Nikon EM camera, 200mm f4 lens: $670 from photographic shops nationwide. Wilson Ultra tennis racquet: $340 from sports department stores. Wilson Power Sole golf clubs: $799 the set from specialist golf stores. The Professional Traveller gift pack from the Aramis 900 range: $70 from leading department stores. Gentleman's Series Deluxe case with Chanel cologne and after shave: $59 from major department stores; Henry Buck, Melbourne; Piaf Perfumery, Adelaide; Boans, Perth. Language translator: $249.95 from Myer. Buxton tan leather passport wallet: $20.50 from David Jones, Myer, Grace Bros. Elan 07 skis and Munari spider boots: $247 and $99.95 from the Kosciusko Ski Centre, Sydney and Box Hill Ski Hire, Melbourne. Ted Lapidus brush and comb set, bath towel, after shave and eau de toilette: $24.50, $32.50, $18 and $14 from leading department stores. Mandate cologne: $12.50.



INTEMPERANCE: lack of moderation or restraint; excess in any kind of action.

Brandy balloon "for the small drinker": $199 from Bevilles Gifts, Sydney; John Hamilton's Gift Shop, Mentone, Victoria; Harris Scarfe, Adelaide; the Melange Gift Shop, Brisbane; Skebe, Perth; Maggie's Bazaar, Devonport and Burnie, Tasmania. Eighteen carat gold swizzle stick: $320 (subject to gold prices) from the Australian Bullion Company. Holmegaard glassware, available from leading department and gift stores nationwide: Danish ship decanter ($87.95), Regiment decanter ($69) and ice bucket ($65), Amager champagne glasses (at $10.25 each), Prince champagne ($16.95), claret ($15.25), all-purpose wine ($14.95), port ($12.50) and liqueur ($11.95).

SLOTH: physical or mental inactivity; disinclination to action, exertion, or labor; sluggishness, indolence.

Phillips P-10 monochrome television with two-band radio, cassette recorder and AC/DC power: $279 from leading electrical retailers. Atari video computer system ($339) with 2000 games on program cartridges containing up to 50 games ($33.90 each); computerised backgammon Gammonmaster II ($299); Execu-play toys ($39.95 each) and Zodiac astrology computer ($59.95): available from branches of Myer; Grant's Toys, Sydney; The Games Machine, Camberwell, Victoria; Games And Gifts, Brisbane; Harris Scarfe, Adelaide; The Backgammon Shop, Perth; Let's Play Games, Hobart and Launceston. Breville Radio Teasmade incorporating a 12-hour alarm clock, teapot, kettle, radio and lamp: $199 from leading department and electrical stores. Braun electric toothbrush: $29.95 from leading department and electrical stores. Pifco vibratory massager: $37.95 from leading department and electrical stores. Bath robe and nighties: $22.99 and $18 each from Myer stores around Australia.

PRIDE: a high or overweening opinion of one's own qualities, attainments, or estate; inordinate self-esteem.

Breville Traveller hair dryer: $19.95 from leading department stores. Man's Longines gold watch: $360 from Percy Marks, Sydney; Drummond's, Melbourne; Robert White, Brisbane; Congdon's Time Centre, Adelaide; Caris Bros, Perth; Frank Brown Jewellers, Canberra; Rundles The Jewellers, Hobart. Silver art nouveau hand mirror and early '20s cigarette holder: $175 and $75 respectively from Showcase Antiques, Sydney. L de Loewe perfume atomiser: about $70 from leading perfumiers. Lady's Christian Dior watch and silver lighter: $525 and $345 from Percy Marks, Sydney; W. M. Drummond & Co, Melbourne; Zennox, Brisbane and Surfers Paradise; Zamel's, Adelaide; Caris Bros, Perth; Precision Jewellers, Hobart. Citizen Calculator Alarm Watch: $250. Earrings, pendant, cluster ring and white gold bracelet, all incorporating counterfeit "diamonds": $270, $171, $454 and $191 respectively from Windsor Jewels stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and in Adelaide.

AVARICE: inordinate desire for both getting and hoarding wealth; cupidity.

Gilt carriage clock and silver gilt wine coaster: $455 and $335 respectively from Hardy Bros. in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. Parker gold-plated pen and point: $82.50 and $50. 18ct gold lighter and money-clip: $800 and $225 from Percy Marks, Sydney. 18ct gold gentleman's Hunter watch dated 1888: $600 from Showcase Antiques, Sydney. Cigarette and cigar snuffits: $3.95 and $5.25 from Studio Haus, Sydney; Salle a Manger, Melbourne; Ninety-One, Indooroopilly, Brisbane; Designa, Perth. Havana cigars: $43.75 for a box of 25 Punch Nacionales. Cigar cutter: $10.50 from Myer. Linen suit and silk shirt: $250 and $75 from Trent Nathan Shop, Sydney. Briefcase, shoes and silk tie: $498, $150 and $38 respectively from Gucci, Sydney; Georges, Melbourne. 18ct gold stickpin with 1.2ct diamond and one kilogram gold bar: $7500 and $8712 (subject to fluctuating gold price) from the Australian Bullion Company. Wolf jacket: $2450 from Burnhard Hammerman, Sydney.

Illustration by Roger Brown

a crime had been committed and chief superintendent william j. hanley was confident of a solution . . . after all, he had a body and a motive

fiction By FREDERICK FORSYTH

USED IN EVIDENCE

"You are not obliged to say anything. But anything you say will be taken down and may be used in evidence." – Part of the caution used by British and Irish police forces to a suspect.

THE BIG police car slid to a halt by the kerb a few metres from where the cordon spanned the street to keep the bystanders back. The driver kept the engine running, the wipers flicking rhythmically across the screen to push away the insistent drizzle. From the rear seat Chief Superintendent William J. Hanley looked forward through the glass to the groups of watchers outside the cordon and the puzzled knots of irresolute officials

beyond it. "Stay here," he told the driver and prepared to get out. The driver was more than pleased; the inside of the car was snug and warm, and he reasoned this was no morning to be walking up and down a depressing slum street in the drifting rain. He nodded and cut the engine.

The superintendent slammed the door after him, hunched himself deeper into his dark blue overcoat and walked purposefully forward to the gap in the crowd barrier where a damp police officer watched over those who entered and left the cordoned area. Seeing Hanley, he brought up a salute, stepped aside and let him pass through.

Big Bill Hanley had been 27 years a policeman, starting off pounding the cobbled alleys of the poorer suburbs and rising through the ranks to his present status. He had the build for it, 185cm tall and made like a truck. Thirty years before, he was rated the best lock forward that ever came out of Athlone County; in his green Irish jersey he had been part of the best rugby team the country had ever produced, the team that Karl Mullen led to victory three years running in the Triple Crown and that wiped the floor with the English, the Welsh, the Scots and the French. That had not done his promotion chances any harm either, when he joined the force.

He liked the job; he got satisfaction from it, despite the poor pay and the long hours. But every job has its tasks that no person can enjoy, and this cheerless morning had brought one of them. An eviction.

For two years, the Dublin City Council had been steadily demolishing the rash of tiny, back-to-back, one room up and one room down houses that formed the area known as the Gloucester Diamond. Why it had ever been called that was a mystery. It had none of the wealth and privilege of the English royal House of Gloucester, nor any of the expensive brilliance of the diamond. Just an industrial slum lying behind the dockland zone on the north shore of the Liffey. Now most of it was flat, its dwellers re-housed in cubic council blocks of flats whose soul-numbing shapes could be seen 800 metres away through the drizzle.

But it lay in the heart of Bill Hanley's division, so this morning's business was his responsibility, much as he hated it.

The scene between the twin chains of crowd barriers that cordoned the centre section of what had once been Mayo Road was as bleak that morning as the November weather. One side of the street was just a field of rubble, where soon the earthmovers would be at work, gouging out fresh foundations for the new shopping complex. The other side was the centre of attention. Up and down for hundreds of metres not a building stood. The whole area was flat as a pancake, the rain gleaming off the slick black tarmac of the new one-hectare car park destined to house the vehicles of those who would one day work in the intended office blocks nearby. The entire area was fenced off by a three metre high chain-link fence; that is to say, almost the whole area.

Right in the centre, facing on to Mayo Road, was one single remaining house, like an old broken stump of tooth in a nice smooth gum. Either side of it the houses had been torn down, and each side of the remaining home was propped up with thick timber beams. All the houses that had once backed on to the sole survivor had also gone and the tarmac tide lapped round the house on three sides like the sea round a lone sandcastle on the beach. It was this house and the frightened old man who sheltered within it that were to be the centre of the morning's action; the focus of entertainment for the expectant groups from the new apartment blocks who had come to witness the last of their former neighbors being evicted.

The earth was slick with the droppings of the four speckled hens the old man kept in a hutch at the foot of the yard against the fence.

Bill Hanley walked forward to where, directly opposite the front gate of the lone house, stood the main group of officials. They were all staring at the hovel as if, now that the moment had finally come, they did not know how to go about it. There was not much to look at. Fronting the pavement was a low brick wall, separating pavement and what purported to be the front garden: no garden at all, just an area of tangled weeds. The front door stood to one side of the house, chipped and dented by the numerous stones that had been flung at it.

Hanley knew that behind the door would be a metre-square lobby and straight ahead the narrow stairs that led up. To the right of the lobby would be the door to the single sitting room, whose broken, cardboard-stuffed windows flanked the door. Between the two was the passage running to the small, filthy kitchen and the door leading to the yard and the outside toilet. The sitting room would have a tiny fireplace, for the chimney running up the side of the house still jutted to the weeping sky.

Behind the house, Hanley had seen from the side view, was a back yard wide as the width of the house and 25 metres long. The yard was fringed by a two-metre-high timber plank fence. Inside the yard, so Hanley had been told by those who had peered over the fence, the earth was slick with the droppings of the four speckled hens the old man kept in a hutch at the foot of the yard, up against the back fence. And that was it.

The city council had done its best for the old man. There had been offers of re-housing in a bright, clean, new council flat; even a small house of his own somewhere else. There had been social workers and relief workers and church workers round to see him. They had reasoned and cajoled; given him deadline after deadline. He had refused to move. The street had come down around him and behind him and in front of him. He would not go. The work had gone on; the car park had been levelled and paved and fenced on three sides of him. Still the old man would not shift.

The local press had had quite a field day with the Hermit of Mayo Road. So had the local kids, who had pelted the house with rocks and mud balls, breaking most of the windows while the old man, to their intense delight, shouted obscenities at them through the shattered panes.

Finally, the city council had issued its eviction notice, the magistrate had given permission for forcible removal of the occupant, and the might of the city had ranged itself before the front door on a wet November morning.

The chief housing officer greeted Hanley. "Unpleasant business," he said. "Always is. Hate these evictions." "Aye," said Hanley and scanned the group. There were the two bailiffs who would do the job – big, burly men looking embarrassed. Two more from the council, two of Hanley's own policemen, someone from health and welfare, a local doctor, an assortment of minor officialdom.

Barney Kelleher, the veteran photographer from the local newspaper, was there with a beardless young cub reporter in tow. Hanley had good relations with the local press and a friendly, if guarded, relationship with its older servants. They both had jobs to do; no need to make a guerilla war out of it. Barney winked; Hanley nodded back. The cub took this as a sign of intimacy.

"Will you be bringing him out by force?" he asked brightly. Kelleher shot him a look of venom. Hanley

swivelled his steely grey eyes and held the gaze until the young man wished he had not spoken. "We will be as gentle as we can," he said gravely. The cub scribbled furiously, more for something to do than because he could not remember such a short sentence.

The magistrate's order specified nine o'clock. It was two minutes past nine. Hanley nodded to the chief housing officer. "Proceed," he said.

The council officer approached the door of the house and knocked loudly. There was no answer. "Are you there, Mr Larkin?" he called. No answer. The official looked back at Hanley. Hanley nodded. Clearing his throat, the official read out the eviction order in a voice loud enough to be heard inside the house. There was no answer. He stepped back to the group in the road. "Will we give him five minutes?" he asked quietly.

"Very well," said Hanley. Behind the crush barrier a murmur started among the growing crowd of former dwellers in the Gloucester Diamond. Finally one at the back became bolder.

"Leave him alone," called the voice. "Poor old man." Hanley strolled leisurely over to the barrier. Without haste he walked down the line of faces, staring into the eyes of each. Most looked away; all fell silent. "Is it sympathy you'd be giving him?" asked Hanley softly. "Was it sympathy that broke all his windows last winter and himself freezing in there? Was it sympathy that had him pelted with stones and muck?" There was a long silence. "Hold your tongues," said Hanley and walked back to the group by the front door. There was silence behind the barrier. Hanley nodded to the two bailiffs who were staring at him. "On you go," he said.

Both men had crowbars. One walked round the side of the house, between the chain-link fence and the corner of the brickwork. With skilled ease, he prised loose three of the fence planks and entered the back yard. He walked to the back door and rapped at it with his bar. When his colleague at the front heard the sound, he rapped at the front. There was no reply to either. The man at the front inserted the tip of the crowbar between the door and side post and had it open in a trice. The door yielded a few centimetres and stopped. There was furniture behind it.

The bailiff shook his head sadly and, turning to the other edge of the door, whisked off both hinges. Then he picked up the door like a playing card and laid it in the front garden. Piece by piece, he removed the pile of chairs and tables in the hallway until the space was clear. Finally he entered the lobby, calling "Mr Larkin?". From the back there was a splintering sound as his friend entered through the kitchen.

There was silence in the street while the men searched the ground floor. At the upper bedroom windows a pale face appeared. The crowd spotted it. "There he is," yelled three or four voices from the crowd, like hunt followers spotting the fox before the riders. Just trying to be helpful.

One of the bailiffs popped his head round the front door. Hanley nodded upwards towards the bedroom window; the two men clumped up the narrow stairs. The face disappeared. There was no scuffle. In a minute they were coming down, the leader cradling a frail old man in his arms.

He emerged into the drizzle and stood undecided. The relief worker hurried forward with a dry blanket. The bailiff set the old man down on his feet and the blanket was wrapped round him. He looked underfed and slightly dazed but, most of all, very frightened. Hanley made up his mind. He turned towards his car and beckoned the driver forward. The council could have him later for the old folks' home, but first a damn good breakfast and a hot cup of tea were called for. "Put him in the back," he told the bailiff. When the old man was settled in the warm rear seat of the car, Hanley climbed in beside him. "Let's get out of here," said Hanley to his driver. "There's a reasonable transport café straight down and second left. We'll head for there."

As the car moved past the staring crowd, Hanley glanced at his unusual guest. The old man was dressed in grubby slacks and a thin jacket over an unbuttoned shirt. Word had it he had not looked after himself properly for years, and his face was pinched and sallow. He stared silently at the back of the car seat in front of him, not returning Hanley's gaze.

"It had to come sooner or later," said Hanley gently. "You knew that all along." Despite his size and the capacity, when he wished to use it, to cause hard villains from the dockland to wet their knickers when he faced them, Big Bill Hanley was a much kinder man than his meaty face and twice-broken nose would give cause to think. The old man turned slowly and stared at him, but he said nothing.

"Moving house, I mean," said Hanley. "They'll fix you up with a nice place, warm in winter, and decent food. You'll see." The car drew up at the café. Hanley descended and turned to his driver. "Bring him in," he said.

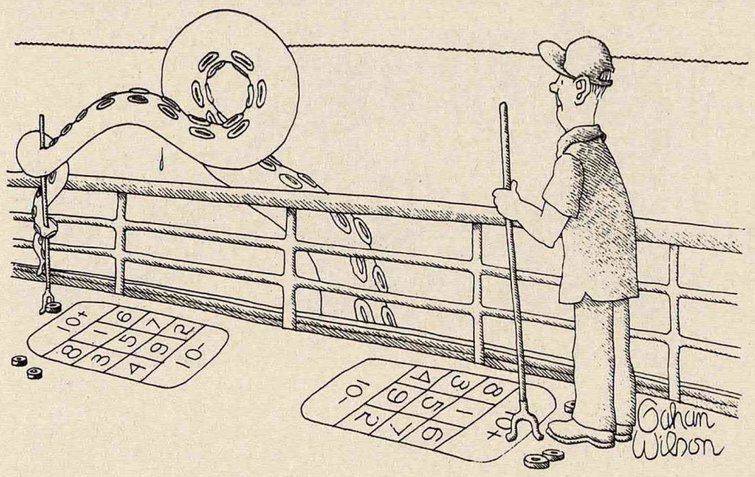
Inside the warm and steamy café, Hanley nodded to a vacant corner table. The police driver escorted the old man to the corner and sat him down, back to the wall. The old man said nothing, neither of thanks nor protestation. Hanley glanced at the wall chart behind the counter. The café owner wiped his hands on a damp dishcloth and looked inquiring.

"Double eggs, bacon, tomatoes, sausage and chips," said Hanley. "In the corner. The old fella. And start with a mug of tea." He placed two pound notes on the counter. "I'll be back for the change," he said. The driver returned from the corner table to the counter. "Stay here and keep an eye on him," said Hanley. "I'll be taking the car myself."

The driver thought it was his lucky day; first a warm car, now a warm café. Time for a cup of tea and a smoke. "Will I sit with him, sir?" he asked. "He smells a bit."

"Keep an eye on him," repeated Hanley. He drove himself back to the demolition site in Mayo Road.

The team had been all prepared and they were not wasting time. A line of contractor's men came in and out of the house, bearing the squalid goods and chattels of the former occupant which they deposited in the road under the now streaming rain. The council



housing officer had his umbrella up and watched.

Inside the car park compound two mechanical shovels on their rubber wheels waited to begin on the rear of the house, the back yard and small toilet. Behind them was a line of 10 tip trucks to carry away the rubble of the house. Mains water, electric current and gas had been cut off months ago, and the house was damp and filthy as a result. Sewage there had never been, hence the outside toilet which had been served by a buried septic tank.

The council housing officer approached Hanley when he got out of his car again. He gestured towards the open back of a council van. "I've saved what we could of any sentimental value," he volunteered. "Old photos, coins, some medal ribbons, some personal clothes, a few personal documents in a cigar box, mostly mouldy. As for the furniture" – he indicated the pile of bric-a-brac in the rain – "it's alive; the Medical Officer of Health has advised us to burn the lot. You wouldn't get tuppence for it."

"Aye," said Hanley. The official was right, but that was his problem. Still, he seemed to want moral support. "Will he get compensation for this?" asked Hanley.

"Oh yes," said the official eagerly, anxious to explain that his department was not a heartless beast. "For the house, which was his own title property, and a fair valuation for the furniture, fixtures, fittings and any personal effects lost, damaged or destroyed. And a displacement allowance to cover the inconvenience of moving – though frankly he's cost the council a lot more than the total by refusing to quit for so long."

At this moment, one of the men came from round the side of the house carrying two chickens, head down, in each hand. "What the hell do I do with these?" he asked no one in particular. One of his colleagues told him. Barney Kelleher snapped off a photo. Good picture, that, he thought. The last friends of the Hermit of Mayo Road. Nice caption. One of the contractor's men said he, too, kept chickens and he could put them in with his small flock. A cardboard carton was found, the damp birds popped inside and they went in the council van until they could go to the workman's home.

Within an hour, it was over. The small house was gutted. A burly foreman in gleaming yellow oilskins came over to the council official. "Can we start?" he asked. "The boss wants the car park finished and fenced. If we can concrete by tonight, we can tar it over tomorrow first thing."

The official sighed. "Go ahead," he said. The foreman turned and waved toward a mobile crane from whose arm swung a half-tonne iron ball. Gently, the crane moved forward to the flank of the house, planted itself and rose with a soft hiss on to its hydraulic feet. The ball began to swing, gently at first, then in bigger arcs. The crowd watched, fascinated. They had seen their own houses go down in just this way, but it never palled. Finally, the ball thumped into the side of the house, not far from the chimney, splintering a dozen bricks and sending two cracks racing down the wall. The crowd gave a long, low, "Aaaaaah". There's nothing like a nice bit of stylish demolition to cheer up a bored crowd.

At the fourth crunch, two upper windows popped from their frames and fell into the car park. A corner of the house detached itself from the rest, waltzed slowly in a half spiral and collapsed into the back yard. Moments later, the chimney stack, a solid column of brick, snapped at the mid-section and the upper portion

From behind him the last of the onlookers murmured. "It's the old man's treasure," whispered someone loudly from the crowd.

crashed through the roof and down through the floor to ground level. The old house was coming apart. The crowd loved it. Chief Superintendent Hanley got back into his car and returned to the café.

It was even warmer and steamier than before. His driver sat at the bar counter before a steaming cup of tea. He stubbed out a cigarette as Hanley walked in and slithered from his bar stool. The old man seemed busy in the corner. "Is he finished yet?" asked Hanley quickly.

"He's taking a powerful long time, sir," said the driver. "And the buttered bread is going down like there was just no tomorrow."

Hanley watched as the old man embalmed yet another morsel of greasy, fried food in soft, white bread and began to chew. "The bread'll be extra," said the cafe owner. "He's had three portions already." Hanley looked at his watch. It was past eleven. He sighed and hoisted himself on a stool.

"A mug of tea," he said. He had told the health and welfare official to join him in 30 minutes and take the old man into council care. Then he could get back to his office and on with some paper work. He'd be glad to be shot of the whole business.

Barney Kelleher and his cub reporter came in. "Buying him breakfast, are you?" asked Barney.

"I'll claim it back," said Hanley. Kelleher knew he wouldn't. "Get some good pictures?"

Barney shrugged. "Not bad," he said. "Nice one of the chickens. And the chimney stack coming down. And himself being brought out in a blanket. End of an era. I remember the days when 10,000 people lived in the Diamond. And all of them at work. Poor paid, mind you, but working. It took 50 years to create a slum in those days. Now they can do it in five."

Hanley grunted. "That's progress," he said.

A second police car drew up at the door. One of the young officers who had been at Mayo Road jumped out, saw through the glass that his chief was with the press and halted, irresolute. The young reporter did not notice. Barney Kelleher pretended not to. Hanley slid off his stool and went to the door. Outside in the rain the policeman told him: "You'd better come back, sir. They've ... found something there."

Hanley beckoned to his driver, who came out to the pavement. "I'm going back," said Hanley. "Keep an eye on the old man." He glanced back into the café. At the far back the old man had stopped eating. He held a fork in one hand, a piece of rolled bread containing half a sausage in the other, perfectly immobile, as he stared silently at the three uniforms on the pavement.

Back at the site, all work had stopped. The demolition men in their oilskins and hard hats stood grouped in a circle in the rubble of the building. The remaining policeman was with them. Hanley strode from his car, picking his way over the shattered piles of brick, to where the circle of men stared downwards. From behind him the last of the onlookers murmured. "It's the old man's treasure," whispered someone loudly from the crowd.

Hanley arrived at the centre of the group and looked at the area of attention. The short stump of the shattered chimney stack still stood, surrounded by piles of debris. At the base of the stack, the old black fireplace could still be seen. To one side a metre of outer wall still stood. At its base, inside the house, was a collection of fallen bricks, from which protruded the shrunken and wizened, but still recognisable, leg of a human being. A shred of what looked like nylon stocking still clung below the kneecap.

"Who found it?" asked Hanley.

The foreman stepped forward. "Tommy here was working on the

chimney breast with a pick. He cleared some bricks to get a better swing. He saw it. He called me."

Hanley recognised a good witness when he saw one. "Was it under the floorboards, then?" asked Hanley.

"No. This whole area was built on a marsh. The builders simply cemented in the floors."

"Where was it then?"

The foreman leaned down and pointed to the stump of the fireplace. "From the inside of the sitting room the fireplace looked to be flush with the wall. In fact it wasn't. Originally it jutted out from the house wall. Someone ran up a quick brick wall between the chimney breast and the end of the room, forming a cavity 30 centimetres deep, right up to the room ceiling. And another on the other side of the fireplace to give symmetry. But the other one was empty. The body was in the cavity between the false wall and the house wall. Even the room was re-papered to cover the work. See, the same paper on the front of the chimney breast as on the false wall."

Hanley followed his finger; shreds of the same damp-mottled wallpaper adhered to the front of the chimney breast above the mantelshelf and to the bricks surrounding and part-covering the body. It was an old paper with a rosebud pattern on it. But on the inside of the original house wall beside the fireplace, a dingy and even older striped wallpaper could be discerned. Hanley stood up.

"Right," he said. "That's the end of your work for today. You might as well stand the men down and let them go. We'll be taking over from here." The hard hats began to move back off the pile of bricks. Hanley turned to his two stalwart policemen.

"Keep the crowd barriers up," he said. "The whole place sealed off. More men will be coming, and more barriers. I want this place unapproached from any of the four sides. I'll get more manpower up here and the forensic boys. Nothing touched until they say so, okay?"

The two men saluted. Hanley heaved himself back into his car and called headquarters. He issued a stream of orders, then had himself patched through to the technical section of the Investigation Bureau, tucked away in a grim old Victorian barracks behind Heuston railway station. He was lucky. Detective Superintendent O'Keefe came on the line, and they had known each other many years. Hanley told him what had been found and what he needed.

"I'll get them up there," O'Keefe's voice crackled down the line. "Do you want the Murder Squad brought in?" Hanley sniffed. "No thanks. I think we can handle this one quite adequately at divisional level."

"Do you have a suspect then?" asked O'Keefe.

"Oh, yes, we have one of those all right," said Hanley.

He drove himself back to the café, passing Barney Kelleher, who was trying unsuccessfully to get back through the crowd barrier. This time, the policeman on duty was not being nearly so helpful. At the café, Hanley found his driver still at the counter with another cup of tea. At the rear sat the old man, meal finished, sipping a cup of tea. He stared at Hanley as the giant policeman came over to him.

"We've found her," said Hanley, leaning over the table and speaking so softly that no one else in the room could hear him. "We'd better be going, had we not, Mr Larkin? Down to the station, now?"

The old man stared back without a word. It occurred to Hanley that so far he had not opened his mouth to say a word. Something flickered in the old man's eyes. Fear? Relief? No wonder he had been afraid all these years.

The old man settled into a cell behind the charge room; he made no protest, asked for no lawyer. Hanley had no intention of charging him — yet.

He rose quietly and, with Hanley's firm hand on his elbow, went out to the police car. The driver followed and climbed behind the wheel. The rain had stopped and a chill wind blew toffee papers like autumn leaves down the street where no trees grew. The car drew away from the kerb. The old man sat hunched, staring ahead, silent. "Back to the station," said Hanley.

•

There is no country in the world where a murder investigation is a matter of inspired guesses, as television would have it. It is 90 percent plodding routine, formalities to be gone through, procedures to be fulfilled.

Big Bill Hanley made certain that the old man settled into a cell behind the charge room; he made no protest, asked for no lawyer. Hanley had no intention of charging him — yet. He could hold him on suspicion for at least 24 hours and he wanted more facts first. Then he sat at his desk and started with the telephone. "By the book, lad, by the book. We're not Sherlock Holmes," his old sergeant used to tell him, years before. Good advice. More cases have been lost in court by procedural screw-ups than have ever been won by sheer intellectual brilliance.

Hanley formally informed the City Coroner of the fact of a death, catching him just as he was leaving for his lunch. Then he told the City Morgue in Store Street, just behind the bus terminal, that there was going to be a complex post mortem that afternoon. He traced the official pathologist, Professor Tim McCarthy, who listened calmly on a telephone in the hallway of the Kildare Club, sighed at the thought of missing the excellent breast of pheasant that was on the menu, and agreed to come at once.

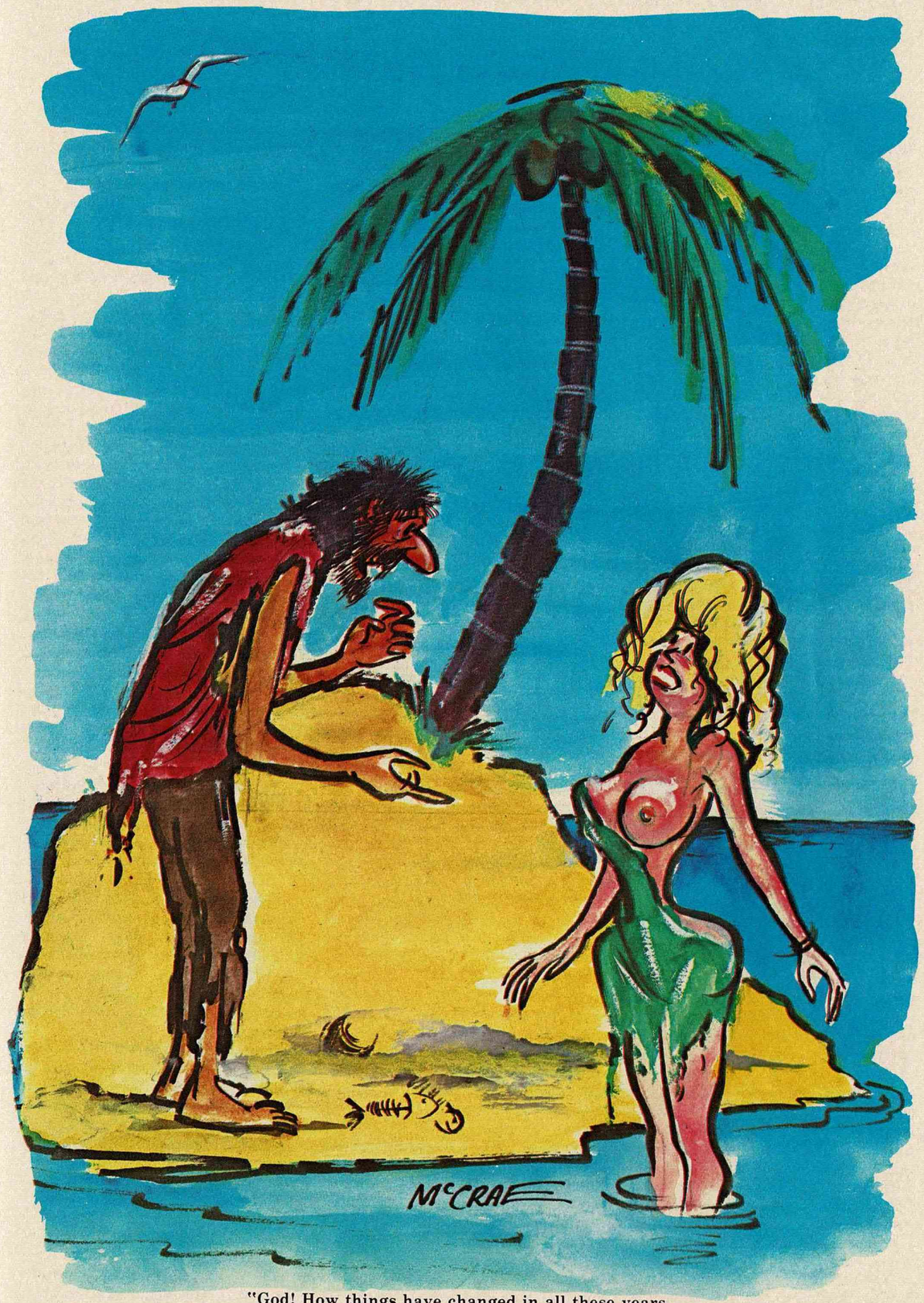
There were canvas screens to be organised, and men detailed to pick up picks and shovels and report to Mayo Road. He summoned the three detectives attached to his division from their lunch in the canteen to his office, and made do with two sandwiches and a pint of milk as he worked. "I know you are busy," he told them. "We all are. That's why I want this one tied up fast. It shouldn't take too long."

He named his Detective Chief Inspector to be scene-of-crime examiner and despatched him to Mayo Road without delay. The two young sergeants got separate jobs. One was detailed to check into the house itself; the council official had said the old man owned it, freehold, but the rating office at the City Hall would have details of its past history and ownership. The Registry of Deeds would clinch the final details.

The second detective sergeant got the leg work: trace every former occupant of Mayo Road, most of them now re-housed in the council blocks of flats. Find the neighbors, the gossips, the shopkeepers, the constables who had had the beat including Mayo Road for the 15 years before its ultimate demolition, the local priest — anybody who had known Mayo Road and the old man for as many years back as possible. And that, said Hanley with emphasis, includes anyone who ever knew Mrs, that is the late Mrs, Larkin.

He despatched a uniformed sergeant with a van to repossess all the personal memorabilia from the destroyed house that he had seen in the council van that morning, and to bring all the abandoned furniture, fleas and all, into the police station yard.

It was past two in the afternoon when he finally rose and stretched. He instructed that the old man be brought to the interview room, finished his milk and waited five minutes. When he walked into the interview room, the old man was seated at the table, hands clasped in front of him, staring at the



"God! How things have changed in all these years. Why, even men seem different somehow, sir!"

wall. A policeman stood near the door.

"Any word from him?" murmured Hanley to the officer.

"No, sir. Not a thing."

Hanley nodded for him to go. When they were alone, he sat at the table facing the old man. Herbert James Larkin, the council records showed. "Well, now, Mr Larkin," said Hanley softly. "Don't you think it would be a sensible thing to tell me about it?"

His experience told him there was no use trying to bully the old man. This was no street villain from the underworld. He'd had three wife murderers in his time and all of them mild, meek little fellows who had soon seemed relieved to get rid of the awful details to the big sympathetic man across the table. The old man slowly looked up at him, held his gaze for a few moments, and looked back at the table. Hanley took out a packet of cigarettes and flipped it open.

"Smoke?" he said. The old man didn't move. "Actually I don't use them myself either," said Hanley, but he left the pack invitingly open on the table, a box of matches beside it. "Not a bad try," he conceded. "Holding on to the house like that, all those months. But the council had to win sooner or later. You knew that, didn't you? Must have been awful, knowing that they'd send the bailiffs in to move you sooner or later."

He waited for a comment, any hint of communication from the old man. There was none. No matter, he was patient as an ox when he wanted a man to talk. And they all talked sooner or later. It was the relief really. The unburdening. The church knew all about the relief of confession.

"How many years, Mr Larkin? How many years of anxiety, of waiting? How many months since the first bulldozers moved into the area, eh? Man, what hell you must have gone through in that time."

The old man lifted his gaze and met Hanley's eyes, maybe searching for something, a fellow human being after years of self-imposed isolation; a little sympathy perhaps. Hanley felt he was nearly there. The old man's eyes swivelled away, over Hanley's shoulder to the rear wall.

"It's over, Mr Larkin. All over. It's got to come out, sooner or later. We'll go back through the years, slowly, plodding away, and we'll piece it together. You know that. It was Mrs Larkin, wasn't it? Why? Another man? Or just an accident, eh? So you panicked, and then you were committed; to living like a hermit all your days."

The old man's lower lip moved. He ran his tongue along it. I'm getting through, thought Hanley. Not long now. "It must have been bad, these past years," he went on. "Sitting there all alone, no friends like before it happened, just you and the knowledge that she was still there, not far away, bricked up beside the fireplace."

Something flickered in the old man's eyes. Shock at the memory? Perhaps the shock treatment would work better. He blinked twice. I'm nearly there, thought Hanley, I'm nearly there. But when the old man's eyes moved back to meet his own, they were blank again. He said nothing. Hanley kept it up for another hour, but the old man never uttered a word. "Please yourself," said Hanley as he rose to leave. "I'll be back, and we'll talk it over then."

When he arrived at Mayo Road, the scene was a hive of activity, the crowd bigger than before, but able to see far less. On all four sides, the ruin of the house was surrounded by canvas screens, whipped by the wind, but enough to keep prying eyes from seeing

The corpse was bent into an embryo posture, lying on its side, though in its cavity it had probably sat upright.

the job going on within. Inside the hollow square that included a portion of the roadway, 20 hefty policemen in heavy boots and rummage gear were pulling the rubble to pieces by hand.

Round the fireplace, two men worked with special care. The rubble on top of the corpse was lifted away carefully until only a thick film of dust covered the body. It was bent into an embryo posture, lying on its side, though in its cavity it had probably sat upright, facing sideways. Professor McCarthy, looking over what was left of the house wall, directed these two men at their work. When it was done to his satisfaction, he entered the cavity among the remaining bricks and with a soft brush, like a careful housewife, began to whisk away the creamy dust of the old mortar.

When he had cleared the majority of the dust, he examined the body more closely, tapped part of the exposed thigh and of the upper arm, and emerged from the cavity. "It's a mummy," he told Hanley.

"A mummy?"

"Just so. With a brick or concrete floor, a sealed environment on all six sides, and the constant warmth of the fireplace less than a metre away, mummification has taken place. Dehydration, but with preservation. The organs may well be intact, but hard as wood. No use trying to cut tonight. I'll need the warm glycerine bath. It'll take time."

"How long?" asked Hanley.

"Twelve hours at least. Perhaps more. I've known it to take days." The professor glanced at his watch. "It's nearly four. I'll have it immersed by five. Tomorrow morning around nine, I'll look in at the morgue and see if I can start."

"Blast," said Hanley. "I wanted this one sewn up."

"An unfortunate choice of words," said McCarthy. "I'll do the best I can. Actually, I don't think the organs will tell us much. From what I can see, there's a ligature round the neck."

"Strangulation, eh?"

"Maybe," said McCarthy.

The undertaker who always got the city contracts had his van parked out beyond the screens. Under the pathologist's supervision, two of his men lifted the rigid corpse, still on its side, on to a bier, covered it with a large blanket and transferred their cargo to the waiting hearse. Followed by the professor, they sped off to Store Street and the city morgue.

Hanley strolled across to the fingerprint man from the technical bureau. "Anything of interest here for you?" he asked.

The man shrugged. "It's all brick and rubble in there, sir. There's not a clean surface in the place."

"How about you?" Hanley asked the photographer from the same office.

"I'll need a bit more, sir. I'll wait until the boys have got it cleared down to the floor, then see if there's anything there. If not, I've got it for tonight."

The gang foreman from the contractor wandered over. He had been kept standing by, at Hanley's suggestion, as a technical expert in case of hazard from falling rubble. He grinned. "Now that's a lovely job you've done there," he said in his broad Dublin accent. "There'll not be much for my lads left to do."

Hanley gestured to the street where most of the house now lay in a single large mound of brick and timber debris. "You can start shifting that if you like. We're finished with it," he said.

The foreman glanced at his watch in the gathering gloom. "There's an hour left," he said. "We'll get most of it shifted. Can we start on the rest of the house tomorrow? The boss wants to get that park finished and fenced."

"Check with me at nine tomorrow morning. I'll let you know," Hanley said. Before leaving, he called over his Dectective Chief Inspector, who had been organising it all. "There are portable lights coming," he said. "Have the lads bring it down to floor level and search the floor surface for any signs of interference since it was laid down."

The detective nodded. "So far it's just the one hiding place," he said. "But I'll keep looking until it's clean."

Back at the station, Hanley got the first chance to look at something that might tell him about the old man in the cells. On his desk was the pile of assorted odds and ends that the bailiffs had removed from the house that morning and put into the council van. He went through every document carefully, using a magnifying glass.

There was a birth certificate, giving the name of the old man, his place of birth as Dublin and his age. He was 68, having been born in 1911. There were some old letters, but from people who meant nothing to Hanley, mostly from long ago, and their contents had no seeming bearing on the case. But two things were of interest.

One was a faded photograph, mottled and warped in a cheap frame, but unglassed. It showed a soldier in what looked like British Army uniform, smiling uncertainly into the camera. Hanley recognised a much younger version of the old man in the cells. On his arm was a plump young woman with a posy of flowers; no wedding dress, but a neutral colored two-piece suit with the high-square shoulders of the mid to late 1940s.

The other item was the cigar box. It contained more letters, also irrelevant to the case, three medal ribbons clipped to a bar with a pin behind it, and a British Army service paybook. Hanley reached for the telephone. It was 5.20pm, but he might be lucky. He was. The military attaché at the British Embassy out at Sandyford was still at his desk.

Hanley explained his problem. Major Dawkins said he would be glad to assist if he could, unofficially of course. Of course. All official requests have to go through channels. Officially all contact between the Irish police force and Britain goes through channels. Unofficially, contacts are much closer than either side would be prepared to concede to the idle inquirer. Major Dawkins agreed to stop by the police station on his way home, even though it meant quite a detour.

Darkness had long fallen when the first of the two young detectives doing the leg work reported back. The first was the man who had been checking the register of deeds and the rating lists. Seated in front of Hanley's desk, he flicked open his notebook and began to recite.

The house at 38 Mayo Road had been bought, so the records of deeds showed, by Herbert James Larkin in 1954 from the estate of the previous owner, then deceased. He had paid £400 for the property, title freehold. No evidence of a mortgage, so he had had the money available. The rating list showed the house to have been owned since that date by the same Herbert James Larkin, and occupied by Mr Herbert James Larkin and Mrs Violet Larkin. No record of the wife's decease or departure, but then the rating list would not show a change of occupancy, even in part, unless advised in writing by the continuing occupant, which had not happened. But a search of the death certificates over at the Custom House, going back to 1954, revealed no trace of the death of any Mrs Violet Larkin, of that address or any other.

Department of Health and Welfare records showed Larkin drew a pension for the past two years, never applied for supplementary benefit, and prior to pensionable retirement was apparently a storeman and nightwatchman. One last thing, said the sergeant. His tax forms, starting in 1954, had shown a previous address in North London.

Hanley flicked the army paybook across the desk.

"So he was in the British Army," said the sergeant.

"Nothing strange in that," said Hanley. "There were 50,000 Irishmen in the British armed forces during World War Two."

"Perhaps the wife was English. He came back to Dublin in 1954 with her from North London."

"Likely she was," said Hanley, pushing over the wedding photo.

The internal phone rang to inform him that the military attaché from the British Embassy was at the front desk. Hanley nodded at his sergeant, who left the office. "Show him in, please," said Hanley.

Major Dawkins was Hanley's luckiest find of the day. He crossed his pin-stripe-clad legs elegantly, aimed a glittering toe-cap at Hanley across the desk and listened quietly. Then he studied the wedding photograph intently for a while. Finally he came round the desk and stood by Hanley's shoulder with the magnifying glass in one hand and his gold propelling pencil in the other. With the tip of the pencil, he tapped the cap badge above Larkin's face in the photograph. "King's Dragoon Guards," he said with certainty.

"How on earth do you know that?" asked Hanley.

Major Dawkins passed Hanley the magnifying glass. "The double-headed eagle," he said. "Cap badge of the King's Dragoon Guards. Very distinctive. None like it."

"Anything else?" asked Hanley.

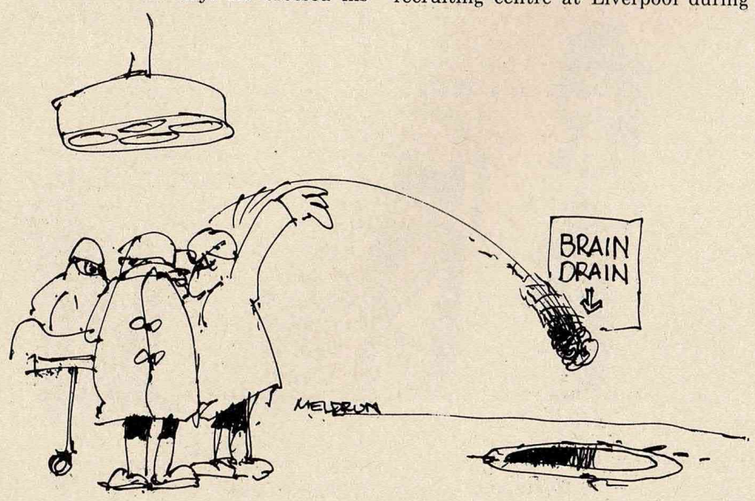
Dawkins pointed to the three medals on the chest of the newlywed. "This first one is the 1939-1945 Star," he said, "and the third one at the end is the Victory Medal. But the one in the middle is the Africa Star with what looks like the bar-clasp of the Eighth Army across it. That makes sense. The King's Dragoon Guards fought against Rommel in North Africa. Armored cars, actually."

Hanley brought out the three medal ribbons. Those in the photograph were the full ceremonial medals; those on the desk were the smaller version – the miniatures on a bar – for wearing with undress uniform. "Ah, yes," said Major Dawkins, with a glance at them. "The same pattern, see. And the Eighth Army bar."

With the glass, Hanley could make out that the pattern was the same. He passed Major Dawkins the service paybook. Dawkins' eyes lit up. He flicked through the pages. "Volunteered at Liverpool, October 1940," he said, "probably at Burton's."

"Burton's?" asked Hanley.

"Burton's, the tailors. It was the recruiting centre at Liverpool during



the war. A lot of the Irish volunteers arrived at Liverpool docks and were directed there by the recruiting sergeants. Demobilised in January, 1946. Honorable discharge. Odd."

"What?" asked Hanley.

"Volunteered in 1940. Then he saw action with armored cars in North Africa, and stayed until 1946. But he stayed a trooper. Never won a stripe on his arm. Never made corporal." He tapped the uniformed arm in the wedding photograph.

"Perhaps he was a bad soldier," suggested Hanley.

"Possibly."

"Can you get me some more details of his war record?" asked Hanley.

"First thing in the morning," said Dawkins. He noted most of the details in the paybook and left.

Hanley had a canteen supper and waited for his second detective sergeant to report back. The man arrived at well past 10.30, tired but triumphant. "I spoke with 15 of those who knew Larkin and his wife in Mayo Road," he said, "and three came up trumps. Mrs Moran, the next-door neighbor. She's been there for 30 years and remembers the Larkins moving in. The postman, now retired, who served Mayo Road until last year, and Father Byrne, also retired, now living in a priests' retired home out at Inchicore. I've just got back from there, which accounts for the delay."

Hanley sat back as the detective flicked back to the start of his notebook and began to report. "Mrs Moran recalled that in 1954 the widower who had lived there, at Number 38, died. Shortly afterwards a 'For Sale' notice went up on the house. It was only there a fortnight, then it came down. A fortnight later, the Larkins moved in. Larkin was then about 45, his wife much younger. She was English, a Londoner, and told Mrs Moran they had moved from London where her husband had been a store clerk. One summer, Mrs Larkin disappeared; Mrs Moran put the year at 1963."

"How can she be so certain of the year?" asked Hanley.

"That November President Kennedy was killed," said the detective sergeant. "The news came from the lounge bar up the street where there was a television set. Within 20 minutes everyone in Mayo Road was on the pavement discussing it. Mrs Moran was so excited she burst into Larkin's house next door to tell him. She didn't knock, just walked into the sitting room. Larkin was dozing in a chair. He jumped up in great alarm and couldn't wait to get her out of the house. Mrs Larkin had left by then. But she was there earlier that year; she used to babysit for the Morans on a Saturday night; Mrs Moran's second baby was born in January 1963. So it was late in 1963 that Mrs Larkin disappeared."

"What was the reason given?", asked Hanley.

"Walked out on him," said the detective without hesitation. "No one doubted it. He worked hard, but never wanted to go out in the evening, not even on Saturday, hence Mrs Larkin's availability as a baby-sitter. There were rows about it. Something else: she was flighty, a bit of a flirt. When she packed her bags and left him, no one was surprised. Some of the women reckoned he deserved it for not treating her better. No one suspected anything.

"After that, Larkin kept himself even more to himself. Hardly ever went out, ceased to care much for himself or the house. People offered to help out, as they do in small communities, but he rejected all offers. Eventually, people left him alone. A couple of years later, he lost his job as a storeman and became a nightwatchman, leaving after dark and returning at sunrise. Kept the door bolted on the inside, at night because he was out, and by day because he wanted to sleep. So he said. He also started keeping pets. First ferrets, in a shed in the back garden. But they escaped. Then pigeons, but they flew off or were shot elsewhere. Finally chickens, for the past 10 years."

The parish priest confirmed much of Mrs Moran's recollections. Mrs Larkin had been English, but a Catholic and a churchgoer. She had confessed regularly. Then in August, 1963, she had gone off, most people said with a man friend. Father Byrne would not break the confessional oath, but he would go as far as to say he did not doubt it. He had called at the house several times, but Larkin was not a churchgoer and refused all spiritual comfort. He called his wife a tart.

"It all fits," mused Hanley. "She could well have been about to leave him when he found out and thumped her a bit too hard. God knows, it's happened enough times."

The postman had little more to add. He was a local man and used the local bar. Mrs Larkin had liked to have her noggin on a Saturday night, had even helped out as a barmaid one summer, but her husband soon put a stop to that. He recalled that she was much younger than Larkin, bright and bubbly, not averse to a bit of flirting.

"Description?" asked Hanley.

"She was quite short, about 155 cm. Rather plump, well-rounded anyway. Curling dark hair. Giggled a lot. Plenty of chest. Postman recalled when she pulled a pint of ale from those old-style beer pumps they used to have, it was worth watching. But Larkin went wild when he found out. Came in and pulled her home. She left him, or disappeared, soon afterwards."

Hanley rose and stretched. It was nearly midnight. He clapped a hand on the young detective's shoulder. "It's late. Get yourself home. Write it all up in the morning."

Hanley's last visitor of the night was his Chief Inspector, the scene-of-crime investigator. "It's clean," he told Hanley. "The last brick removed, and not a sign of anything else that might be helpful."

"We're in luck . . . a price war!"

"Then it's up to the poor woman's body to tell us the rest of what we want to know," said Hanley."Or Larkin."

"Has he talked yet?" asked the Chief Inspector.

"Not yet," said Hanley, "but he will. They all talk in the end."

The Chief Inspector went home. Hanley called his wife and told her he would be spending the night at the station. Just after midnight, he went down to the cells. The old man was awake, sitting on the edge of his bunk, staring at the opposite wall. Hanley jerked his head at the police officer with him and they all trooped up to the interview room. The policeman sat in a corner with his notebook at the ready. Hanley faced the old man and read him the caution: "Herbert James Larkin, you are not obliged to say anything. But anything you say will be taken down and may be used in evidence."

Then he sat down opposite the old man. "Sixteen years, Mr Larkin. That's a long time to live with a thing like that. August of 1963, wasn't it? The neighbors remember it, and the priest remembers it; even the old postman remembers it. Now, why don't you tell me about it?"

The old man raised his eyes, held Hanley's gaze for a few seconds, then lowered his eyes to the table. He said nothing. Hanley kept it up almost until dawn. Larkin seemed not to tire, although the policeman in the corner yawned repeatedly. Larkin had been a nightwatchman for years, Hanley recalled. Probably more awake at night now than during the day.

There was a grey light filtering through the frosted-glass window of the interview room when he rose finally. "Have it your own way," he said. "You may not talk, but your Violet will. Strange that, eh? Talking back from the grave behind the wall, 16 years later. But she'll talk to the pathologist, in a few hours now. She'll talk. She'll tell him in his laboratory what happened to her and when it happened, maybe even why it happened. Then I'll charge you."

Slow to anger though he was, he was becoming irritated by the silence of the old man. It was not that he said little; he said absolutely nothing. Just stared back at Hanley with that strange look in his eyes. What *was* that look, Hanley asked himself. Trepidation? Fear of him, Hanley? Remorse? Relief? Murderers were often relieved, but then they usually spoke. Mockery? No, not mockery. His number was up.

Finally he rose, rubbed a large hand round the stubble on his chin, and went back to his office. Larkin went back to the cell.

Hanley snatched three hours' sleep in his chair, head tilted back, feet out, snoring loudly. At eight he rose, went to the rest room and washed and shaved. Two startled young police cadets surprised him there at 8.30 as they came on duty and went about their business like two dormice in carpet slippers. At nine he was breakfasted and working his way through a mountain of accumulated paperwork. At 9.30, the contractor's foreman at the Mayo Road job came on the line. Hanley considered his request. "All right," he said at last, "you can fence it in and concrete over."

Twenty minutes later, Professor McCarthy was on the line. "I've got the limbs straightened out," he said cheerfully. "And the skin is soft enough to take the scalpel. I'll begin in an hour."

"When can you give me a report?"

"Depends what you mean," came the voice down the line. "The official report will take two to three days. Unofficially, I should have something just after lunch. The cause of death at least. We've confirmed the ligature round the neck. It was a nylon stocking, as I suspected yesterday."

She would have been a still attractive and possibly sexy 35, while he would have been a perhaps very uninteresting 52.

The morning was uninterrupted, save by Major Dawkins, who phoned at midday. "Bit of luck," he said. "Found an old friend of mine in the Records Office at the War House. He gave me priority."

"Thank you, major," said Hanley. "I'm taking notes; go ahead."

"There's not too much, but it confirms what we thought yesterday." What *you* thought yesterday, Hanley said to himself. This laborious English courtesy amused him.

"Trooper Herbert James Larkin arrived on the Dublin ferry at Liverpool, October, 1940, and volunteered for the army. Basic training at Catterick Camp, Yorkshire. Transferred to the King's Dragoon Guards. Sent by troopship to join the regiment in Egypt in March, 1941. Then we come to the reason he never made corporal."

"Which was?"

"He was captured. Taken prisoner by the Germans in Rommel's autumn offensive of that year. Spent the rest of the war as a farm worker at a POW camp in Silesia, eastern end of the Third Reich. Liberated by the Russians, October 1944. Repatriated April 1945, just in time for the end of the war in Europe in May."

"Anything about his marriage?" asked Hanley.

"Certainly," said Major Dawkins. "He was married while a serving soldier, so the army has that on file, too. Married at St Mary Saviour's Catholic Church, Edmonton, North London, November 14, 1945. Bride, Violet Mary Smith, hotel chambermaid. She was 17 at the time. As you know, he got an honorable discharge in January, 1946, and stayed on in Edmonton working as a storeclerk until 1954. That's when the army has its last address for him."

Hanley thanked Dawkins profusely and hung up. Larkin was 34, turning 35, when he married a young girl of 17. She would have been a lively 26 when they came to live in Mayo Road and he a perhaps not-so-lively 43. By the time she died in August, 1963, she would have been a still attractive and possibly sexy 35, while he would have been a perhaps very uninteresting, and uninterested, 52. Yes, that might have caused problems. He waited with impatience for Professor McCarthy, who had promised to report after lunch.

The pathologist was as good as his word and was seated in the chair facing Hanley by 2.30. He took out his pipe and began to fill it leisurely. "Can't smoke in the lab," he apologised. "Anyway, the smoke covers the formaldehyde. You should appreciate it." He puffed contentedly.

"Got what you wanted," the professor continued easily. "Murder beyond a doubt. It was manual strangulation with the use of a nylon stocking, causing asphyxiation, coupled with shock. The hyoid bone here" – he pointed to the area between chin and Adam's apple – "was fractured in three places. Prior to death, a blow to the head was administered, causing scalp laceration, but not death. Probably enough to stun the victim and permit the strangulation to take place."

Hanley leaned back. "Marvellous," he said. "Have you got anything on the year of death?"

"Ah," said the professor, reaching for his attaché case. "I have a little present for you." He reached into the case and produced a plastic bag containing what appeared to be a fragment of yellowed and faded newspaper. "The scalp wound must have bled a bit. To prevent a mess on the carpet, our murderer must have wrapped the area of the scalp wound in newspaper. While he built his oubliette

LET YOUR FEELINGS SHOW

If you've got a special someone, Speidel Identity Bracelets provide you with a special place to put your feelings into words. A name, a time, a place . . . Speidel I.D.'s are the stylish way to let your feelings show.

Speidel®
Your lasting link

ALA/SW 1099

behind the false wall, no doubt. By good fortune, it's recognisable as a piece of a daily newspaper."

Hanley took the plastic bag and, with the aid of his reading spotlight and magnifying glass, studied the newsprint fragment. Then he sat up sharply. "Of course, this was an old piece of newspaper," he said.

"Of course it's old," said McCarthy.

"It was an old piece, a back number, when it was used to wrap the wound in the head," insisted Hanley.

McCarthy shrugged. "You could be right," he agreed. "With this kind of mummy, one can't be accurate as to the exact year of death. But reasonably so."

Hanley relaxed. "That's what I meant," he said with relief. "Larkin must have grabbed the newspaper lining a drawer, or a cupboard, that had been there for years untouched. That's why the date on the paper goes back to March 13, 1943."

"So does the corpse," said McCarthy. "I put death at between 1941 and 1945. Probably within a few weeks of the date of that piece of newspaper."

Hanley stared at him, long and hard. "Mrs Violet Mary Larkin died during August, 1963," he said.

McCarthy stared at him and held the stare while he relit his pipe. "I think," he said gently, "we're talking at cross-purposes."

"I'm talking about the body in the morgue," said Hanley.

"So am I," said McCarthy.

"Larkin and his wife arrived from London in 1954," said Hanley slowly. "They bought Number 38 Mayo Road following the death of the previous owner/occupant. Mrs Larkin was announced as having run away and left her husband in August, 1963. Yesterday, we found her body bricked up behind a false wall while the house was being demolished."

"You didn't tell me how long the Larkins had been at that house," McCarthy pointed out reasonably. "You asked me to do a pathological examination of a virtually mummified body. Which I have done."

"But it *was* mummified," insisted Hanley. "Surely in those conditions there could be a wide range in the possible year of death?"

"Not 20 years," said McCarthy equably. "There is no way that body was alive after 1945. The tests on the internal organs are beyond much doubt. The nylon stockings can be analysed, of course. And the newsprint. But as you say, both could have been 20 years old at the time of use. But the hair, the nails, the organs — they could not."

Hanley felt as if he was living, while awake, his only nightmare. He was bulldozing his way towards the goal line, using his strength to cut a path through the English defenders during that last Triple Crown match in 1951. He was almost there, and the ball began slipping from his hands. Try as he might, he could not hold on to it . . .

He recovered himself. "Age apart, what else?" he asked. "The woman was short, about 155cm?"

McCarthy shook his head. "Sorry, bones don't alter in length, even after 36 years behind a brick wall. She was 175cm to 180cm tall, bony and angular."

"Black hair, curly?" asked Hanley.

"Dead straight and ginger in color. It's still attached to the head."

"She was about 35 at the time of her death?"

"No," said McCarthy, "she was well over 50 and she had had children, two I'd say, and there had been remedial surgery following the second."

"Do you mean to say," asked Hanley, "that from 1954, first the Larkins together, and then Larkin alone for the past 16 years, sat in the living room only two metres from a walled-up corpse?"

"Must have done," said McCarthy. "A body in a state of mummification, which itself would occur within a short time in such a warm environment, would emit no odor. By 1954, assuming she was killed, as I think, in 1943, the body would long since have achieved exactly the same state as that in which we found it yesterday. Incidentally, where was your man Larkin in 1943?"

"In a prisoner-of-war camp in Silesia," said Hanley.

"Then," said the professor, rising, "he did not kill that woman and brick her up beside the fireplace. So the question is, who did?"

Hanley picked up the internal phone and called the detectives' room. The young sergeant came on the line. "Who," asked Hanley with deliberation, "was the man who owned and occupied the house in Mayo Road prior to 1954 and died in that year?"

"I don't know, sir," said the young sergeant.

"How long had he been in it?"

"I didn't take notes about that, sir. But I recall the previous occupant had been there for 30 years. He was a widower."

"He certainly was," growled Hanley. "What was his name?"

There was a pause. "I never thought to ask, sir."

The old man was released two hours later, through the back door in case anyone from the press was hanging around the front lobby. This time there was no police car, no escort. He had the address of a council hostel in his pocket. Without saying a word, he shuffled off down the pavement and into the mean streets of the Diamond.

At Mayo Road, the missing section of chain-link fence where the house had once been was in place, closing off the entire car park. Within the area, on the spot where the house and garden had stood, was a sheet of level concrete in the last stages of drying. In the gathering dusk, the foreman was stomping over the concrete with two of his workers. Every now and then he hacked at the surface with the steel-capped heel of one of his boots. "Sure it's dry enough," he said. "The boss wants it sealed by tonight."

On the other side of the road, in the rubble field, a bonfire burned up the last of a pile of banisters, stairs, roof joists, ceiling beams, cupboards, window frames and doors, the remnants of the plank fence, the old toilet and the chicken house. Even by its light, none of the workers noticed the old figure that stared at them.

The foreman finished prowling over the rectangle of new concrete and came to the far end of the plot, up against where the old back fence had been. He looked down at his feet. "What's this?" he asked. "This isn't new. This is old." The area he was pointing at was a slab of concrete about two metres by one.

"It was the floor of the old chicken house," said one of the workers.

"Did you not put a fresh layer over it?" asked the foreman.

"I did not. It would have raised the level too high at that spot."

"If there's any subsidence here, the boss'll have us do it again, and pay for it," said the foreman darkly. He went a few metres away and came back with a heavy pointed steel bar. Raising it high above his head, he brought it down, point first, on the old concrete slab. The bar bounced back.

"All right, it's solid enough," he conceded. Turning towards the waiting bulldozer, he beckoned. "Fill it in."

The bulldozer blade came down behind the pile of steaming fresh tarmac and began to push the hot mountain, crumbling like soft, damp sugar, towards the rectangle of concrete. Within minutes, the area had turned from grey to black, the tar raked flat and even, before the mechanical roller, waiting behind the spreaders, finished the job. As the last light faded, the men left for home and the car park was at last complete.

Beyond the wire, the old man turned and shuffled away. He said nothing, nothing at all. But for the first time, he smiled, a long, happy smile of pure relief.

© Frederick Forsyth, 1979.

Photography by Colin Stead

Mini Interview Marcia Hines

cream-puff softness hides an iron-hard determination to stay top of the pops

Marcia Hines was only 16 when she bailed off a jet in Sydney for a stab at singing stardom in Jim Sharman's Australian production of the rock musical Hair. *Being black and inexperienced were the two good reasons why her friends and family in Boston, Massachusetts, tipped she would be back home inside two years looking for a conventional job. They were wrong. She hung around for nine years and did a lot of fast growing. During that time she had a daughter, achieved initial success with* Hair, *broke into concert stardom and finally established herself as the foremost female recording and TV vocalist in the country. Her success accounted for the odd broken romance, a brief grappling with racial disenchantment, a couple of well-received series for ABC TV and a carefully calculated fade from the spotlight. Now, after a lay-off of almost two years, Marcia's back with the challenge of more work and her forthcoming marriage to Adelaide DJ Tony Murphy.* PLAYBOY *staff writer* ***Neil Jameson*** *reports: "The lady is totally aware that she is the figurehead for a complex operation comprising managers, producers, recording people, publicity staff, band members and roadies, which all adds up to Marcia Hines as she is seen by the public. With that sort of responsibility on her shoulders she is deliberately cautious but refreshingly honest. Her sense of style and innovation has become a byword in the profession, but she is still prepared to learn."*

PLAYBOY: What sort of music have you been listening to lately?

MARCIA: A lot of Gerry Rafferty, *The Boss* by Diana Ross, Donna Summer and a violinist called Noel Pointer who is into jazz-rock.

PLAYBOY: What sort of people do you admire the most?

MARCIA: I admire Frank Sinatra. He is *the* man. I also admire models because they've got poise. You can learn a lot by watching people. I like to watch others and pick up on their good points. I also like people who amuse me, and I admire John Laws. He's a trip; a journey even. I respect that man because he demands respect, even though he frightens the hell out of me. I like publicist Patti Mostyn because she's a woman who has done it.

PLAYBOY: You've named some tough people. Are you tough?

MARCIA: You bet I am. My manager once described me as a cream puff that you bite and find a steel bar inside. You have to be tough, otherwise you don't survive. Sometimes tough is ugly, but if you find a happy medium between the two you can be a woman in a man's world and use your charm to give you a very strong hand.

PLAYBOY: You've travelled a lot and you've had a good look at this country. Do you find Australians insular?

MARCIA: No. Australia's so young and so completely unspoiled, but people are blowing it left, right and centre. I'm a great believer in watching other people make mistakes so that I won't make them later. Australia's the greatest country in the world; and that's the truth. Sixty percent don't know what they've got; the other 40 percent have travelled and they really know what's going on.

PLAYBOY: In view of that, where do you think we should be heading with our immigration policy?

MARCIA: I don't know. Who the hell am I to say? But I'm a great believer in adoption – say four or five kids. A woman has a child to prove she can do it. I've been there and done that; now it's time to maybe take in some kids and give them a bit of love. That would be my solution – to adopt – and not just Vietnamese kids. There are kids all over the world who need help. Having so much wealth like we've got here is nothing unless we can share it.

PLAYBOY: Are you wealthy?

MARCIA: What's wealthy? You work to get more and find yourself working to get more work, so what's wealthy? I don't know anyone who doesn't worry about money. When you don't have it you don't worry about what to do with it. I've worked hard and sacrificed a lot for what I've got now. I blew my childhood, I've blown my love life at times, though I've got a happy one now with Tony.

PLAYBOY: What sort of inroads has fame made on your privacy?

MARCIA: What privacy? I can't bitch, though, because you strive your little butt off to get there and, when you do, you have to be ready to handle whatever comes at you. You handle the people just like you handle the rumors. I've heard things about me you just wouldn't believe!

PLAYBOY: When you announced your intention to marry Tony Murphy, you both received a lot of sick mail. Has that stopped?

MARCIA: Yes. What happens in this business is that you put yourself in a position to be dissected. The members of the public feel as if they own you. And the shocking truth is they do.

PLAYBOY: Do you detect a strong public respect for Marcia Hines?

MARCIA: Yes, and it's a lot to live up to. That's why, whenever I travel, I don't do what a lot of Australians do and clam up. I make sure everybody knows that Australia exists. That might sound corny, but I'm pretty humble about the success I've had here.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered acting?

MARCIA: Sure, but I'm no actress. Reg Livermore – now there's someone else I respect because he kind of brought me up mentally – once said: "You know you can act because you act in every situation, whether it be talking to the butcher or when the kids come home, or whatever. Now, if you can pull out one of those and apply it, then you can act." Reg is a genius.

PLAYBOY: Is your color a sexual attraction for Australian males?

MARCIA: My color is there and you can't ignore it. I've got a real thing about my color. It's a bummer that hangs over my head. It's not just being black, but being part of a minority group.

PLAYBOY: When you're in public, how do you handle people who happen to get on your nerves?

MARCIA: What usually happens is that my tour manager takes care of it. I like to be nice and try hard never to get mad. I got a parking ticket the other day and as the man was writing it out I was saying to myself, "Now don't get mad, it's just his job" when what I really wanted to say was, "Why don't you get another job?" So I just kept silent. I very rarely lose my temper.

PLAYBOY: You were writing your autobiography. How's it going?

MARCIA: I don't think it will be published until I die. It is too easy to offend people. I'd have to start using fictitious names or something.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done if you hadn't been able to sing?

MARCIA: I d be a gymnast, swimmer, artist, nurse . . . there are lots of things I could be. You are what you want to be. There are a lot of things I'd love to try if I had the time. I enjoy work and love being busy.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as having been naïve early in your career?

MARCIA: Naïve? No. Marcia's never been naïve. Innocent yes. Naïve no.

Pack it. Wrap it. Seal it. Tie it.

Or see your newsagent.

The bag you see is no ordinary bag. It's a TNT Courier Overnight Satchel. And its just turned your friendly local newsagent into an airfreight depot. It works very simply. For $8.75, you can send anything that fits inside to almost anywhere in Australia. Overnight. Legal documents, contracts, urgent correspondence, books, presents. You don't have to wrap a thing. And the bag is very tough, waterproof and practically tearproof.

You can buy TNT Courier Overnight Satchels at most newsagents throughout Australia. (At present in N.S.W., Overnight Satchels are available only in the Sydney metropolitan area, Newcastle, Wollongong, Gosford and Canberra.) All you do is address the satchel and leave it there. TNT Courier collect it, airfreight it overnight and deliver it the next morning.

The TNT Courier Suburban Satchel is available for overnight local deliveries in all mainland capitals (Hobart soon to be included) for just $5.00.

So next time you need to send anything, anywhere, overnight, chances are your local newsagent can do it for you.

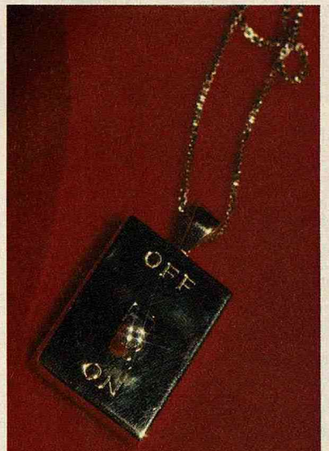
TNT Courier Overnight Satchels.* Anything, anywhere, overnight.

A Speedy Communications product. *Anything which fits inside the satchel may be sent almost anywhere in Australia, overnight.

TNT COURIER

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



GET SWITCHED ON

Too shy to tell a girl she turns you on? Then let this 18 carat gold pendant speak for you. Just flick the diamond switch. $450 from Percy Marks, 79 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

No previous rafting experience is necessary to ride the rapids with Sobek Expeditions, which organises white water trips on the world's top 10 rivers. A variety of floating adventures exists, ranging from the Zaskar of Little Tibet, to the Euphrates basin, and the Grand Canyon. Bookings: Australian Himalayan Expeditions, O'Connell Street, Sydney.

STILLED EROTICA

Titillating, amusing, naughty – but never shocking – souvenirs of yesteryear are attracting discerning collectors who reckon that the fun of searching out such delicate erotica is well worth their rising prices and novelty value. This German bisque boudoir doll (below) is topped with real hair and tagged at $150 by Showcase Antiques, 161 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, where the owner might part with his Edwardian postcard by Brunelleschi (left) for $60.

POLITICIANS IN CHECK

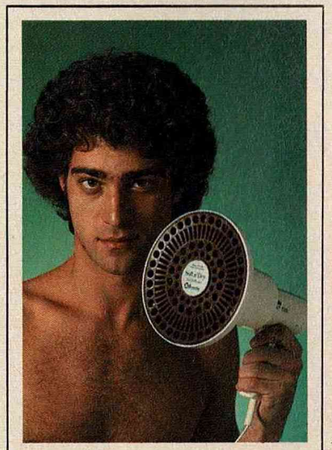
Confound the opposition with this English political Who's Who chess set featuring Maggie T and Ted H as the white queen and king. It costs $145.65 from The Games Palace at 18 Beach Street, Frankston, Victoria.

MOTORISTS' KNOW-IT-ALL

The Compucruise offers motorists cruise control (for maintaining pre-selected driving speeds) and a computer that gives 44 different data readings, including current and average fuel consumption per hour, fuel efficiency per kilometre, time and distance achieved between departure and arrival points. It costs $225 or $190 (without cruise control) from Antelope Engineering Pty Ltd, PO Box 271, Milsons Point, NSW 2061.

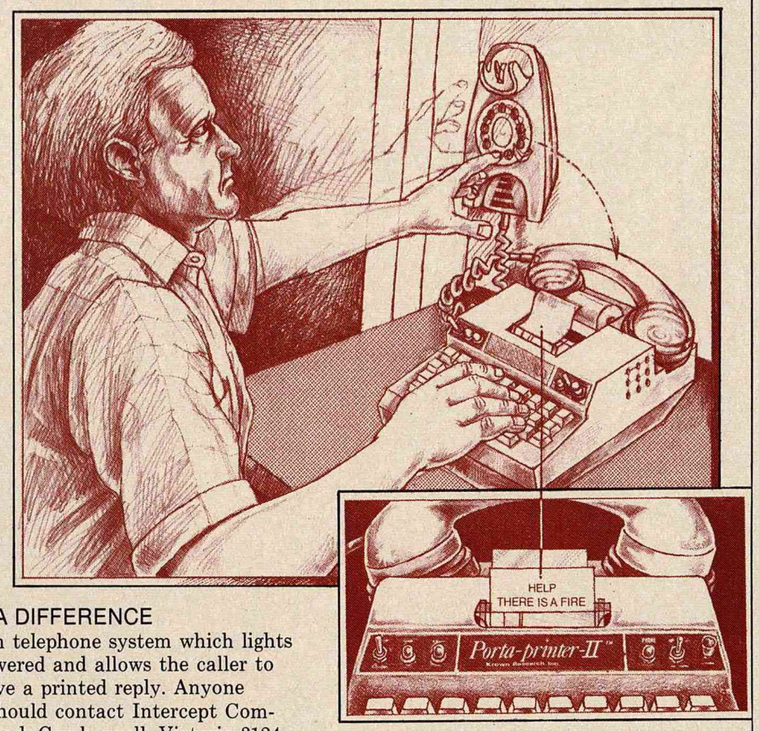
SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

Everyone's familiar with the sight and sound of Sophia Loren. But how's about her smell? These days she wears Dioressence, priced at $72 an ounce. So, too, does Marie Christine Deshayes, Helmut Newton's favorite model, whose lifestyle includes jetting around the world promoting Christian Dior by posing with this unique three-litre baccarat crystal bottle of the perfume, which is literally priceless. Even to the likes of La Loren.



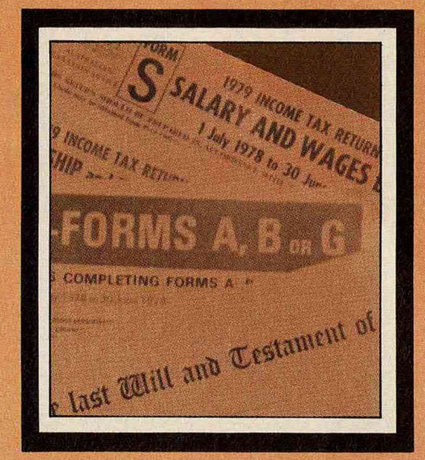
FUZZY WUZZY

Breville's novel air diffuser allows natural styling when attached to most pistol grip blow dryers. Costs about $9.95.



DEAF AID WITH A DIFFERENCE

At last the deaf can have their own telephone system which lights up when the number dialled is answered and allows the caller to type out a message as well as receive a printed reply. Anyone interested in the Porta-Printer II should contact Intercept Communications Pty Ltd, 600 Burke Road, Camberwell, Victoria 3124.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

HARDLY a subject for high rollin', fun lovin' guys to dwell on, but, as Benjamin Franklin once remarked, there are two things you won't avoid in this life – death and taxes. And sure as all-get-out most of us are dedicated to trying to delay both as long as possible. And, while it's not something to wander around thinking about all the time, it's never too late to make a will, otherwise there can be all sorts of unsavory problems following your demise.

A will is a document setting out how you wish to dispose of your estate after death. There are many pitfalls in drawing one up, as a will is usually taken at face value. Should it be drafted incorrectly, it is difficult to show if your wishes have been carried out exactly and could possibly lead to expensive arguments in a court. For that reason, it is often advisable to consult a trust office or a solicitor.

All States have laws governing probate, and if you want to be certain that you don't fall under their sway because of intestacy, then a will must be drawn up. Further, if no will is drawn up, courts must appoint an administrator and can order reasonable payment for that person from the money left by the deceased. A surety must also be filed with a court registrar to guarantee the collecting and administering of any land or property left.

When a person dies, any property is distributed according to a will. Property can mean goods, land, money, shares or other valuables and is known as the estate. To die intestate means you have left no will or, if part of the will is not valid, then the person has died intestate in relation to that part.

ALL IN WRITING

To be valid, a will must be in writing and should be written throughout using the same technique, such as a typewriter, pen or printing. It can be written in any language and must be signed by the willmaker. If the will is more than one page, each sheet should be initialled and the final page signed in full. The signature and initials must be witnessed by two people who must sign after the willmaker has put down his signature. Both witnesses must be present at the time. If any of the formalities are not observed then the dead person could be regarded as having died intestate. If possible, avoid having your signature witnessed by what is known in legal jargon as an "interested witness" – that is one who will benefit in the document.

There is no need for legal jargon in making a will; the essential thing is that the willmaker's intentions are clearly expressed. There is no formal requirement that a solicitor draw up a will, but if you have any doubt about any provision, then a solicitor or a public or private trustee should be consulted.

As an important document, a will should be kept in a safe place and relatives told of its whereabouts. If it cannot be found, or if it is destroyed, then the deceased is regarded as having died intestate.

Any person 18 or over can make a will.

A will form can often be bought over the counter at a newsagency and drawn up at home as long as you abide by the relevant statutes. Alternatively, it can be drawn up free of charge by a public trustee. But, if you take advantage of this service, you will be required to name the public trustee as executor, and a fee – a percentage of the estate's value – will be charged for the administration of the estate. Private trustee companies have similar provisos, but the percentage varies between them, so it is as well to shop around.

BIZARRE OFFERINGS

Some people have taken the opportunity in their last testaments to leave a quote or two to posterity. English cleric and poet John Donne left his "tongue to fame" and his tears to "women or the sea". Another English notable, Edward Wortley Montagu, who died in 1776, left to "Sir Francis – one word of mine because he has never had the good fortune to keep his own". Magician and escapologist Houdini left his hat rabbits to the children of friends, and film star Rudolph Valentino left his wife one dollar.

Among other bizarre offerings was that by George Bernard Shaw's wife, Charlotte Payne-Townshend, who died in 1943 and left money "to polish the manners of the Irish". The testators gave the money to cultural organisations.

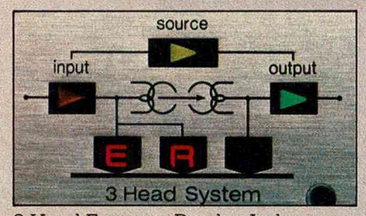
In 1972 a Queensland farmer left $40,000 to racing pigeons to improve their stock. His relatives successfully contested the provisions.

Although a will is a serious document, many people have taken the opportunity to take the mickey out of some of their contemporaries after they've gone. I'm sure you're all familiar with those will-reading scenes beloved of the makers of comedy or horror movies. Some people have adopted brevity as the soul of it, and the shortest will on record was "vuse zene", Czech for "all to wife", written by Karl Tausch, a German. The longest on record was that of Mrs Frederica Cook who, early this century, left a will of four bound volumes containing a massive 95,940 words.

– JOHN COCKERILL

Hard-headed* Technics for the metal tape era.

Technics Sounds Alive



3 Head Function Display Indicates Head Mode.

For further information contact the Technics Advisory Service PO Box 278, Kensington 2033.

Metal recording tape has arrived and so has the 3-head deck to handle it: Technics RS-M63 with new improved HPF* heads.

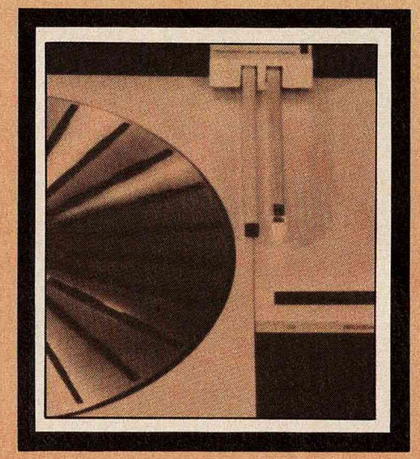
Metal tape offers the 'best yet' recording and playback quality. The dynamic range is much wider and frequency response extends much further into the high range than is possible with other tape types.

This stereo unit also features 2-colour FL peak meters and a memory system which cues your tape to any preselected point and plays back automatically.

And another reason why Technics hi-fi sounds alive.

Technics

QMS.G.2112



SYSTEMATIC SEARCH FOR FIDELITY

MUSIC, be it jazz, classical or rock, is what hi-fi is all about. It's not specsmanship or the race for the lowest amount of distortion. Sure, technical details have their place – they tell you which equipment is actually hi-fi quality – but they have done much to confuse the man in street, who believes that he needs an engineering degree to be able to make the right choice when buying equipment.

But all is not lost. With the current level of technology, most hi-fi gear is good, and you are unlikely to make a wrong choice or get ripped off if you choose "hi-fi" equipment.

Let me differentiate between "hi-fi" and "stereo", terms which, over the years, have become identified with music reproducing systems. "Stereo" refers to the use of two separate and independent channels of sound, a process which begins at the recording console and ends with the sound radiating from your speakers. "Hi-fi" refers to the quality of sound reproduction from a system. It's an abbreviation for high-fidelity and refers to a search for accuracy and truth in reproduction.

To start with, a hi-fi sound system is going to cost money. Don't expect to come away from a store with a system which will satisfy your needs for a long time for $200. A good system will set you back around $1000.

In a basic record playing system you get an amplifier, turntable with cartridge, and a set of speakers. In place of the amp, you might consider a receiver (which is an amplifier combined with an AM/FM radio tuner).

TAKE YOUR TIME

Before you start your buying spree, set a money limit and stick to it. Take into account all the components you are likely to want, but don't forget you can add on other components later if you don't have the ready cash at the beginning.

Buying hi-fi is easy. Take your time and don't jump in and grab the first thing you hear. Go to a reputable dealer rather than shopping around for the best discount price. After-sales service costs money and it's better to have the backing of a good dealer.

With the purchase of your first hi-fi system you also get the biggest improvement in sound quality. From then on, with each upgrading component change, the improvements in sound are only very subtle. Call it hi-fi's Law of Diminishing Returns, but it's what happens.

Let's consider a basic system. The amplifier is its "heart" and the switching centre for all the other components. It is responsible for amplifying the tiny signals from your tuner or cartridge, and driving your speaker system. It also contains circuits that alter and shape the sound of a system, thus allowing adjustment to suit your personal taste. Choose an amplifier with the controls and features you are likely to need. For example, if you record on tape a lot, make sure the unit has good tape monitoring and dubbing facilities. Power output should be at least 25 watts RMS per channel, the minimum required for hi-fi sound. However, the more watts you buy, the more dollars you will spend. Listen to the amplifier very carefully, using a variety of speakers and turntable combinations. Manufacturing methods and materials differ greatly and you will find amplifiers will vary in sound reproduction.

BEST PERFORMANCE

The turntable has the job of turning the record around at a constant speed, and it should do so with a minimum of noise. The stylus traces the tiny wiggly groove on a record and converts these movements into an electrical signal. Its partner, the tone-arm, must be light and rigid enough to let the stylus track correctly. At the lower end of the price spectrum, a moving magnet cartridge offers best performance for your dollar. Don't consider any of the ceramic models as they are not regarded as being of hi-fi standard. The next decisions to make are the degree of automation you require and the drive system. Look for a belt drive unit with a semi-automatic operation. Semi-automatic means you must place the arm over the record to begin playing, but it returns automatically to the rest. Listen carefully to the sound of the cartridge using a variety of amps and speakers. Listen for clean, articulated notes with a minimum of distortion, the latter being evidenced by harsh, gritty sound.

The speaker system is, perhaps, the most subjective area of your buying spree. It dictates the overall sound quality of your system. Therefore, intensive careful listening tests are necessary. Listen to speaker systems (which is a collective term describing the cabinet, drivers and crossover network) which fit your requirements both in terms of cosmetic appeal and size. Bookshelf systems are great where room is at a premium (if you live in a small flat), but usually don't sound too good standing on a floor.

Finally, trust your ears. You must buy something with which you are going to be happy. The only way you will achieve that goal is to audition a lot of equipment, some good and some bad, but it all helps with your education. But be warned: once the hi-fi bug has bitten, you're hooked.

– RICHARD MORGAN

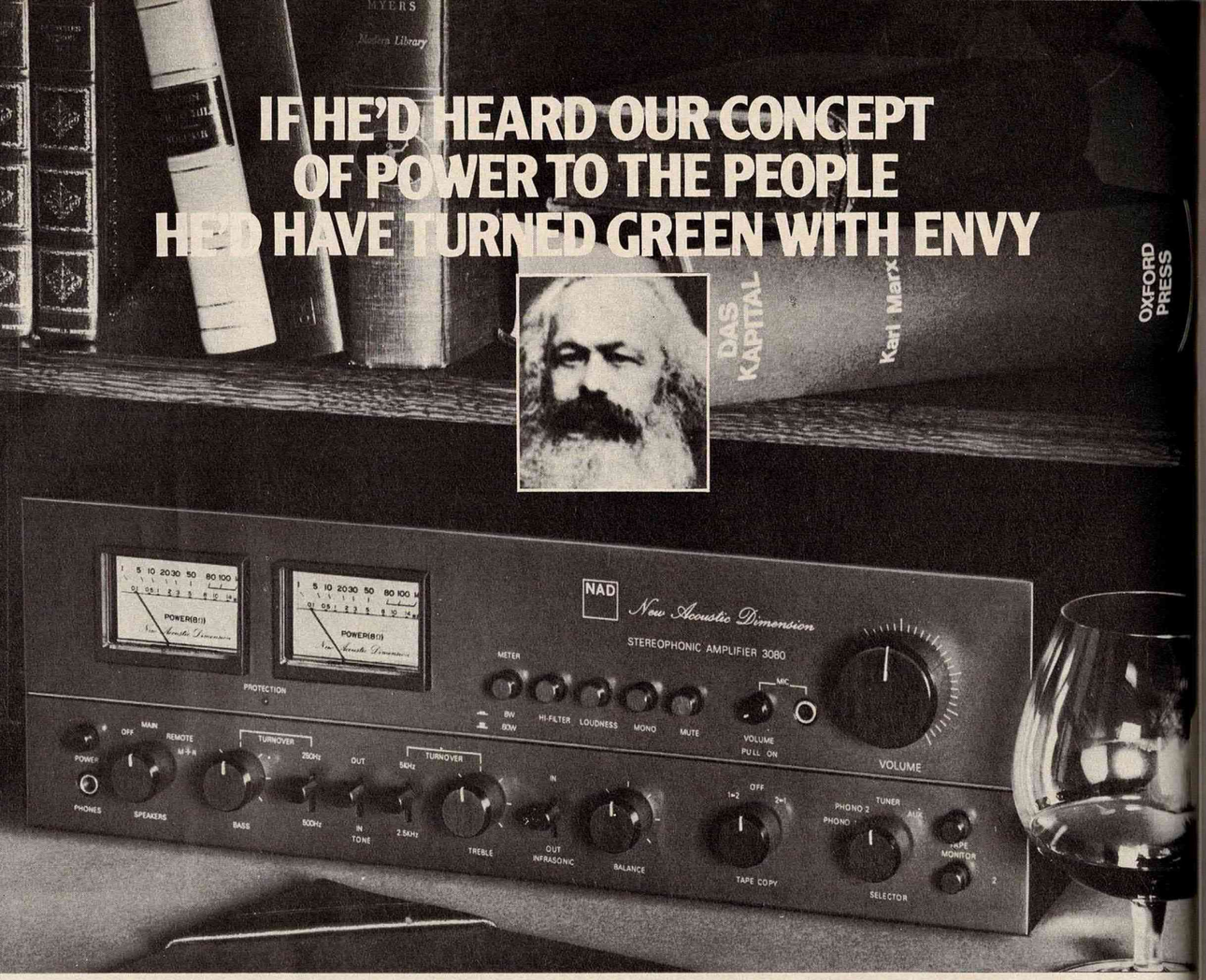
TANNERY ROW

a touch of class in classy leather . . .
impeccably ideal for
anyone on the way up—or en route

One of Aesop's fables has it that a council of mechanics once met to discuss the fortifying of a city. Up piped a currier. "Gentlemen," he said, "When y'ave said all that can be said, there's nothing in the world like leather." And leather still makes cents today. Experiments among tanners with new processes and treatments have led the way to the discovery of much cheaper manufacturing techniques and lower retail prices. Leather spells quality in any language. It lasts and looks good for ever, even when it's worn and battered. You really deserve to have your own hide tanned if you don't get into leather soon!

For fun and games that come neatly packaged in leather, (shown at bottom, left), there's a fisherman's kit ($19.95) that holds a carton of various-sized weights, hand-reel line, ivory-handled pocket knife, fish hooks and floats . . . and even a full-length raincoat. The mah-jong and backgammon sets, right ($71.50 and $38.50, respectively), come in leather-look attaché style cases, ideal for the travelling gamesman. A mini-casino ($16.50), lower centre, consists of a roulette set — with cards, dice, chips and green baize thrown in. Along more serious (and trim) lines, the Buxton Tudor series of office accessories is illustrated across the top of our photo. There is a refillable tabbed Tele-Index, mid left ($15.95), and, in the attaché case, a desk pad ($25.95), diary cover ($28.95), unlined memo pad ($23.95) and picture frame ($19.95). The pocket flasks are to be kept *under* your desk, and they come in two sizes (large $17.95 and small $14.95). The Tudor range of colors is blue, brown, burgundy, olive and tan. Another Buxton series, Barbizon for women, includes the passport wallets, top left ($27.95), next to a red billfold ($34.25) and, centre, tan cigarette case ($15.50). Both attaché cases (blue suede for her, $145, and burgundy belting leather for him, $176) have brass combination locks and three-pocket files. Stocked by Myer in all States, most of the items are also available at David Jones, Grace Bros, Kitchings and Let's Play Games (NSW); Bradmans and Charles Moore (Vic); Barry and Roberts, Reids and Piggotts (Qld); John Martin and Co., Harris Scarfe's and David Jones (SA); and Ahearns, Charles Moore and Boans (WA). All prices are approximate.

Photography by Tandy Rowley



Dear Karl Marx,

In your book 'Das Kapital' you explored the concept of power to the people.

At NAD we think that's a very commendable concept, and we've captured it perfectly in our line-up of high fidelity stereo amplifiers.

You see Karl, we've designed our amplifiers to deliver power.

Pure, clear music power.

And by cutting our corporate overheads, we've been able to bring the price of our equipment down to the point where all the people can afford to own a NAD high fidelity system.

But first, let us tell you how we managed to clean up the music power.

Even the best turntable and the perfect record produce high levels of rumble and warp-induced signals.

Now, while you can't actually hear these sounds, the amplifier wastes a lot of power trying to reproduce them.

So, at NAD, we've developed an Infrasonic circuit based on the research of noted US engineer Tomlinson Holman.

Karl, you just won't believe the effect this circuit has on the music.

It almost completely eliminates undesirable signals below 20Hz. This means that the full power of the amplifier is available to reproduce the music.

Even our modest 20 Watt amplifier produces astonishing levels of undistorted sound.

So there you have it, Karl. We've perfected the concept of power to the people with our amplifiers.

They're surprisingly inexpensive. And they reproduce music with a clarity and transparency equal to the most advanced professional components available at any price.

In fact, Karl, when the cannons go off in the 1812, you almost believe you're there.

Model No.	Power output Watts RMS/Ch into 8 ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion	Frequency Response ± 0.5dB	SNR (Phono)	Recommended Retail
3020	20	<0.02%	20Hz-20kHz	>75dB	$189.00
3030	30	<0.09%	20Hz-20kHz	>84dB	$269.00
3045	45	<0.05%	20Hz-20kHz	>90dB	$349.00
3060	60	<0.03%	20Hz-20kHz	>90dB	$449.00
3080	90	<0.03%	20Hz-20kHz	>90dB	$569.00

NSW. Sydney Metropolitan: Hempel Sound Chatswood, Arrow Electronics Sydney, DME Hifi Sydney, Sydney Hifi, Guildford Sound Guildford, Apollo Hi Fi Marrickville, Hifi Junction Woollahra, J. C. Linacre Trading Co. Forestville, Selsound Hifi South Hurstville. **N/castle:** Eastern Hifi, Ron Chapman Hi Fi, Wardell's Sight and Sound. **W/gong:** W/gong Hifi. **Country:** Gold Coast Sound Tweed Heads, The Music Centre Murwillumbah, Lismore Hifi, Portsonic Hifi Port Macquarie, Hunter Valley Electronics Maitland, Albury Audio Lavington, Area TV Leeton, The Record Centre Griffith, Terry's Sound Lounge Bowral, Richardsons Armidale, Buckley Music Centre Grafton, Sound City Wagga, Selekta Sound Dubbo, Miller and Cheyney Parkes, Forster Colour TV. **ACT.** Duratone Hifi Phillip, Kingston Hifi Kingston, Sound Set/ Southland. **VIC.** Instrol Hi Fi Melbourne, Sound City Melbourne, Penny Lane Toorak, The Contemporary Sound Centre Hawthorne, Budget Hifi Wantirna. **QLD.** Brisbane Music Factory, Alsound Brisbane, Living Sound Centre Ashgrove, Chevron Sound Chevron Isle, Southport Hifi, The Sound Centre Coolangatta, Rockhampton Sound Centre, Hi Fi and Video Centre Toowoomba. **SA. Adelaide:** Instrol Hifi. **TAS. Hobart:** Belcanto Audio.

Enquiries Sole Aust. Dist.
The Falk Electrosound Group,
28 King St., Rockdale, NSW 2216
Tel. (02) 597 1111

NAD

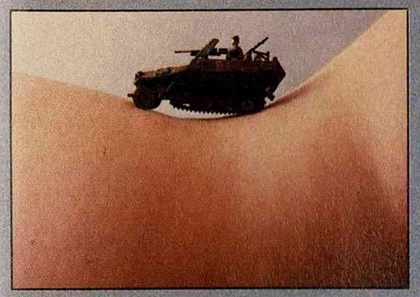
N4681

ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

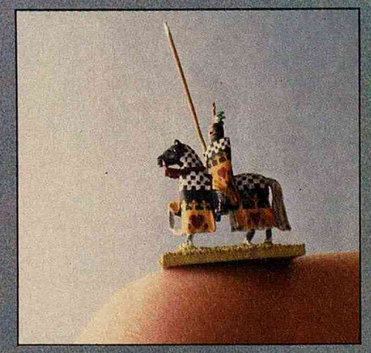
THE SMALL~TIME BATTLERS

would-be generals remodel the past in their quest for the perfect war



A German armored half track car, above, seeks new targets, while a Middle Ages knight, far right, waits rigidly for an opponent of note. And below, a British officer of the Napoleonic era surveys the battle fields of yore.

ONCE described as "chess with 1000 pieces", war gaming has through the ages been a hobby for, and a means of teaching, military men the tactics of battle. Attracting boys from eight to 80, the game is played with miniature metal figures. The rules are flexible and allow players to inject their own personalities into a battle. A lacklustre lance corporal can, in war gaming, prove to be a dynamic general. The figures used in war gaming are available from most hobby shops and are bought as blanks. The uniforms are painted on. A war game is often a recreation of some historical battle.



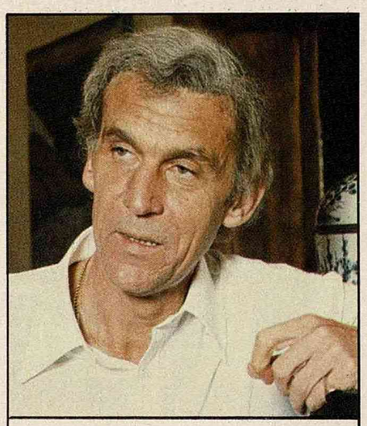
SHOWBIZ

much activity in the local entertainment scene, but the laws remain the same

THE THREE million patient Australians who stare transfixed at Molly Meldrum as he bumbles through *Countdown* every Sunday night are no doubt distressed by reports that he may soon be snaffled by a commercial television station. The Moll, as he's affectionately known to close pals Rod Stewart and Elton John, has had a series of shouting matches with ABC heavies during the past year over the Commission's attitude to his program. Despite the fact that it consistently tops the ratings in its timeslot, the good old ABC chiefs think nothing of chopping it without notice to provide riveting live telecasts from various suburban golf courses and rally tracks around the country. They infuriated Meldrum even further when they suddenly told him he couldn't have the airfare to fly to America, where he'd lined up a series of interviews with almost every major rock act in the world. As it happens, they finally relented and let him go in October, but he wasn't all that popular with chaps like John Lennon and Mick Jagger who had to rearrange their schedules to meet him. Because he's a public servant, Molly isn't saying much publicly about his fate, but it's a safe bet to assume that, if a commercial station comes up with a good enough offer, he'll take it. At the moment, though, he doesn't care about any of that. He's presently asleep on the beach somewhere at Noosa Heads, and it will be several weeks before he makes a final decision.

•

Most of the country was lucky enough to miss the drama, but Sydney wireless fanciers lost hours, even weeks, of sleep recently over the future of freelance oracle and public-spirited radio personality John Laws. Well, that's what the daily blats said anyway. He's now belaboring suburbia from the studios of 2UE, but for a while there it looked as if he would retire forever and breed deer ... well, that's what he told the newspapers. Meanwhile the oracle's old station, 2UW, seems to be surviving perfectly well without his august presence and the $20,000 a week he's supposed to have taken with him in advertising revenue. His future in Sydney radio didn't really matter much, because the program he syndicates to 20 stations throughout the country continues unabated. The revenue from that is probably just enough to pay for his fleet of vehicles and the electrified



Laws were meant to be broken, but Long John remains alive and well, living in Sydney's Woollahra.

fence that surrounds his immense pink mansion in the up-market Sydney suburb of Woollahra.

•

English comic actor Michael Crawford, who falls off ladders and out of windows in the *Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em* series on the tube, is expected to be crashing about this country permanently sometime in January. He appeared last September for the Australian Film Awards, and spent a fortnight frying himself on the Great Barrier Reef when they didn't happen. Not surprisingly, he was rather enamoured by the weather and vowed to return and make a movie, mount a theatrical tour and make a television series. Nobody actually offered him the work, but he announced that if he couldn't get a job he'd raise his own dough in the old country and start a production company in Sydney. When he does lob, he'll bring his 92-year-old grandmother and two young children from his now-defunct marriage. If his domestic efforts in *Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em* are any indication, the expected 12-month stay will probably destroy him.

•

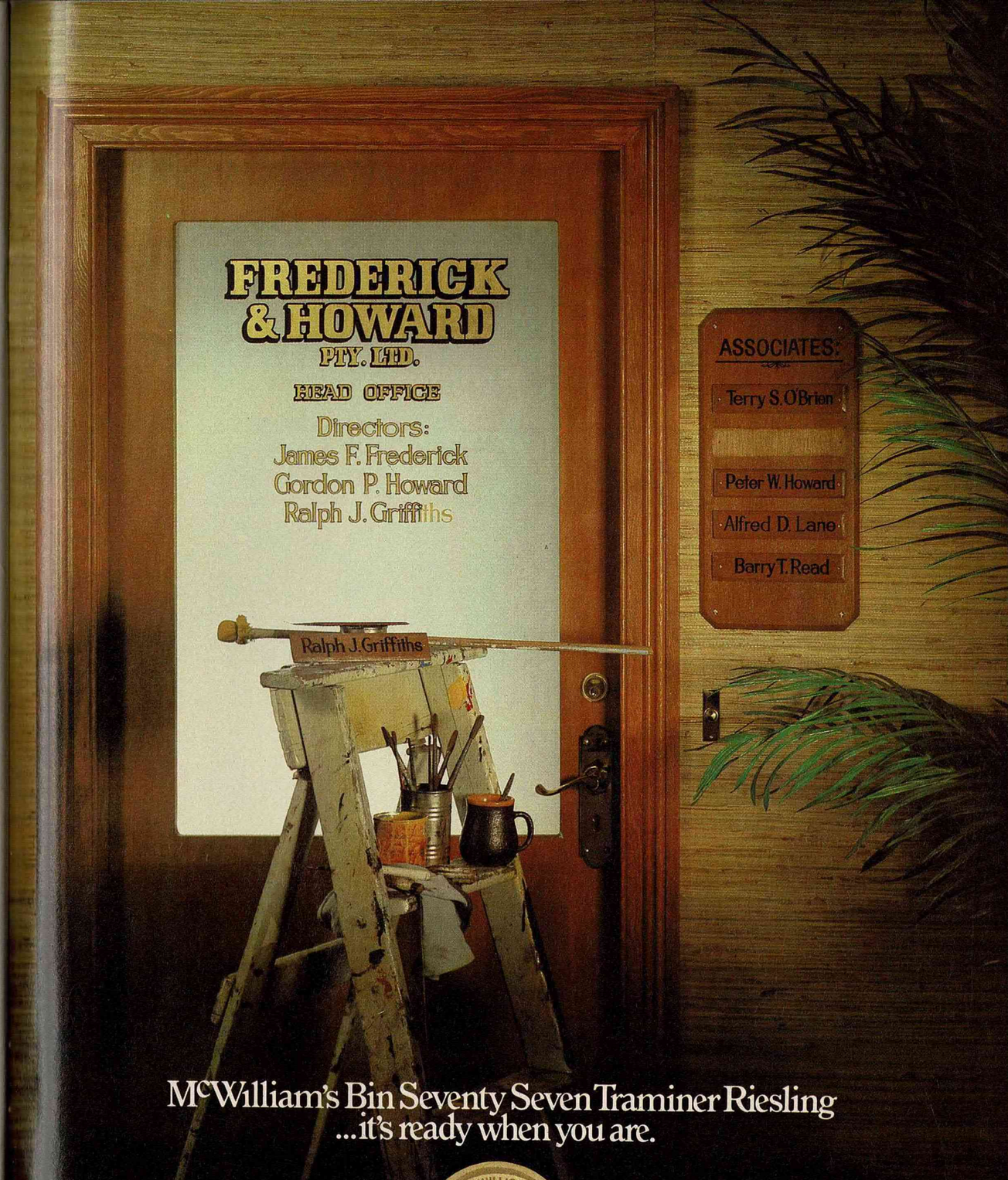
After 15 years of constant bellowing into microphones and manic on-stage wriggling, Jon English is no longer the lithe young rocker he used to be. The voice, which every year sounds more and more like a spade hitting gravel, is still good, but enough is enough. Acting is the go these days, which is why he's in Aspen, Colorado making a picture called *Snowblind* for Helen Reddy's husband, Jeff Wald. It's all about the evil drug cocaine, which is called snow within the opiate-elite ... hence the title. Jon plays a beastly drug pusher who gets a young American hooked on the stuff. The question is, of course, why hire Jon English? Well, many of you will remember the sterling job he did in *Against The Wind* a couple of years ago. When the series was shown on American TV last August, the Yanks fell about over Jon's distinctive looks and his natural ability as a thespian. Funnily enough, the American picture is the first bit of acting Jon has done since *Against The Wind*. For a while there, the poor lad was getting paranoid about the lack of offers, and he and manager Peter Rix were seriously considering making a film of their own. The fact that they planned to star people like John Paul Young and various other noted pop singers could have limited its dramatic qualities, but now of course they don't need to bother. Unless, of course, there's any truth to rumors that Peter Rix is keen on starring Reg Livermore on the silver screen. Remember, you read it here in Showbiz first.

•

Things are moving right along with the Johnny O'Keefe movie, and it now looks as if the Wild One's life story will begin shooting in April. For those who haven't heard, the picture is to be produced by the Reg Grundy Organisation, which is currently responsible for *The Young Doctors* and *Restless Years* soap operas. Having heard that, most people could be forgiven for expecting the worst film in the history of Australian cinema, but don't despair. The script is being written by Fred Cullen, the brilliant actor-writer, who won a dozen or so awards for his *Australians at War* series. He's also been responsible for many of the more literate cop shows produced by Hector Crawford (by literate we mean faintly plausible), and when he's not pounding a typewriter, he infuriates the neighbors with some of the worst trumpet playing ever heard in suburban Sydney.

•

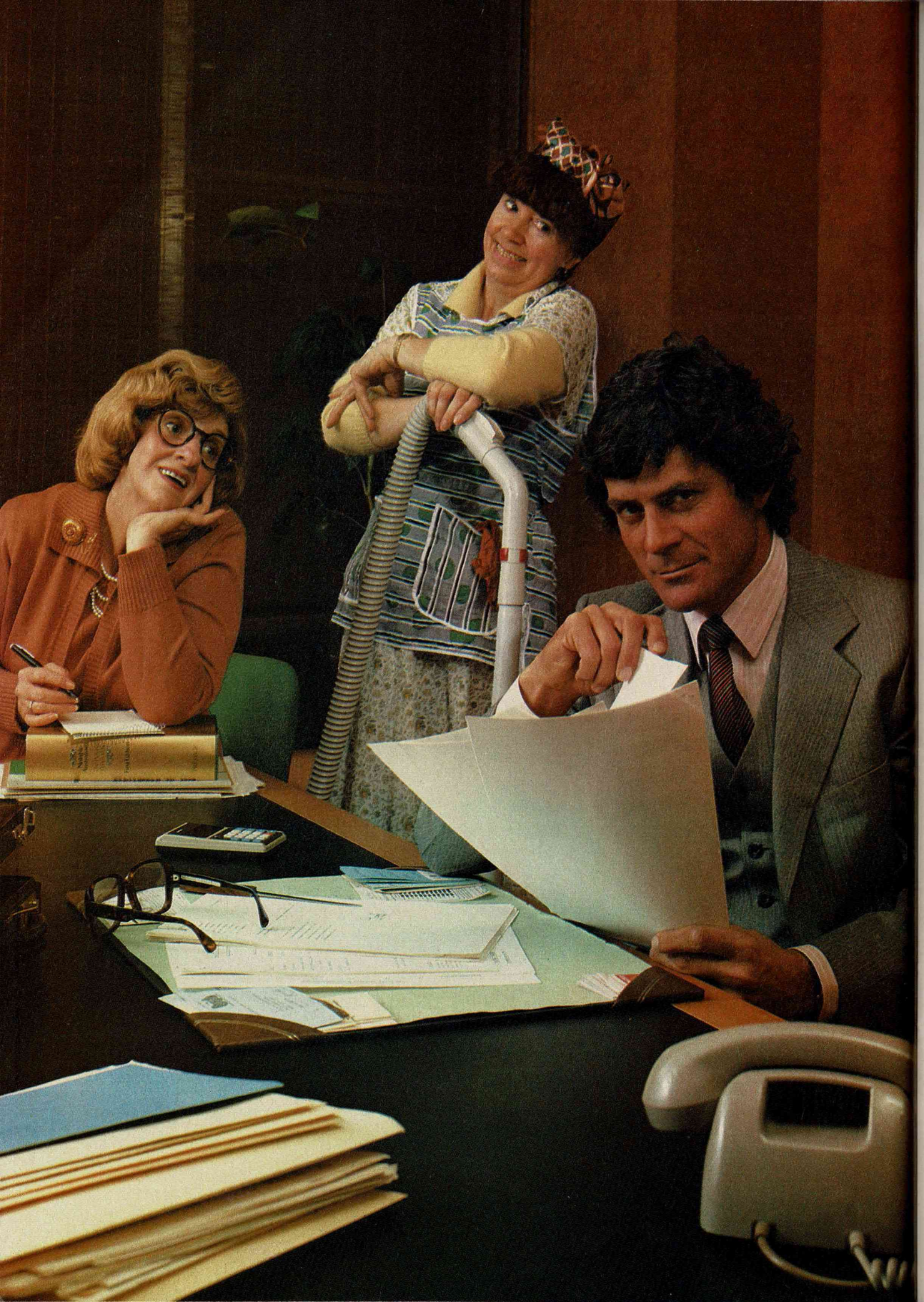
We at PLAYBOY like to think of ourselves as being as up-market as anybody when it comes to the arts. With this in mind, we take pleasure in reporting the projected arrival of Idil Biret, Paul Tortelier, Deborah Cook, Robert Bravo and Claude Helffer. They'll all be touring for the ABC during the next year, and those who know what they actually do should buy tickets now. – ANDREW SAW



McWilliam's Bin Seventy Seven Traminer Riesling
...it's ready when you are.

Success doesn't happen overnight. It takes time. Just as it takes time to truly appreciate the subtle qualities of a fine white wine. But like success, once you've got a taste for it, you're ready to move on to bigger and better things. Take McWilliam's Traminer Riesling, for instance. It's a superb blending of the Traminer and Rhine Riesling grape varieties

grown in the Riverina District of New South Wales. The distinct spicy flavour of the Traminer complements the crisp acidity and freshness of the Rhine Riesling to give a wine with complexity and excellent balance. McWilliam's Traminer Riesling is ready for you right now...whenever you're ready for it.



What sort of man reads The Bulletin?

He's the sort of man, it seems, that attracts women as much if not more than any other kind.

A fact which is hardly surprising when you consider him in the following light.

He's the sort of man who is vitally interested in politics and the powers that shape its destiny. (Show us the woman not interested in power.)

He's the sort of man who is deeply concerned about the world of finance. (Show us the woman not interested in money.)

He's the sort of man who can articulate on almost any aspect of life, from food to fashion. (Show us the woman not interested in the body and what shape it's in.)

In short, he's the sort of man who is attractive as much for his brain as his brawn.

Take out a year's subscription to The Bulletin. You could get even more value out of it than the magazine you're reading now.

Use any one of these cards, or a cheque to obtain your subscription to The Bulletin.
Fill in coupon, complete with credit card details if applicable, and send to: **Subscription Dept., Box 4088 GPO, Sydney 2001 or Box 486 CPO, Auckland, New Zealand.**

Name

Address

State Postcode

26 weeks ☐ 52 weeks ☐
This is a new subscription ☐ Renewal ☐
Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard ☐
Cheque ☐

Credit Card No:

Expiry Date _____ Signature _____

Australia and New Guinea: 26 weeks A$17.50, 52 weeks A$33.00. **New Zealand:** 26 weeks A$17.50 (N.Z.$19.50), 52 weeks A$33.00 (N.Z.$36.50). **Singapore, Malaysia and Hong Kong:** 26 weeks A$21.25, 52 weeks A$40.50. Other overseas countries: 26 weeks A$26.00, 52 weeks A$49.00.

THE BULLETIN
Australia's weekly news magazine.

MN&C/BLN/1738

PLAYBOY FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

You can get away with it.

PLAYBOY AND RABBIT ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE PLAYBOY GROUP OF COMPANIES, CHICAGO, LONDON, AMSTERDAM.

MOVIES

the nostalgia trend in new movie-making paves the rocky road to the bank

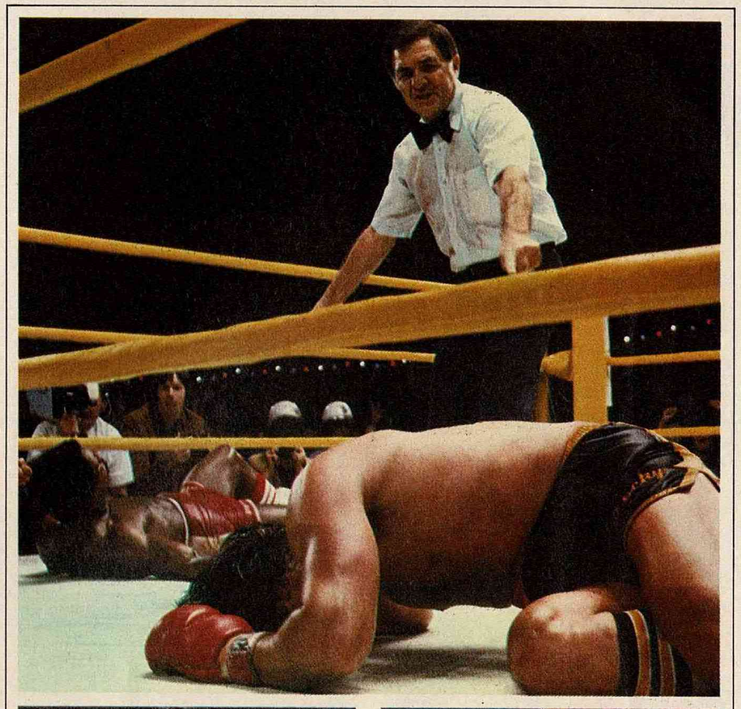
IF YOU think Australian films are wallowing in nostalgia, look what's happening in America. Revivals, remakes, sequels – there's hardly a movie these days that isn't reworking some familiar formula from days gone by. This month we've had a remake of the 1936 Hitchcock classic *The Lady Vanishes* (hard on the heels of a remake of the '34 Hitchcock classic *The 39 Steps*); a repetition of *Rocky;* a revival – one might even say a resuscitation – of Mae West, doyen of the Hollywood sex queens, in an unbelievable musical with the coyly unclever title of *Sextette;* and a tiny grain of gold called *The Amityville Horror,* which has been sifted from the seemingly inexhaustible sludge of current horror shows. A few years ago, I recall, the studios at least had the decency to think up new names for their old ideas. *Spring in Park Lane* yielded tastefully to *Maytime in Mayfair,* but even the Brits have run out of titles for their *Carry On* series, which now numbers 26 films (most of them, mercifully, withheld from Australian audiences). Nowadays it's the fashion to give sequels a number: we've had Part II of *The Godfather, The French Connection, Jaws,* and soon, I gather, *Star Wars* and *Superman.* No one has yet made a sequel to *Gone with the Wind,* but it's bound to come sooner or later.

•

Rocky II starts off where the original finished – to be exact, about five minutes *before* it finished, so this time there's a fight sequence at both ends. I was glad to see the end of the first film again, because I recall being slightly uncertain at the time whether Rocky had won his big fight or not. So, rather than reveal the ending of *Rocky II,* which the publicity people have earnestly enjoined us not to do, I will confidently reveal the ending of *Rocky I:* he lost. The film is about the rematch, and comes complete with the original cast, the original music, the original location (sleazy Philadelphia), and more or less the original story. And an excellent story it is. If anything, it's a more expertly crafted and engrossing film than the original, and the fight sequences, with copious sprayings of sweat, blood and saliva, are brilliantly filmed and edited. Of course, we all deplore blood sports, but I defy anyone to sit through the final round of Rocky's fight without twitching more than a little.

The film has the great advantage (common to all successful sequels) that the characters are established and well known to us when the movie starts; the filmmakers can indulge themselves with details and subtleties that would be irrelevant or time-consuming in the original. We are expected to remember (though I had forgotten) that the mournful Paulie (Burt Young) is Rocky's brother-in-law, and that Rocky in the earlier film earned his living as a debt-collector on the waterfront. When Rocky marries his Italian girlfriend (Talia Shire) early on in *Rocky II,* we are pretty sure that a domestic crisis is just around the corner. There is a long central section in which Rocky keeps a vigil over his wife's hospital bed where she lies in a coma after giving birth. A nurse has somewhat improbably explained that her haemhorrage has been brought on by "overwork". This has contributed to Rocky's guilt feelings and his reluctance to train seriously for the fight. Mrs R recovers just in time to urge Rocky to go out and "win!" The sight of his new-born son is a further stimulus to the hero's fighting instincts.

As before, Sylvester Stallone (who also directs) plays Rocky Balboa, the



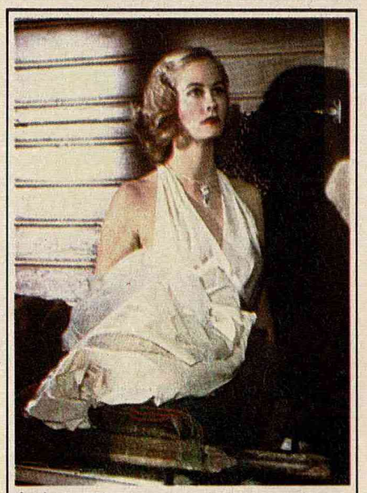
Round two . . . the sequel to *Rocky* provides Sylvester Stallone with another chance for fight scenes. Burgess Meredith, above, features as the kid's anxious-looking coach.

"Italian Stallion," a slum kid who makes good and personifies the traditional American virtues of pluck, determination and good-hearted decency, as well as the American myth that anyone can make it to the top. Stallone is an engaging character, and I found his mumbling and drawling speech slightly more intelligible than Marlon Brando's. Carl Weathers is the Ali figure, who trains in a palatial gym and psyches himself ferociously in front of mirrors, determined to remove suspicions that his first fight with Rocky was a fix. The rest is more or less predictable – including Rocky's training sequence (press-ups silhouetted against glowing sunsets) and his long, triumphant run through Philadelphia streets (this time pursued by hordes of adoring locals.) Burgess Meredith is the battered old pro who trains Rocky and almost steals the show. He has one unforgettable line, which could almost be a deliberate send-up of the whole movie: "The champ'll hoit ya, kid – and this time he'll hoit ya poimanent!"

•

Actually, the new *Lady Vanishes,* directed by Anthony Page and handsomely transferred to the wide screen in a splendidly colored package, isn't half bad. Of course, if you loved the original version of the film – or of *any* film – there is no way that a remake will ever quite satisfy you. There are certain films that we judge, or recall, not simply as films but as key life-experiences; their impression on us has little to do with their merits as movies. (My list of favorite films includes some pretty eccentric choices, I can tell you.) I suppose it has to do with our mood at the time – whether we are happy in our work, mildly drunk, or in love. When I first saw *The Lady Vanishes,* I was probably all three. It has been one of the minor joys of my life ever since, comparable to sleeping in on Sundays, reading Ginger Meggs or discovering avocados. No matter how often or how late it appears on TV, I will stay up and see it. As pure entertainment, the work has an innocence and a charm about it that Hitchcock was never to excel, even in his Hollywood days, with near-perfect performances from the young Michael Redgrave and the younger Margaret Lockwood, and a plot, drawn from a novel by Ethel Lena White, as ingenious and ultimately satisfying as a Chinese puzzle.

Lovers of the old version will naturally approach the new one wondering if their favorite moments are going to surface again, and almost invariably they do; though I looked in vain for the scene from the original when a shadowy hand reaches out to throttle an unsuspecting character at the end of Hitch's slightly drawn-out opening sequence (a moment that only makes sense in retrospect). I had qualms, too, at the very beginning, when Angela Lansbury comes strolling towards the camera across an alpine landscape in a manner threateningly reminiscent of *The Sound of Music.* But the key plot-moments are all there, and so shrewd is the story that even to list them will spoil nothing for those who haven't seen this film: the nun in high-heel shoes, the sinister patient swathed in head bandages, the gun fight at a remote forest siding, the packet of "Herriman's Herbal Tea" that turns up in unexpected circumstances; above all, the incomparable



A dramatic moment in the exciting mystery, *The Lady Vanishes,* with Cybill Shepherd as heiress-heroine.

moment when we see the writing on the frost of the train window. (It has always troubled me that Miss Froy was able to write on the *inside* of a frosty window, when I should have thought that the condensation would be on the outside; would someone reassure me that Hitchcock and his successor have not infringed the laws of physics?)

The Lady Vanishes is the greatest of all train mysteries, and that's saying something about a genre that includes *Murder on the Orient Express* and Hitchcock's own version of the Patricia Highsmith story, *Strangers on a Train.* Here, the train setting, with its natural potential for exotic spookiness and claustrophobia, is combined with another familiar suspense formula: the sudden disappearance of a central character whose former existence is immediately denied by all kinds of seemingly innocent people. This formula was well used in a 1956 movie called *So Long at the Fair,* when the cover-up was staged to avoid public panic over an epidemic of disease. In *The Lady Vanishes* we know the *reason* for the cover-up all along; only the heroine is kept in the dark. Indeed, the best thing about the film is the way bystanders and fellow passengers are shown to have their own good, but accidental, reasons for denying any knowledge of the mysterious Miss Froy in a way that compounds the heroine's bafflement and consternation. We know they know, and we know why they say they don't know, and all the time *she* knows they know – if you know what I mean.

This time around we have the gorgeous Cybill Shepherd as the resolute girl who clings to the evidence of her senses despite bewildering testimony to the contrary and the affectionate scepticism of her travelling companion (Elliott Gould). No more about the story, except to say that it involves the kind of romantic and not-very-serious espionage practised by romantic and not-very-serious spies just before the outbreak of World War Two. (Even the war itself wasn't very serious at first, so what can we expect of the diplomatic skulduggery that went on beforehand?) The film caters to modern tastes by making the girl an odd-ball American heiress and her boyfriend a photographer for *Life* magazine. Presumably, the rather twee British couple in the original version were considered too untrendy for modern audiences. Rather than update the period, the script by George Axelrod settles for updating the characters, and the device works pretty well. Brashness and cynicism, today's star qualities, come more naturally from Americans – or so we are asked to assume. Angela Lansbury is expectedly different and unexpectedly satisfying as the English nanny who disappears *en route.* Ian Carmichael and the marvellous Arthur Lowe take over from the original Naunton and Wayne as the pair of silly-ass Poms obsessed with the Test scores back home. (Lowe to European hotel clerk: "We want two good rooms and bath, preferably with a separate how's your father . . . silly beggars can't understand English.") There's some excellent location filming by Douglas Slocombe, and the whole beguiling package moves along at a cracking pace. See it by all means, but certainly see the original if you get the chance.

•

Herbert Baker is credited with the screenplay of *Sextette,* which in turn is derived, if you can believe the credits, from a play by Mae West herself. I'm not sure how many of the gags are Mae's own work: "I'm the girl who works at Paramount all day and Fox all night." The one-liners are the best

thing in the movie; they have little to do with the story, such as it is, or even the characters, and Mae's vocal delivery, in which every second word is leeringly emphasised, is best compared with that of a breathless Dalek. One imagines a whirring and creaking noise whenever she prepares for a gag; a hush falls on the set and out drops a brand new joke: "It's not the *men* in my *life* that count, it's the *life* in my *men*." Mae doesn't so much walk in this movie as float, as if propelled by a hidden motor. One looks for a revolving key between her shoulder blades. I suppose there was a kind of camp cleverness in the idea of hauling this lady back from obscurity, painting her up as a gross parody of her former self, and generally creating a distasteful spectacle of one who was, in her day and in her way, an entertainer of unique, though limited, appeal. There are, unfortunately, no signs that she resented the treatment of her. I trust audiences will. This embarrassingly bad and peculiarly offensive film provides employment for a number of capable people, such as Dom DeLuise (a splendid comic actor), Ringo Starr, and Timothy Dalton. The farcical plot has to do with international espionage and takes us in and out of bedrooms in an expensive London hotel searching for a pink cassette on which Mae's incriminating memoirs are taped. There is an enormous cast, and a great deal of money has been conspicuously wasted. Now and again, the proceedings are interrupted by song-and-dance routines of a singularly awkward and charmless kind. The director was Ken Hughes. I urge you not to go.

•

I have my own theory about the house in Long Island in which the Lutz family had various nasty experiences, now chronicled in paperback and film as *The Amityville Horror*. It will be recalled that the family fled the house during a thunderstorm in 1975 after a tenancy of 28 days, having endured strange noises, unexplained accidents and the appearance of black slime in the lavatory. A tiny, fleeting title at the end of the film lets slip that "certain incidents have been heightened for dramatic effect". That's fair enough and, despite what sceptics have been saying, I think the Lutz family have given a basically honest account of their experiences. And so has the film. The point is how those experiences are to be interpreted. Considered in isolation, most of the reported phenomena can safely be attributed to natural causes. People *do* have bouts of sudden illness, windows *do* occasionally slam on people's fingers, children *do* invent imaginary companions, people *do* have nightmares and hear noises in the dark. We all know, too, the experience of putting something down which we cannot for the life of us lay our hands on five minutes later. It occurs to me that the Lutzs encountered a string of such incidents, natural and trivial enough in themselves, but whose cumulative effect made them appear as supernatural manifestations. It is common for people under stress to suffer nervous disorders and, in extreme cases, hallucinations. The Lutz couple had recently married and bought their house, two events which can impose nervous strain on susceptible individuals. It is also significant that the children are rarely shown to have shared their parents' terror. I am prepared to concede that the Lutzs would regard all this as poppycock, but I put it forward as a possible interpretation. The film's effects have been achieved by expert timing and construction rather than lavish or costly special effects. This is a very accomplished thriller, with many moments of genuine fright. James Brolin and Margot Kidder play George and Kathy Lutz, the besieged couple whose dream house turns into a nightmare, and Rod Steiger indulges himself as an hysterical priest whose superiors refuse to take any part of his or the Lutzs' story seriously.

Cool it this Summer—
with Lucas car air conditioning

600 Lucas Fitting Stations sell and service Australia's widest range of automotive air conditioning systems for cars, trucks, off-highway and mining equipment.

Beat the heat this summer with the new 79-80 season's systems for Holden Commodore and Falcon XD. Remember, Lucas quality costs no more.

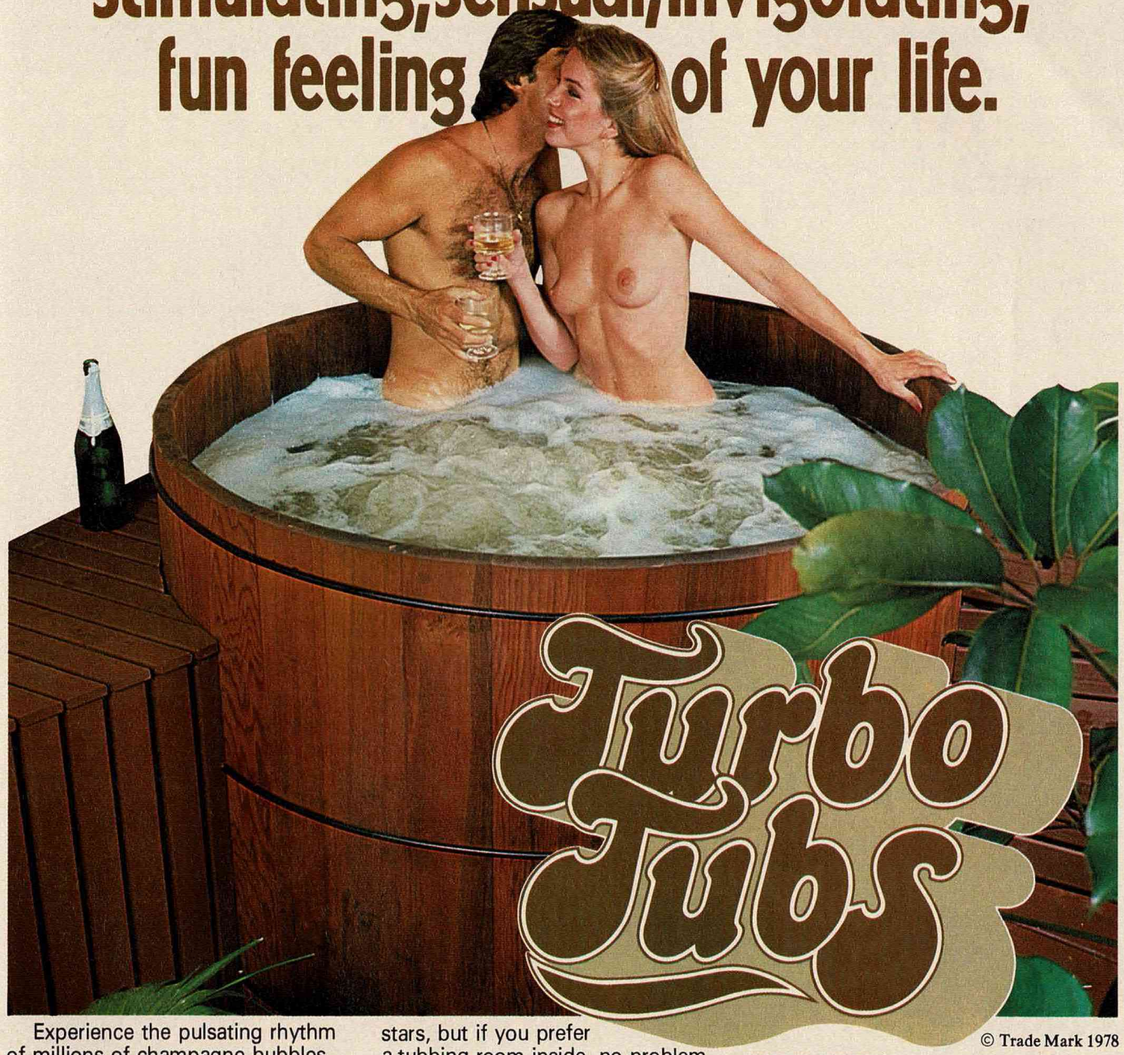
from Holdens to Hondas to pickups to Pantecs

Check the Yellow Pages for your nearest Lucas Air Conditioning Fitting Station.

Don't count on luck, count on Lucas.

Lucas Service
Lucas Industries Australia
300 Lower Dandenong Road,
Mordialloc, Victoria, 3195.

The second most exhilarating, stimulating, sensual, invigorating, fun feeling of your life.



© Trade Mark 1978

Experience the pulsating rhythm of millions of champagne bubbles massaging and caressing every inch of your body, intoxicating your senses, releasing built-up tension.

Turbo Tubs are here to add a whole new dimension to your lifestyle. The swirling, whirling, turbulence of hot, bubbly water relaxes tired, aching muscles after any strenuous activity.

The Turbo Tub exhilaration can be enjoyed by anyone, any time, day or night, summer and winter, with the water hot or cold. The intimate size of even the large 8ft. Turbo Tub opens up limitless possibilities for a couple or a group.

The greatest place to install your Turbo Tub is right out there in your backyard, under the sun and the stars, but if you prefer a tubbing room inside, no problem.

Turbo Tubs are meticulously manufactured from all-heart redwood, hand selected from our own mill and the sizes range from 4ft. to 8 ft. diameter. No-one matches the high quality fastidious finish of Turbo Tubs and no other tub matches our features . . . simply compare.

Enjoy the Turbo Tub experience absolutely free in our private showroom, 7 days a week between 9 a.m. — 5 p.m. Bring your wife, bring your lover, bring all your friends. Our full colour informative brochure is available by contacting or calling into the showroom. Interstate and country enquiries welcome.

TURBO TUBS (in association with BECK TIMBER)
Showroom and Sales:
165 Canterbury Road., Bankstown, NSW, 2200. Phone 707 1477
(7 days a week).

To: Turbo Tubs, P.O. Box 545, Bankstown, N.S.W. 2200
Please send me your free colour brochure.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Phone .....

P/Code .....

BOAC621/1178R

BOOKS

yadies' yegs and all that jazz . . . the story of my yife, says kim bonython

THERE'S A story attributed to the American actor Orson Welles who, on a tour of the north, found himself addressing a handful of largely disinterested people in a backwoods hall.

"Among other things," he told them, "I am a famous actor, fencer, lover, explorer, singer, international traveller, writer and narrator.

"What a pity," he said before leaving the hall, "There are so many of me and so few of you."

Kym Bonython, if he were not a man of more modest demeanor, might make the same claims. But in his most recent book, his autobiography entitled *Ladies' Legs & Lemonade,* his record says it for him.

In his 60 years of life, Bonython has engaged in an incredible array of pursuits. During the war, he was a torpedo and Mosquito bomber pilot, for which he gained the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Force Cross. But that was just the beginning of a life of danger and excitement involving a number of personal and near-fatal experiences.

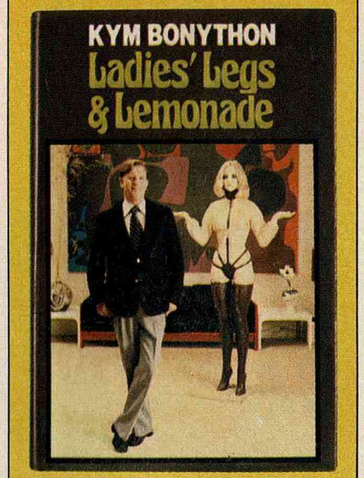
He's been a speedway and speedboat champion and, from flying over the top of the water, he went under it with his two-man submarine.

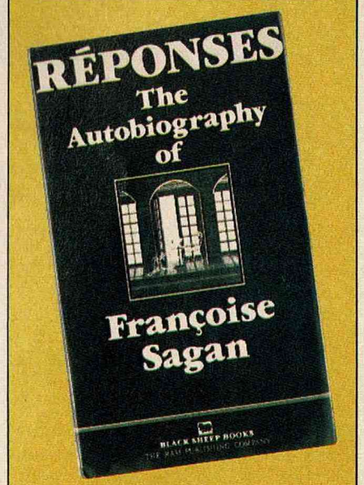
His has been a life of romance. In the literal sense, it has included two marriages, with the odd flirtation and affair in between. He concludes his first chapter with a typically frank, if brief, description of his first encounter with sex – at the hands, so to speak, of the local dustman. "His horse and cart plied the back lanes of our neighborhood every week, and on the pretext of taking me for a ride on his creaky rattling dray he would soon be excitedly undoing my trouser fly. I do not believe," Bonython says, recalling that event, "I suffered any ill-effects."

The somewhat puzzling title of the book is revealed in his youthful reply to a family friend who asked what were his two favorite things in life. "I quickly nominated 'Ladies' legs and lemonade (although I pronounced this "Yadies' yegs and yemonade')," Bonython writes. "They are still my favorite objects – although I have raised my sights slightly since then."

He's also been a man of the country, both in the fields of dairy farming and cattle studs.

A childhood fascination with jazz (he sold some clothes to buy a drum kit), continued with nearly 40 years' association with the ABC as a jazz broadcaster. During that time he travelled the world to bring noted jazzmen – and women – to Australia.





The life stories of Bonython and Sagan point out the differences in Aussie and French hedonism.

In the world of art, Kym Bonython is no less distinguished. During the course of being the owner of two galleries, he championed and promoted Australian modern art and wrote a number of books on the subject.

What he has packed into 60 years represents the lifetimes of several extraordinary men, and the telling of it makes for highly entertaining, colorful, exciting, hilarious – and on the odd pardonable occasion, trivial – reading.

Perhaps the whole tenor of the man, his approach to life and his delightful down-to-earth sense of humor, is best illustrated in one of the concluding anecdotes of his book.

It concerns the occasion when Bonython, living in Paddington where he had his gallery, was approached by a reporter from a Sunday newspaper and asked how he'd like to spend Father's Day. He replied that he'd like to be lying in the sun on a deserted Barrier Reef beach with Faye Dunaway, a plentiful supply of lolly water, unlimited Nudge Bars and no need to attend the gymnasium the following day to recuperate.

"Actually," he said, returning to Earth, "I will probably be doing my normal Sunday morning chore – hosing the dog crap off the footpath of Victoria Street." – **DERRIL FARRAR**

●

Following a near-fatal car smash back in the 1950s, when she split open her skull, broke 11 ribs, a shoulder blade, both wrists and damaged two vertebrae, Françoise Sagan lived life as though she were afraid of losing it. And, indeed her exuberant lifestyle – husband-changing, hard-drinking, high-rolling, fast-driving and lavish spending – has attracted more editorial comment than all her literary achievements as both authoress and playwright put together.

It is thus reasonable to expect Sagan's memoirs to be a public confessional for her private passions. Not true. *Responses* (aptly published internationally by Black Sheep Books) is no ordinary autobiography. Compiled from an absorbing selection of updated interviews, the French novelist probes the legend she became after publication of her then-shocking best-seller *Bonjour Tristesse* at the age of 18. She further examines her attitudes to politics, people, death, God and money, as well as love, which, coupled with loneliness, form the two main themes of her books.

The self-portrait that emerges depicts a mellowing goodtimer who has managed to shed novels along with two husbands, alcohol, gambling and the cheque book with which she recklessly indulged friends and strangers alike. (Her publisher now keeps her on pocket money.)

Today, Françoise Sagan seemingly lives by her pen, for her son, and on a diet of optimism. "Personally, I always believe that things are going to work out," she writes. "Every time I see a film about Joan of Arc, I'm convinced she'll get away with it. The same with Romeo and Juliet." Hoping against

hope, she clearly has a keen instinct for her survival. – CAMILLA BEACH

•

Young American author William Kinsolving has made a creditable attempt with his first novel, but somehow he just fails to bring it off. *Born With The Century* (Putnam) ranges round the globe in its scope but often lapses into the trite in its telling. His dialogue is at times stilted and anachronistic, and I had the feeling that he confuses his ethnic expressions at times.

Born With The Century is the story of the rise to international fame and enormous wealth of the son of a struggling Scottish minister who first introduced him to the mysteries of distilling the water of life – whisky. From a penniless childhood in the highlands, Magnus Macpherson sets off for the Americas to seek fame and fortune. Armed with his knowledge of whisky making, a kilt, a handsome body which attracts the ladies, and an undying faith in his own ability, Macpherson makes his first step up the ladder of success as a rum-runner from the Bahamas during Prohibition. Inevitably, he runs foul of organised crime and is dogged by Mafia dons, machine-gunned confidants and even murdered grandchildren.

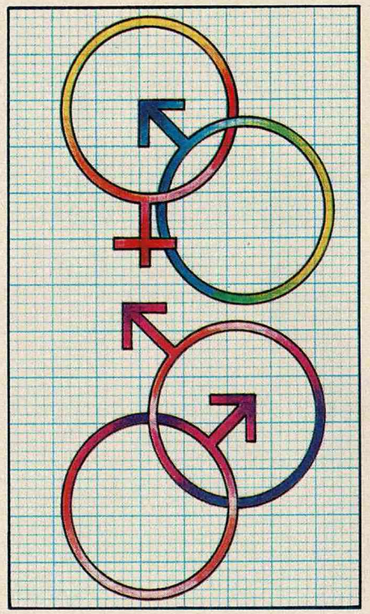
He also has the powerful shadow of the Roman Catholic church blighting his whole life after he marries the rich daughter of one of the Boston élite and refuses to acknowledge her faith. While almost lucky in extra-marital love, Macpherson makes one helluva mess with his own family, reaching a climax when he murders one of his sons and has to spend time expiating his crime – despite the fact that he is a friend of Roosevelt and Joseph Kennedy.

Kinsolving uses the book as a vehicle for airing his knowledge of the liquor industry and the Mafia, frequently lapsing into sermonising about the evils of drink and tangling with the bad guys. *Born With The Century* spans some of the most turbulent times in America's history, from the roaring '20s to the '70s, yet fails to capture in flowing gut-gripping style the complete mood of a country faced with crisis upon crisis – war, depression, unenforceable laws, communist witch hunts and union muscle-flexing.

A good solid book, it is one easily laid aside for another idle moment – the sort of book to be read just before you fall asleep. – JOHN COCKERILL

•

The paradox of these enlightened times is that there is a continuing need for the astonishing range of sexual manuals, documentaries and self-therapy books that roll off publishers' presses at a rate once limited to



cooking and recipe books. It's as if the hypothalamus needs stoking as much as the stomach. Two new additions to the library of sexuality reflect the degree of polarisation which is occurring in this apparently insatiable field.

The first, *Sexual Joy in Marriage* (Reed), is precisely what its subtitle spells out – an illustrated guide to sexual communication. In the other, *The Sexual Outlaw* (Futura), John Rechy departs from his customary novels of homosexual themes to document the sexual underground of Los Angeles, playing notes, often discordant, at the opposite end of the chromosomatic scale.

Written by the Perth psychiatrist Michael Clarke and his wife, Dorothy, *Sexual Joy in Marriage* makes no startling revelations about sexual communication between man and woman. Perhaps its greatest value is that the authors do manage to relay some old sexual bogies and misconceptions, that have blighted a number of marriages, in a style as relaxed as the young man and woman who have posed for the illustrations.

In comparison, Rechy's account of a three-day "sexhunt" through the parks, alleys, beaches and hustlers' bars of Los Angeles is a passionate and powerful cry from the heart for all those sentenced to the twilight world of sexual outlet. – RUSSELL DEILEY

•

Alan Coren, the noted British humorist, recently wrote a book called *Golfing for Cats*. The cover illustration alluded to the Third Reich.

The book had nothing to do with any of these subjects. Coren's rationale was that books about Hitler, golf and cats sold better than worthier tomes on weightier subjects. And he wanted a booming best-seller.

A similar strategy must have been in the mind of Robert Serling when he wrote *Wings* (Souvenir Press). There could be no title more reliably guaranteed to deaden the hip pocket nerve of every flying enthusiast.

Well, save your pennies. This *Wings* has nothing to do with the spellbinding series of the same name recently televised. Hell, the hero can't even fly!

This is a *Boy's Own Annual* account of the birth of an airline. Our 20-year-old hero, Barnwell Ernest Burton, manages with no qualifications or training to seize a failing air service from his drunken boss, build it into an empire, and make a mint. He survives economic gerrymandering, political chicanery and cut-throat competition to emerge as the president of Trans-Coastal Airlines.

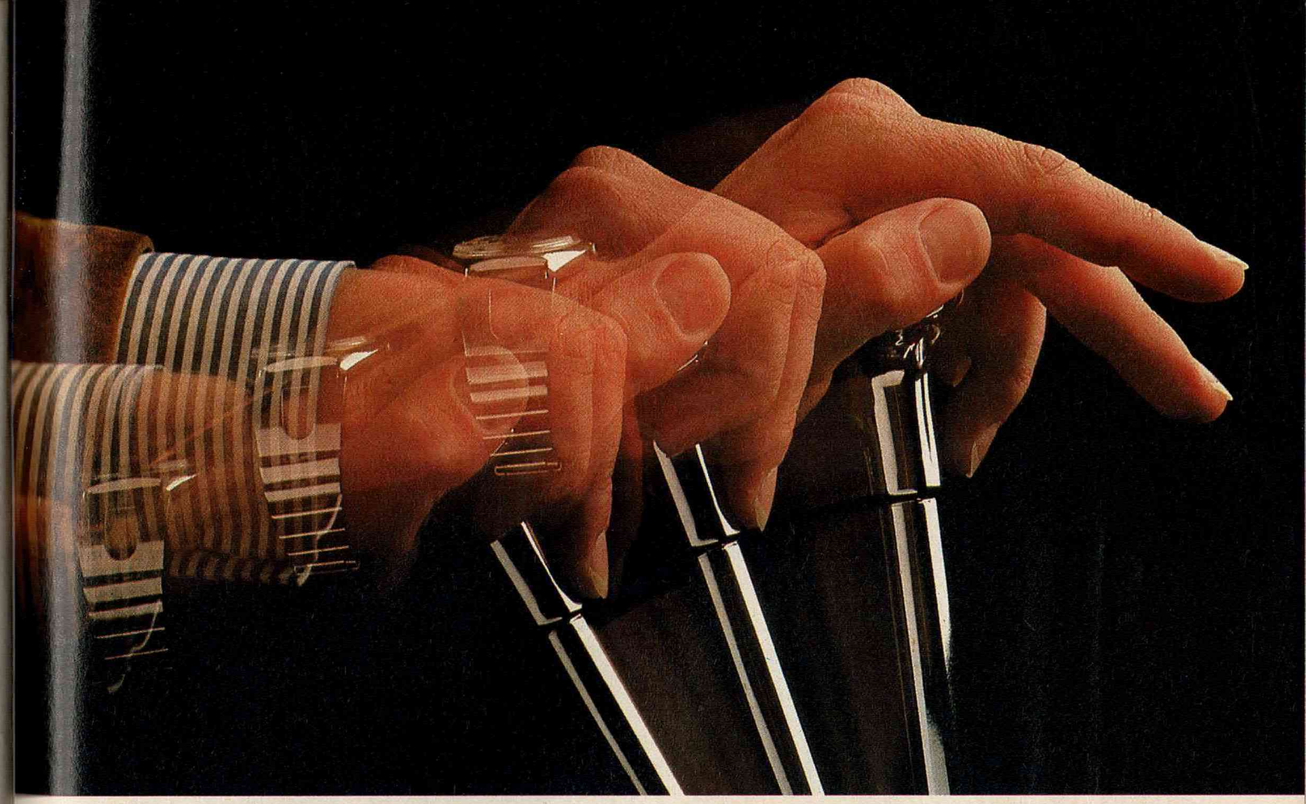
About the only thing that makes him human is his relative failure with the opposite sex – and his aeroplanes. Any aircraft nut will love the Ford Trimotors, the DC3s, the old Boeings, the Constellations and Barnwell's brief encounter with the beautiful, but ill-fated, Comet.

Barnwell ends up on the scrap heap. So should the book. – PETER BYRNE

•

BOOKENDS

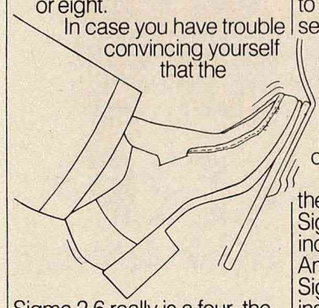
Outback Press breakaway publishers Morry Schwartz and Margaret Gee have blasted out of the printing blocks and are setting a salacious pace in the New Year title stakes. One of their first books under the Schwartz Publishing masthead will be the sensational and steamy Judy Chavez story *Defector's Mistress*. Schwartz and Gee are planning an initial 30,000 paperback run of *Mistress* under the Circus imprint. They are also bringing America's most notorious callgirl to Australia to promote the launch. Miss Chavez is the 23-year-old raven-haired beauty for whose sexual favors the top Russian UN diplomatic defector, Arkady Shevchenko, paid more than $50,000 in CIA cash and kind. The ensuing public scandal in the American media also prompted President Carter to drop that now-famous clanger: "If the figures the woman quoted were accurate, which they aren't, it would be highly inflationary and contrary to my policy." . . . To balance the morality scales, Schwartz Publishing will also be bringing out American co-authors Nancy Pritikin and Patrick McGrady to coincide with the first Australian release of the US bestseller, *The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise* . . . Jonathan Cape is having an each-way bet with its upcoming fiction release. Whatever money the inter-



SIGMA 2·6
YOU'LL FIND
YOURSELF ASKING
"IS IT REALLY
A FOUR?"

We offer no apologies for the effect a Sigma 2.6 test-drive will have on you. It will spoil you for all other fours. Because Sigma 2.6 combines sensational style and comfort with true four cylinder economy, and the kind of power and torque you'd normally expect from a six or eight.

In case you have trouble convincing yourself that the



Sigma 2.6 really is a four, the last part of this advertisement outlines a simple test of proof.

Perhaps it should be mandatory for all Sigma 2.6 test-drivers.

A SENSATION YOU CAN FEEL.

Sigma 2.6 surrounds you with the kind of features and style that make even a quick trip to the corner store a driving sensation.

Behind the wheel feel the luxury of cloth trim seats, standard on SE sedan and wagon, optional on GL (Leather facings are a rare option on SE).

Discover tilt adjustment in the steering column, and on the Sigma SE driver's seat, individual lumbar adjustment. And, then cast your eyes over Sigma's fully appointed instrument panel.

Now you can feel the adrenalin begin to flow.

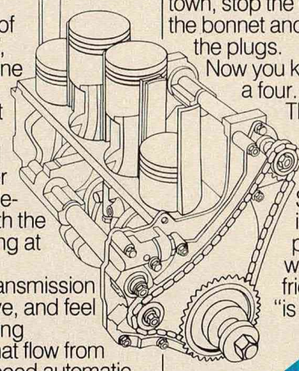
ASTRON 2.6 LITRE ENGINE AND 3-SPEED AUTOMATIC.

Turn the key and feel Sigma's Astron engine with twin 'silent shafts' spring quietly to life.

Because of 'Silent Shafts', Sigma's engine runs so smoothly that a glass of water placed on the air filter remains ripple-free, even with the engine running at 5,000 r.p.m.

Shift the transmission lever into drive, and feel the pure driving sensations that flow from Sigma's 3-speed automatic transmission.

The experience will thrill you.



THE "IT REALLY IS A FOUR" TEST.

To take this test, see your Chrysler Dealer and arrange a Sigma 2.6 test-drive. After your first impressive drive through town, stop the car, lift the bonnet and count the plugs.

Now you know, it really is a four.

Then get back in your car, and do it all over again. Why? Simply because it's good practise for when your friends ask you "is it really a four?"

CHRYSLER AUSTRALIA LTD.

SEE YOUR CHRYSLER DEALER.

SIGMA 2·6
A SENSATION YOU CAN FEEL.

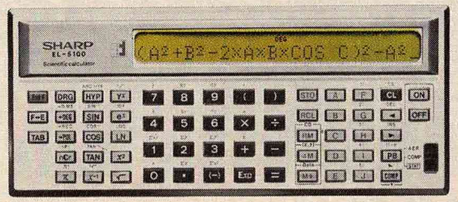
Y&R AVG392

Face facts.

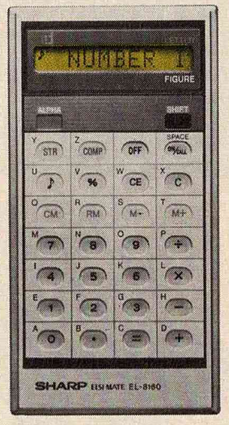
It's not hard to see why Sharp are the innovators in electronic calculators. And our EL 5100 model is no exception. On the face of it, it may seem complicated, but what it does can be put very simply. It can display not only numbers but letters and symbols as well.

What's more, formulas may be entered as they are written. There is no need to write them down or to translate them into machine language.

Another Sharp calculator which can spell out the word is our EL 8160. This versatile model is ideal for memorising names, telephone numbers, money or metric conversion rates. These can be held in storage even when the machine is switched off.



*$114.95



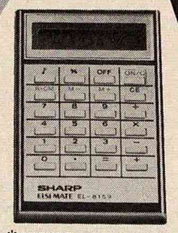
*$44.95

EL 1169
Use it on the top of a desk or in your hand. It has a 10-digit Printing/Display complete with Memory Safe Guard.

*$109.95

EL 8156
A conversion calculator for quick, easy conversion to metric or vice-versa. Pre-programmed to convert length, area, capacity, weight and temperature.

*$23.95



*$19.95

EL 8159
A practical 8-digit Sensor Touch calculator that's small enough to fit in your pocket. Yet it has an audible input check mode that emits a pleasant bleep to confirm each entry.

SHARP MADE THE CALCULATOR WHAT IT IS TODAY THROUGH THEIR INNOVATIVE TECHNOLOGY AND DEVELOPMENT.

SHARP
Number One in Calculators.

*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE

Sydney 728 9111, Brisbane 52 8922, Melbourne 329 5344, Adelaide 223 7800, Perth 277 7477.

Dailey/SHA225

national publisher is bound to pick up on the guaranteed sales of the latest Philip Roth novel, *The Ghost Writer,* it will be investing in a long shot by a maiden performer, Sydney freelance magazine and television journalist Natalie Scott. The theme of *Wherever We Step the Land is Mined* – a woman seeking self fulfilment and identity "after 27 years of marriage to a drunken and brutish philanderer" – sounds vaguely familiar, but the publisher is confident that Miss Scott's first novel will make its mark . . . With the ink on his last book *The Godfather in Australia* – a major tilt at organised crime in this country – scarcely dry, Sydney author Bob Bottom is already preparing for another bout with the heavies. Bottom is into the manuscript of *Behind the Rackets,* which promises to be a revealing look behind all the organised deals to which the crime lords turn their dishonest millions. The journalist-author has been jabbing away at organised racketeers for years, both as a writer and as NSW Premier Neville Wran's one-time investigation liaison officer on crime . . . The most incredible thing about Dr David Lewis's upcoming book, *Voyage to the Ice,* is that the adventuring doctor survived to produce the manuscript. Lewis has completed two history-making voyages to the Antarctic. In the summers of 1972-73 and 1973-74, he became the first lone sailor to breach the formidable defences of the frozen continent aboard his 10-metre yacht, *Ice Bird.* Four summers later, he led seven others in an expedition to Antarctica aboard the yacht *Solo.* The account of that last trip, *Voyage to the Ice,* will be launched by the ABC during March . . . To coincide with the centenary of *The Bulletin,* Wildcat Press will publish the first complete history of Australia's most celebrated news magazine. *The Journalistic Javelin* has been written by outstanding journalist Patricia Rolfe, tracing the weekly magazine's greatest causes since J. F. Archibald and John Haynes launched the blat on January 31, 1880. The word is that Rolfe examines everything, warts and all, from *The Bulletin's* change in political stance from radical to conservative, its crusade for Federation, its opposition to the Boer War, and its contempt for colored people (which endured for 50 years in the incredible line beneath the masthead: *Australia for the White Man*). Rolfe's book will also make lavish use of the legion of great cartoonists whose work has decorated *The Bulletin* pages. The print run will be 10,000, with a limited edition version of 500.

THE ANATOMY OF A GOOD CIGAR.

HENRI WINTERMANS HALF CORONAS.

...A Henri Wintermans Half Corona is a popular size with experienced smokers because it helps give you flavour and coolness.

...The band. What do you do with the band of a cigar Leave it on or take it off. In Australia it's generally taken off before you light it. In some countries, particularly the south Americas, it's usually left on.
It doesn't really matter as long as you enjoy the cigar.

...The ash. A good cigar will retain a certain amount of ash as you smoke it.

...Note the generous cut at your end of the Henri Wintermans Half Corona. Don't fall for a little vee. It won't smoke as well.

...The outer wrapper. A Henri Winterman's Half Corona has a natural wrapper of superb Sumatran leaf. Mmmm.

If Half Corona is the shape that suits you here's the pack you should be looking for...Henri Wintermans.

HENRI WINTERMANS make the nicest cigars in the world.

166/SA

MUSIC

here's a lively little brew from the unpretentious master guitar picker . . .

LEO KOTTKE penned every track bar two on *Balance* (Chrysalis) and it's provided a lively little brew from the unpretentious master picker. Kottke's the man on the album cover but he fades into the background to let his guitars – whether acoustic or power driven – take over. The two "borrowed" cuts are Buddy Holly's Learning The Game, which Kottke has converted into a brooding soliloquy, and Jorma Kaukonen's Embryonic Journey. When the acoustic disciples gather at the master's live performance stool, the for-nimble-fingers-only Embryonic Journey will coax forth the gasps of admiration.

The album was produced by top session drummer Kenny Buttrey, who slings himself behind a kit on the accompanied tracks. Kottke's vocals are more than adequate, but his real language flows from his lightning fingers. On the aptly named Whine, you can hear the tirade of almost verbal complaint pouring from the strings with the Kottke digits pecking it to a sweet death.

However, don't let anybody tell you that Leo Kottke is for guitar buffs only. His appeal is far broader and he might even wind up establishing as firm a hold on Australian fans as Ry Cooder currently enjoys.

•

If your form master ever warned you to be wary of guys with their shirts undone to the navel, then David Johansen is unlikely to provide any shocks with his *In Style* album (Epic). Johansen is a survivor from the pre-punk ragers New York Dolls, which is hard to believe, because gone are the glam-rock trappings to leave a frame and face pretty enough to grace the best disco floors. Thankfully, the contents are of more solid matter, with Johansen applying his versatile voice to 10 catchy melodies.

In the same manner as guitarist/producer Todd Rundgren helped put together the Dolls' *Too Much Too Soon* album, Johansen has roped in guitarist/producer Mick Ronson to handle the chore on *In Style.* Ronson's not very good as an up-front man, but works magic when he's thrown in behind the scenes. His track record is somewhat remarkable when you examine his associations with David Bowie, Ian Hunter and now David Johansen. Ronson aside, it's really Johansen's song writing and singing which carries this album, and the boy reveals that he's got a taste for social comment as well as the clever melody line. On one cut called Wreckless Crazy you'd swear it was the Dolls of old, but the swanky Flamingo Road hints that the 1979 Johansen is a totally new man.

– A. D. AIRD

•

When a girl has paid her dues and has got more than 10 years of slogging and seven albums to her name, she can afford to get a bit classy. So, it's a very sophisticated Rita Coolidge who presents *Satisfied* (A&M). It's her eighth album in as many years and it's indication enough of her status that she now gets the best people to support her. The credit lines on this one are

Rita Coolidge: after 10 years of hard slogging and paying her dues, finally plays her own classy tune.

longer than *Ben Hur's* and with topliners Booker T. Jones, Mike Utley and Jim Keltner picking up the musical and executive tab, the whole thing smacks of professional expertise. That is not really surprising, because Rita's days of slogging through lengthy tours as support vocalist to Joe Cocker and Delaney and Bonnie are well behind her now.

On *Satisfied,* Rita has nominated superb tunes to bless with her vocalising, and not all of them are new. The Goffin-King piece, One Fine Day, was picked for release as a single, and I'd Rather Leave While I'm in Love (Peter Allen-Carole Bayer Sager) is recent enough for favorable comparisons. Ms Coolidge's name appears on a few tracks just to prove that husband Kris Kristofferson is not the only songwriter in the family. Kris gets not a mention on *Satisfied,* but it is still somewhat of a family affair because sister Priscilla Coolidge-Jones helps out with some writing and vocals.

This reviewer liked the Coolidge version of The Fool In Me by Dave Loggins and Randy Goodram, and if that wasn't enough to soothe the soul, there was an added bonus in scanning the sleeve shots of the lovely Rita.

•

Life can get pretty tough when the British Government's taxing you to the tune of 90-odd pence in the pound and you're carrying Watford Football Club on the strength of your chequebook. But those sorts of headaches do not seem to worry Elton John because the Pinner Piano Puncher has come up with another good one in *Victim of Love* (Rocket). Once again, Elton's picked the market like a rails bookmaker with an album that has enough rhythm snap to send the loose-of-limb lunging for the dance floor.

By now the disco kings will still be drooling over side two, with the punchy Thunder In The Night flowing right on into the hip-swishing Spotlight followed by Street Boogie. It's all great fun and beautifully executed with a pounding rhythm line behind EJ's keyboards, vocals and female vocal supports.

The kid hasn't lost his street savvy yet and that Saturday night, can-kicking, good-times element is still there. The concert delivery of this set is an absolute rage, and if he was ever (?) short of an encore piece, he's thrown in Johnny B. Goode as an extra ace. He's never failed to attract superb backing musicians and the whole package has been neatly produced by Pete Bellotta.

By the time *Victim of Love* does the rounds, Watford should be able to afford a few new players.

•

Garland Jeffreys has the sort of looks that make it unlikely he'll ever be a guest compere on *Countdown.* However, if he can survive that tremendous handicap, the New York singer's *American Boy and Girl* (A&M) just might make it in Australia. Jeffreys is a great singer, and in phases his voice has the bark and the bite of John Lennon. Listening to him switch styles from the rocky Livin' For Me to the reggae Bad Dream suggests the man has been around, and his biog indicates that he was educated to university level in the US and Italy, influenced by Ray Charles, Ella Fitzgerald, Nat King

Cole, Sinatra and all rock singers, and kept close musical company with Lou Reed and John Cale.

Garland is almost as big as Springsteen on street poetry and delivery and there's a chance that he'll appeal to the same sort of market. His experience accounts for his diversity but not the element of suprise he's buried away on Boy and Girl. He'll pull you from the streets of Brooklyn to a Spanish corrida quicker than it takes him to cut from the title track to the rhythmic Matador. They're two of the most memorable songs on an album that carries few weaknesses.

If sales go as expected, local stores might start stocking previous works *Ghostwriter, Disco Kid, One-Eyed Jack* and *Gringer's Switch.*

•

Charlie has that sort of melodic rock-pop formula that you would swear has been programmed by a company computer. If the US band's *Fight Dirty* album (Polydor) is any yardstick, platinum should be just around the corner for these six lads. They're all good looking, musically competent and completely inoffensive. But the work has a feel of being done strictly to formula and definitely packs no challenge, let alone the slightest element of surprise. If that sounds like a bit of a panning, it might be worth adding that this is the sort of stuff that sell and sells and ... But just ask somebody next year to nominate one of the more memorable cuts, and they'll be searching for something that was gone with the ejection click. Yes, very nice, but highly forgettable.

The dual lead guitars of Terry Thomas and Eugene Organ are often clever, but the intent to make everybody – whether bassist, keyboardist or drummer – a star makes it all a bit too stylised. Middle-of-the-road it is.

SHORT CUTS

Laughing Dogs (CBS) is a self-titled piece that's barely out of the leg-cocking category. Old Liverpool licks and looks do not add up to New Wave and there's not one Loyal choice cut let alone a Pal Meaty Bite in the whole serving worth sinking your fangs into.

For all those late catching Graham Parker and the Rumour, *High Times – the Best of Graham Parker and the Rumour* (Vertigo) might save some swatting through earlier albums. This one includes the cream, from Hold Back The Night, Soul Shoes, Hey Lord Don't Ask Me Questions to Want You Back. From the outfit that picked the eyes out of London's top pub rock acts just a few years ago, this rates as a nice collector's item. – NEIL JAMESON

•

In recent years, McCoy Tyner has been to the jazz piano what John Coltrane was to the tenor saxophone. On some occasions he's even been a little too much for an oldie like myself. However, on his latest album, *Together* (Milestone L37027), he is into an area that has proved both melodic and inventive, and of which I must admit I entirely approve.

He has surrounded himself with a great line-up of moderns of a similar persuasion: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, flugelhorn; Bennie Maupin, tenor and bass clarinet; Hubert Laws, flutes; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes and marimba; Stanley Clarke, acoustic bass; Jack DeJohnette and Bill Summers on his rippling drums.

Often with personnel such as this, the music is a mess, with each star striving to outdo his colleague – but not so here where a rare empathy is achieved on each of the six tracks.

Tyner contributed only two originals – the atmospheric Nubia and the lovely Ballad for Aisha. The remaining tunes come from Laws, Hubbard, DeJohnette and Hutcherson, who has a new treatment of his Highway One, the title track on his own recently released CBS album.

High spots are many, with the leader's distinctive soloing and comping standing out. Hubert Laws is in a class of his own on flute and is consistently terrific. Listen to him on Aisha and Shades of Light – in fact, throughout the entire LP. This man is great in any setting and at all tempoes. The fiery Hubbard has a field day, and each solo finds him in top form. The superb bass playing of Clarke has rarely been heard to better advantage,

NEWSBREAKS

Following the tour successes of **Rockpile, Eddie Money** and **Santana, Cheap Trick** et al, promoters who were once looking down-in-the-mouth about a sagging music industry are smiling again this summer with tour plans for **The Police** (December), **J.J. Cale** (Jan), **Peter Allen** (Jan), **Johnny Mathis** (Jan), **Mike Oldfield** (Feb), **Les McCann** (Jan) and **Fleetwood Mac,** who should arrive around February in the midst of a marathon eight-month tour of the world's major rock markets promoting *Tusk.*

Submerged Rock: Sydney's **Dirty Pool Management** descended to new depths to promote their recent Pooled Resources tour featuring their three top drawcards **The Angels, Cold Chisel** and **Flowers.** They persuaded frontmen **Doc Neeson** (Angels) and **Jimmy Barnes** (Chisel) to enter a friend's unheated swimming pool dressed in full stage regalia and pretend to throttle each other to death while the cameras whizzed (or plopped). The joke nearly backfired when 20 minutes were spent adjusting camera angles while the soaking vocal chords of the two prides of the stable were exposed to freezing winds. As it turned out, a second session had to be scheduled. The also-submerged photographer had shivered so much that many of the shots were out of focus ... Joining the dunking-for-the-cameras brigade were Perth's **Loaded Dice,** whose debut album, *No Sweat,* comes out this month.

LP forthcoming in the next few weeks from **Warren Zevon** *(Bad Luck Streak In Dancing School),* the first after a two-year break during which he spent some time in a hospital recovering from a nervous breakdown.

The shivers have been put into the entertainment industry with the news that the Taxation Office is said to be devoting this financial year to investigating rock's tax returns ... **Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons** are aiming for higher stakes with their follow-up to the top 20 album *Screaming Targets.*

The Last Thing We Need: Pop *enfant terrible* **Kim Fowley,** on one of his frequent bouts of tax deductible international hype telephone calls, recently rang **Mondo Rock's Ross Wilson** and played down the phone a tape of his new all-girl discovery **The Orchids.** "Sounds like a female **Knack",** said Wilson ... And to make sure your sense of commercial-musical values isn't out of kilter, the latest sales figures:

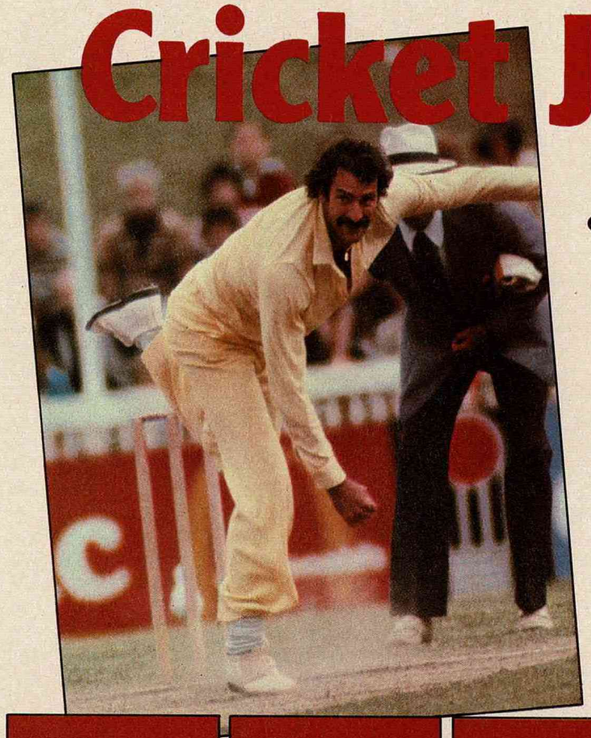
The Angels' *No Exit* album went platinum (sales of 50,000) in eight weeks. **Jon English's** cheaply-priced double best-of, *English History,* went platinum in four weeks (and double platinum in six).

But **Slim Dusty's** latest, *Walk A Country Mile* (named after Slim's autobiography, which was co-written with journo John Lapsley and released around the same time) went platinum in *eight days* ... which, EMI claim, "happens every time" with a Dusty release.

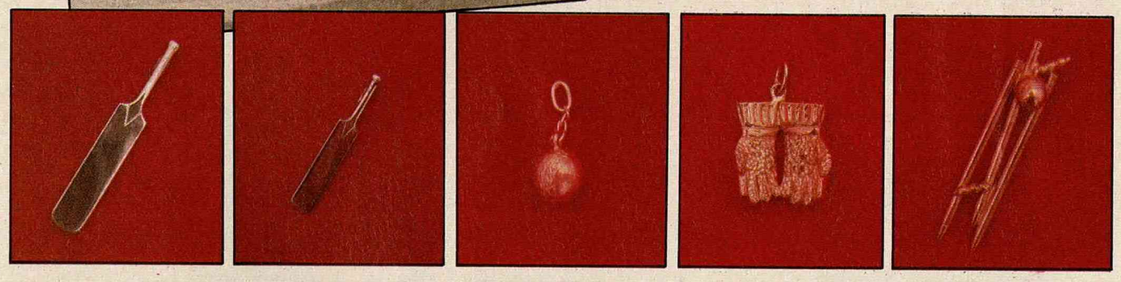
Adman **Mike Brady's** ode to Oz Rules football, *Up There Cazaly,* recently became the third biggest selling Australian single of all time. It ranks just behind *Sadie The Cleaning Lady* and Slim's *Pub With No Beer.* – JENNY HUNTER-BROWN

Cricket Jewellery

..a Superb and exclusive range



The jeweller, John Atherton, has created a line of cricket jewellery unique to Australia. Millions of television viewers have seen Dennis Lillee's golden bat bouncing and flouncing across his chest every time he charges in to bowl. There are bats, 'keeper's gloves, balls and broken stumps, all made of the finest gold and silver – with diamond inlays, if required.



ITEM	STERLING (.925) SILVER With Chain.	STERLING (.925) SILVER Without Chain.	9 CARAT (.375) GOLD With Chain.	9 CARAT (.375) GOLD Without Chain.	18 CARAT (.750) GOLD With 18 carat Chain.	18 CARAT (.750) GOLD Without Chain.	18 CARAT (.750) GOLD With 9 carat Chain.
Bat (Regular)	$42.00	$36.00	$280.00	$195.00	$580.00	$325.00	$410.00
Bat (Mini)	$33.00	$28.00	$155.00	$100.00	$305.00	$155.00	$210.00
'Keeper's Gloves	$63.00	$57.00	$388.00	$303.00	$825.00	$570.00	$655.00
Ball	$55.00	$49.00	$306.00	$221.00	$722.00	$467.00	$552.00
Stumps and Ball	$55.00	$49.00	$306.00	$221.00	$722.00	$467.00	$552.00

Cricket Jewellery Offer

P

P.O. BOX 505, RINGWOOD, 3134

Please send me by return mail:—

1. If ordering one pendant only, please place a tick ☑ in the boxes applicable to the options of your choice.

☐ With chain
☐ Without chain
☐ Sterling Silver
☐ 9 Carat yellow gold
☐ 18 Carat yellow gold
☐ 18 Carat yellow with 9 Carat chain

2. If ordering two or more pendants at the same time, please write the number required (e.g. 3) in the boxes applicable to the options of your choice.

Add $3.00 for insured postage per individual order. Please check the prices of the options you have selected and insert the total below.

I enclose cheque/money order/bankcard order for $

Name.....

Address .....

..... Postcode. .....

Bankcard orders
Please debit my account no'd.....

Signature .....

especially on tracks like Nubia and Aisha. At times Jack DeJohnette gets a bit too carried away, but he is always a sympathetic percussionist and his digressions are rare. He performs his time-keeping role beautifully as an integral part of a most impressive rhythm section.

Mention must also be made of the unique-sounding Bobby Hutcherson, whose expressive tinklings on vibes and marimba seem a logical extension of the leader's equally distinctive and tight keyboarding.

All in all, an exceptional new modern jazz release by some of its most talented exponents.

•

Ralph MacDonald is an American-born percussionist of Trinidad parents. He did his apprenticeship with Harry Belafonte before a five-year stint with Roberta Flack. But his greatest international claim to fame is as writer of the hit tune Where Is The Love, which Donny Hathaway and Flack made their own.

Drums have been in the blood since his earliest days, and his new release, *Counterpoint* (Epic ELPS4011), reveals him as a musician of innate craftsmanship and subtlety. Not for him the flag waving drum solos. Instead, he practises the sinuous Caribbean beat as a member of large studio groups that have included some of the best known – and most sought after – musicians of the day, such as Eric Gale, Tom Scott, Richard Tee, Steve Gadd, Harvey Mason, Grover Washington Jr., the Brecker Brothers, Jon Faddis, Ronnie Cuber and so on.

It is not strictly a jazz record; rather a sort of disco date with West Indian overtones that is perhaps best summed up by the title of one track, Discolypso, that features a steel band, 1979 style, electronically tuned and recorded to stunning effect.

On this same track, Ralph makes his vocal debut. It is a cut above the stereotyped style that has followed in the wake of George Benson's success, although I still prefer the purely instrumental variety.

Side one is ostensibly American, and the reverse is Caribbean. Throughout, percussion is the main voice – shakers, tambourines, whistles, gourdes and woodblocks, not to mention a fascinating instrument, the syndrum timbales, that is about as far as one can get from the New Orleans sounds of Baby Dodds and Zutty Singleton.

Have a listen to them on You Are In Love. They make a truly delicious sound here!

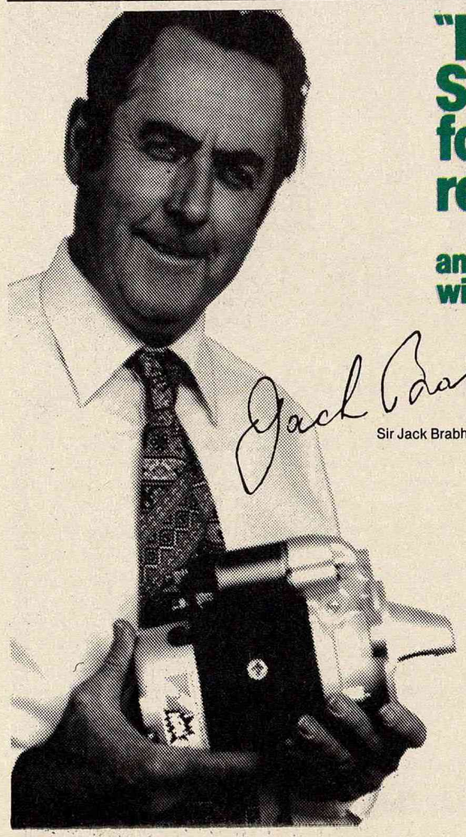
It is infectious music that will have a wide appeal, and is certainly enjoyable listening, even if not in the purist category of the McCoy Tyner disc. I recommend it for all that. It is certainly a new and refreshing sound.

•

An interesting LP is Moe Koffman's *Museum Pieces* (RCA Victor VPLI 4130). Koffman, the Canadian flautist (perhaps best known for his composition Swinging Shepherd Blues), will be one of the jazz stars at Adelaide's next Festival of Arts, together with superlative guitarist Ed Bickert who also is heard on this release. Unfortunately bass player Don Thompson will not be making the Australian trip and you will appreciate this regrettable omission after you have heard this disc, not to mention the several earlier releases they made with the late Paul Desmond.

Museum Pieces is an excellent LP that must whet the appetite of any lover of modern music who may be contemplating a visit to Adelaide's celebrated carnival in March, where Les Strand, America's "Art Tatum of the Organ", will also give the world premiere of his Concerto for Organ and Jazz Orchestra in the Festival Theatre at the keyboard of the new $450,000 instrument, not subjected to anything hotter than Bach since its installation last year.

– KYM BONYTHON



"Now you can have a Lucas Starter or Alternator fitted for around the cost of repairing your worn out unit...

and Lucas Exchange Units guarantee reliability with a nationwide 12/20 Warranty."

Jack Brabham

Sir Jack Brabham

Lucas Exchange Units are a range of Starters and Alternators to suit most popular cars on Australian roads – including Japanese.

A Lucas Exchange Unit puts your car back on the road much quicker and is guaranteed nationwide for 12 months or 20,000 km.

Check the Yellow Pages: your nearest AUTO ELECTRICIAN or garage will fit a Lucas Exchange Unit ...they know it makes good sense.

Don't count on luck, count on Lucas.

Lucas Exchange Units

Lucas Industries Australia
300 Lower Dandenong Road,
Mordialloc, Victoria, 3195.

ALA/LA1398/P

We would like to introduce you to Goldberren.

An exquisite new dessert wine that goes beautifully with the taste of fresh fruits, mousse, pavlova, crepes, gateaux and cheese cake, or any other dessert.

Goldberren is derived from the German word meaning "golden berries", the late picked grapes that our winemakers have used to develop this rich full-flavoured wine.

When you're having a 3rd course, you should have our new 3rd course wine. Goldberren.

Orlando Goldberren ORL7022

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

Editor
JOHN JOST
Assistant editor
TONY REES
Art director
STEPHEN BERRY
Chief copy editor
DENBY BROWNING
Copy editors
ROSS FARQUHAR
KAREN HAMMIAL
Writers
RUSSELL DEILEY
CAMILLA BEACH
DIANA COUTTS
Artists
ROBBYLEE PHELAN
STUART COLE
Fashion editor, stylist
VICKI EDINBURGH
Rights, traffic co-ordinator
JENNY BOUDA
Promotions manager
JOSIE DRUERY

ACP creative director
ANDREW COWELL

Advertising sales director
GEOFF PAXMAN
Advertising sales manager
CECILE BENNELL
Divisional manager, Sydney
PATRICIA CONNOLLY
Divisional manager, Melbourne
BARRY MAGRATH

Editor and publisher, US edition
HUGH M. HEFNER

Australian publisher
TREVOR KENNEDY

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
NSW: 54 Park Street, Sydney 2000; Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. Telephone 2-0666. Vic: 150 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne 3000. Telephone 662-1888. Type set by Photoset Computer Service Pty Ltd, 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney 2000, NSW. Printed by Wilke and Co Ltd, 37-49 Browns Road, Clayton 3168, Vic, for the publishers, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney 2000.

Both fiction and poetry manuscripts are welcome, but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for their return. Names and addresses should be written on manuscripts as well. Australian Consolidated Press does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. All material published remains the property of PLAYBOY.

CREDITS
Cover: Umbrella from Christies Pty Ltd, Sydney; bikini from Brian Rochford.
Deborah (Page 61): Lingerie by La Perla, exclusive to Raymond Castles; shoes by Raymond Castles; clothes and accessories by Club 33, Imperial Arcade, Sydney.
Playmate of the Month (Page 90): Hairdryer from Weston Imports Ltd, Fairfield, Sydney; Flokati rug from Design Warehouse, Surry Hills, Sydney; Apartment Modular peach couch from Design Warehouse; La Carbusier chaise from Design Warehouse; Black shoes with diamante, gold shoes, black lingerie from Raymond Castles; Sally Brown chiffon shirt from Club 33; blinds by Luxaflex.

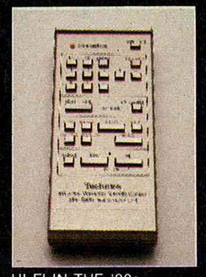
NEXT MONTH

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

PLAYMATE ROUNDUP

THE SEARCH FOR LASSETER'S REEF

THE LRB BEAT



HI FI IN THE '80s

IT'S OUR FIRST BIRTHDAY . . . AND WE'VE PUT TOGETHER A GOLDEN LINE-UP OF ANNIVERSARY TREATS TO CELEBRATE THIS MILESTONE IN AUSTRALIAN PUBLISHING

THE SEARCH FOR LASSETER'S REEF — JOURNALIST **DON HOGG** LEADS A PLAYBOY EXPEDITION INTO THE UNTAMED, WATERLESS WASTES OF THE GIBSON DESERT ON THE TRAIL OF AUSTRALIA'S EL DORADO

GOLD FEVER! — MAN'S LUST FOR THE MAGIC METAL STRETCHES BACK TO ANTIQUITY. HE HAS KILLED FOR IT; WORSHIPPED IT; MADE IT THE OBJECT OF HIS WILDEST DREAMS. **TREVOR SYKES** OUTLINES ITS VIVID HISTORY — AND CHARTS ITS GLEAMING FUTURE

PLAYMATE ROUNDUP — A STUNNING CELEBRATION OF OUR FIRST 12 CENTREFOLDS. A BONUS NO CONNOISSEUR WILL WANT TO MISS

HI FI IN THE '80S — AS TECHNOLOGY SENDS THE PRICE OF ELECTRONICS TUMBLING, SUPERB STEREO IS A PRACTICAL PROPOSITION FOR MUSIC LOVERS. **DENNIS LINGANE** ASSESSES THE NEW-GENERATION SYSTEMS

THE BEAT BEHIND LRB — WHAT'S THE SECRET OF THE AUSTRALIAN ROCK PHENOMENON? **RENNIE ELLIS** REPORTS ON THE GROUP, THEIR MANAGER AND THEIR PRODUCER — ON THE ROAD AND IN THE STUDIO

YOU WANNA BET? — GAMBLING IS BOOMING IN MELBOURNE AS NEVER BEFORE. FROM TWO-UP TO ROULETTE, YOU CAN GET YOUR MONEY ON ANYTHING YOU WANT — AND NEVER MIND THE LAW. **JON POWERS** INVESTIGATES

Drive into the future.

'Carisma' is what Porsche has, and it's not just the way she looks (this you can judge for yourself), but how she performs. Porsche 924 has everything in the right place.

Other cars try to have it both ways, but Porsche only build sport cars. So – you have to make up your mind whether you're going to have a car, or a Porsche.

Remember: Porsche is bought by people with a mind of their own. So if you're thinking of buying a car, there's a new experience in store for you if you've never driven a Porsche. It's an experience that will stay with you, and you'll never be satisfied with anything else.

You should also remember, Porsche is an investment, Porsche holds its price. Most Porsche owners change into a new Porsche at very little cost.

Porsche design minimises service, and service costs.

Porsche 924 is the perfect alternative for those who do not need the extra room of a saloon and yet want to get away from the humdrum uniformity of the run-of-the-mill products, a thoroughbred sport coupe with adequate space for a family, i.e. a 2+2 seater with holiday luggage space at the same time safeguarding outstanding performance and impeccable handling characteristics.

Drive into the future in Porsche 924, or any of the Porsche range of sport cars, 930 Turbo, 911SC Coupe, 911SC Targa, 928.

Porsche *only* build sport cars . . . so there is no compromise

PORSCHE CARISMA

8 years prime-
taste the extra
value of time
THE
BLACK DOUGLAS
DE LUXE
100% SCOTCH
WHISKY
750ml
BOTTLED IN AUSTRALIA
IMPORTED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLERS CO PTY LTD
8 YEARS OLD
The Black Douglas is aged
8 years in oak. Three years longer
than the scotch you're
probably drinking now.
At virtually no extra cost...and...
...are you still drinking an ordinary scotch?
Another fine product imported by Continental Distillers
CD6553